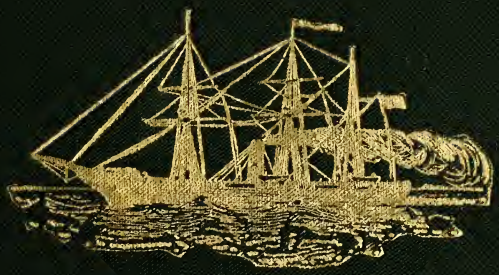

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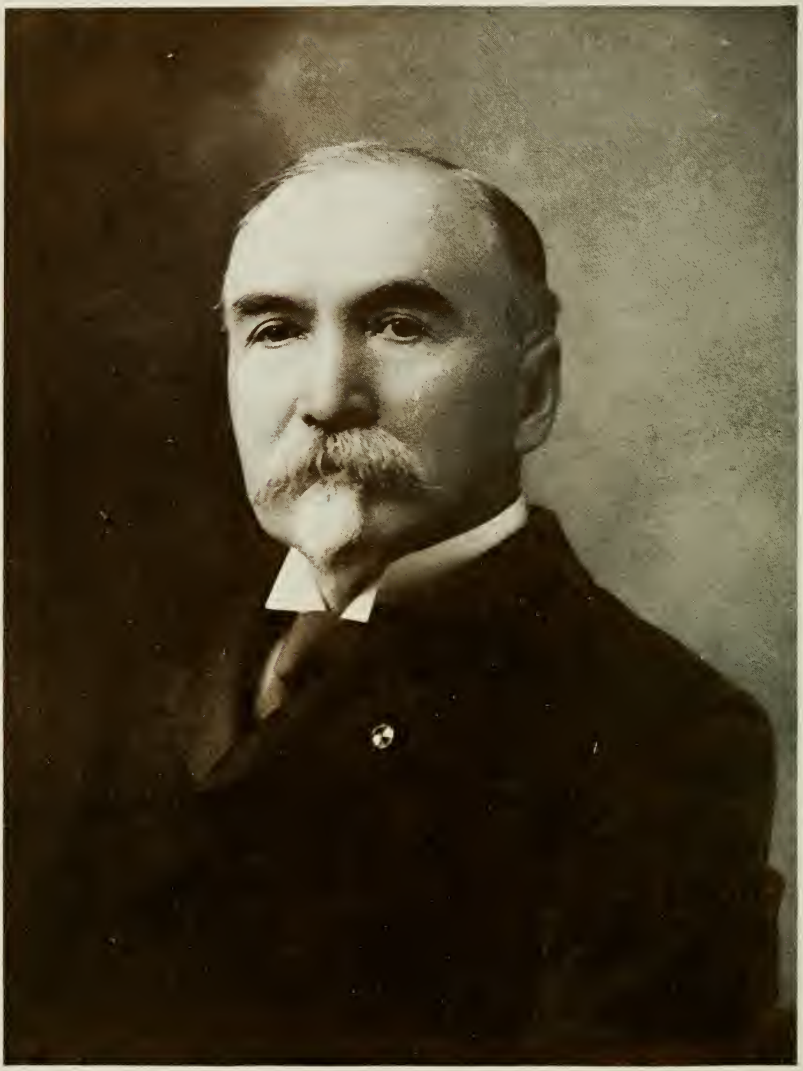
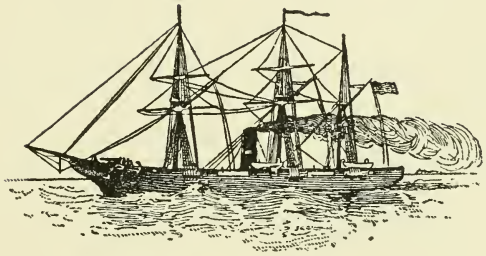


Paul H. Kendricken

Memoirs of

Paul Henry Kendricken



Boston
Privately Printed
1910

I, Paul Henry Kendricken

was born in Ballinlough

a village in the Parish of Ballymacward

in County Galway, Ireland

December 26, 1834

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TO MY CHILDREN:—

"Write us something about yourself as a boy," was the request of my daughters. To please them I have written these Memoirs of my life as a boy and a man.

After due consideration and with much painstaking care, these Memoirs are written from records and memory, and valuable information given me by my dear mother, and such other reliable data as I have been able to secure.

It is my sincere hope that my children and their children may find some pleasure in reading these reminiscences, which illustrate what energy, patience, and endurance entered into the composition of a boy who was determined to succeed.

Your affectionate Father.

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CHAPTER I

THE NIGHT OF THE HIGH WIND

THE autumn leaves have fallen, Christmas is here and not any snow on the ground. This condition of things is unusual for the season. The Christmas Carols have been sung, the festivals are nearly over. Many are the hearts that are happy, and the poor liberally cared for with all the Christmas cheer and encouragement that could be given. The children are made happy also, by the many simple gifts given them. The dimpled, rosy-cheeked children are enjoying everything to their hearts' content.

Now nearing New Year. A barn dance is planned for New Year's eve, to dance the old year out and with open arms to welcome the new year. This New Year's eve, the night of all nights for promises of every kind, — some are to be kept, but many of them will be broken. The dance is on, the music in its softest strains, the dancers in full swing, the applause to same is heard; the merry laugh here and there shows that all have enjoyed the dance to-night. The cheer, the happy New Year's eve, are over, the lights are lowered and the dance with its enjoyments will long be remembered.

New Year's Day is a day of joy all over the world. So is this new year in Ireland, in all its fulness, for four or five days. The barn dance has been the talk of the village, on account of the many very pleasant reunions of old friends that took place, and the coming out into company of the younger set.

Great rejoicing and happiness were manifest in adjoining towns as well as our own. For the first five days there was considerable frost, which lasted until Saturday, January 5.

Sunday morning, January 6, 1839, found the sky overcast, the temperature warm for the season of the year, and a mild thaw set in. As the day advanced the sky put on a still more leaden hue, the darkness thickened, and an ominous calm set in. Shortly after three o'clock it became so dark that lights had to be used, so as to be able to move around the house. An awe-inspiring stillness prevailed, so that people could talk to each other more than a mile away. This was the lull before the storm. Suddenly, about half-past five, there was a mysterious rumbling noise in the direction of the sea; at the same time a breeze sprang up from the west, which quickly increased in strength, and by six o'clock had developed into a gale. After this fear and alarm were felt around every fireside. From six o'clock onward through the entire night until four o'clock in the morning the great hurricane swept the face of the country, with one continuous deafening roar. After four o'clock this roar began to lessen, and at last exhausted itself. The end, as in the beginning, came suddenly at five o'clock in the morning. The big wind was no more, and at six o'clock a complete calm prevailed once more over the land.

This hurricane that swept over Ireland was one of the severest kind; it destroyed hundreds of houses and small cottages and thousands of dollars' worth of property. Cities, towns, farms, and farm stock suffered alike, trees being uprooted, cabins and barns unroofed. Hardly anything projecting from the surface of the earth was left standing; almost everything leveled and scattered about, and destruction prevailed everywhere.

Many of the thatched-roofed houses of the poor tenants were scattered and blown far and wide; everything looked

dismal and desolate; all in ruins. Smoke from the little turf fires could be seen curling and twisting, ascending to the heavens above as incense, imploring the Lord for assistance and protection. Many of the scattered neighbors gathered around these beacon fires to console and comfort each other in their great affliction and to make plans for the future. They gathered up their little belongings and went to shelter, wherever it could be found, until some little cabin could be built to cover the afflicted and give rest to the weary. On account of the severity and destruction caused by the storm food soon became scarce and a great want of it was felt. After the storm abated the men,—professionals, merchants, store-keepers, and farmers,—set to work with good cheer to clear away the débris caused by the great storm. Many of these were taken ill, during the year, from over-exertion and want of proper food; also from continued exposure, from which many died.

A great deal of reconstruction was done during the winter,—all, in fact, that was possible. More could have been accomplished, but for the crippled condition under which the work of reconstruction had to be done. Some erected new houses, and repaired old ones where it was possible; this was temporary and poor at that.

The horses and cattle required great care; many of them died during the winter of 1839 and 1840, from exposure and from scant and poor food; this was a severe blow to all the farmers. The townspeople did not fare much better. The great wind storm was severe, in consequence of which they keenly felt their loss of horses, oxen, and cows. Great exertion was used to secure a reasonable amount of food to save the cattle, and also the best provisions possible for the families.

When the spring of 1839 opened up, everything looked encouraging; the past winter was not severe, consequently

the soil was free early from frost. This gave great promise to the farmers, and with good weather and plenty of sunshine they had a good early start to till the soil, of which they took advantage.

The fields were worked to great advantage, young and old taking a hand at it, as they never did before, and soon had it ready for seed and planting. The farmers were supplied with seed of every kind, and the result of this grand united energy was early manifested in the good appearance of the crops, and consequently they became greatly encouraged.

A reasonable amount of rain fell, which also helped the crops. Later on there was great rejoicing on this account. The anticipation of the farmers was realized in having good crops; they knew there was a ready market for the same, which would give a good cash value in return. This helped the farmers to partially retrieve their losses and once more placed them out of want and gave a strong heart for a new start.

My father's farm and house were not injured as much as others, — the house being built of stone it stood the storm, being only slightly injured as to the roof, which was repaired during the winter. This was fortunate, as my mother had no difficulty in disposing of it with the out-buildings when the time of sale arrived.

The crops and harvest of the year 1839 were fairly good, but not in abundance. Great care had to be taken not to waste anything, since some of the farmers were short, from various reasons, such as not help enough, a great amount of repairing yet had to be done, short of horses and oxen, and many cows having died. By good management the hay had been carefully cut, dried, and put in the barns. The crop of potatoes and cabbages, with other vegetables, was carefully stored as if in common for this year, as some of the farmers had died and the families must be cared for. When the

winter set in, all the people felt that they were once more in their little homes, with some degree of comfort, with every prospect of being comfortable during the long coming winter.

Christmas came as of old, the young people enjoyed it, much to the delight of the older people. Dancing, singing old-time songs, brought tears, as well as the comic songs brought laughter. All in all, the survivors of the hardships were closer together than ever before, the poor and the prosperous having had a common cause; what each had or owned was used and shared in common, during the entire winter. Happy were all who lived in this village, as none had died during the winter.

We are now in the spring of 1840, the fields were again being ploughed, the horses looking quite strong and equal to their task, and the work of tilling the soil and planting went nobly on. As the spring advanced and summer came on with its hot, sunny days, we expected that the crops would be in abundance, and they were.

We were all surprised and pleased to see so many young, strong people in our midst, — the growth of the last two years, young men and young women, such strong and willing hands and cheerful voices, — a most desirable addition to our number in the village.

My father's farm was taken care of by our neighbors; many willing hands, early and late, gathered the crops and stored them and looked after the farm generally, until everything was carefully stored for the winter. My father, Martin Kendricken, never recovered from his illness, caused by overexertion after the great storm, and was finally taken with slow fever, from which he died in October, 1840, and was buried in the cemetery near the little church that he often attended. My father's death cast a gloom over the little village where he had lived, as he was well liked by his neighbors for his youth, great energy, and his goodness of heart.

He left a devoted wife and family to mourn his loss. We were left alone to cope with the world; and although having many relatives and friends, on account of the distress prevailing our lot was sad and hard to endure. My father, at the time of his death, was about thirty-eight years of age.

It was decided by neighbors and adjoining farmers to let my mother's crops be the last, so that they could all join to gather her crops of hay, vegetables, and fruit, so that they could be sold for cash, they knowing that my mother intended to emigrate to America in the fall of 1841. This plan worked well; and when all was done, my mother, I remember, expressed gratitude in tears and spoke of the kindness of her neighbors often in later years.

The house and barn were sold for a moderate price, below our expectation. The returns from the sale of the crops were highly satisfactory; the horses and cattle did not bring much. Mother gave many things away as keepsakes to the younger people. Some of these people she had the pleasure of meeting afterwards in the United States of America.

On account of the sickness and death of my father, and the hardships my mother passed through during the past year and a half, everything looked discouraging to her; consequently she determined to join her four brothers, who were already in America, and doing well. One of her brothers settled in St. John, N. B., and having established an Indian trading-post, was successful in trading with the Indians as well as among the shippers in the harbor of St. John. He bought game, skins, and furs from the Indians, and they took in payment clothing, tobacco, molasses, firearms, some dry goods, farming and garden implements. My uncle in turn sold these goods, mostly to captains of vessels in the harbor of St. John, who paid him cash. My mother was anxious to reach this brother, as he could aid her, which he did willingly.

My uncle was married and had a family, both boys and girls, and was comfortably situated.

During the winter months of 1840 and 1841 many things were done for our comfort, having in view our passage in the fall to America.

Early in the fall of 1841, about September 5, my mother procured a passage for herself, two daughters, and her son on board the brig "Lively," leaving the other two daughters at home with an uncle.

We engaged an ordinary wagon to take us, with our small amount of baggage, to the port of Galway, a distance of about twenty-two miles. Before leaving home we visited our father's grave, where, with relatives, a loving prayer was said that he would always be remembered by us in the land we were going to. A long last look at the little green mound, and it passed from our view forever, but never to be forgotten.

The final leave-taking of our relatives and neighbors was very affecting; the sorrowful good-bys, and we were off, — with many good wishes for a safe and good passage, and that the children might thrive in the new land, this was their earnest prayer.

Galway being twenty-two miles away from our home, we children were all tired out from the long ride, and when we woke up the next morning, to our surprise, we found ourselves on the ship. The ship was made fast to the wharf, where it remained for about four days, then after a great deal of commotion, preparing to leave, we set sail and started for America, September 5, 1841. Fortunately we were not encumbered with baggage, as the quarters on the vessel were small.

CHAPTER II

STARTING ON THE VOYAGE

"CAST off" was the order given that we might proceed to sea, after waiting several days; this order pleased all the passengers, they being tired of waiting, tied up to the wharf. It was inspiring to see the sailors obey orders promptly, and to see our vessel move out of the dock. All this was new to the most of us, as we had never seen a ship before; and to see her worked on a great sea of water, moving gradually away from her berth, pleased us all. We were now moving out to the broad waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and on the 5th of September, 1841, the brig "Lively" was headed for America.

The morning on which we set sail was fine, the sun shone brightly, everybody was in good spirits, with the thought, "Well, we will soon be in America, if God be willing!" There being only a moderate breeze, we moved slowly along, as the evening twilight approached and the sun was setting fast over the land of our birth, which was fading from view. Many tears for the land they loved were shed, as they took their long last look while the shades of night set in and cut off our view. Many of the older ones could hardly be consoled, and already somewhat regretted leaving home.

They all retired to their little berths, to think, and to dream of the happiness in store for them on their arrival. They all were sure their relatives were waiting for them on the dock, and ready to extend to them a brother's and sister's welcome, and at whose homes they could stop until such time

as they could secure employment. A home in the new land was appreciated in those early days, as it gave the poor emigrant a good start to begin life anew. All such hopes were shattered and their dreams were never realized, for many died, shortly after their arrival at Quebec; others lingered along; only a few ever reached those they started out to meet.

While on the voyage across the ocean the passengers amused themselves in various ways, there being one hundred and seventy-four in all. The brig "Lively" was of only two hundred and ninety-nine tons register, according to records at Quebec, where I was able to get a correct report of nearly all matters connected with the vessel and the voyage. I was given access and great freedom to copy from the records such facts that might be of service to me.

The passengers, weather permitting, enjoyed themselves by singing, dancing, swinging, climbing up the rigging, shinning ropes and sliding down the same, a tug-of-war, and running back and forth. The children were amused, as well as the women folks, when the little greased pig was let loose, all the youngsters chasing it, every effort being made to catch and hold it. This, none of us was able to do, as all were careful not to hurt the pig. It was cared for and treated kindly and given many nice things to eat. Some amusement was going on all the time, except in stormy weather, when we had to be very careful, as many were seasick at the start, and others appeared to be sick all the time. When only a few were seasick, the little pig would roam around among the passengers and grunt at the sick ones, as if his or her sickness was a great joke.

During the eight weeks and four days at sea, many were ill all the time, as the vessel was small and rolled very much; though in a calm, or on a sunny day, everybody would be on deck enjoying the fresh air and participating in such little sports as chasing each other, playing tag, and such like.

The hatches being battened down every night, the atmosphere below was very bad indeed, and from this there was no relief.

We encountered very heavy storms, and seas ran very high at times. The passengers, of course, were much frightened. Lines were run fore and aft on the little ship, so that the sailors, while attending to duty in a heavy sea, would not be washed overboard.

The brig "Lively," being a small vessel, was tossed about by the great seas as if it were a rubber ball. Many of the passengers were seriously injured, especially the children, who also suffered for the want of proper food. Of course during these heavy gales that lasted three to four days, sometimes no cooking could be done, as no fire could be built on account of the rolling and pitching of the vessel and the shipping of heavy seas, which washed nearly everything overboard. During these storms the crews would sometimes be lashed to the mast or to a ring bolt to avoid being washed overboard. To be wet to the skin was their lot, and hard biscuit, only, to eat. The passengers had about the same. When the storm was over there was a relaxation and rest, and the rising sun with its warmth was welcomed as never before, amid great rejoicing and prayer.

We had frequent calms at sea as well as storms. When these calms did occur, they afforded great rest to the ship-worn passengers. Frequently we would see other vessels in the same predicament. We were always anxious to speak other vessels passing, to get all the news we could from the new world. Sometimes we would send off a small boat to get the news or newspapers. Then a parting wave of the hand, as implying good-by and many thanks. Sometimes our colors would be dipped, as if to say, "How are you?" and pass on. Then, again, we would have a trumpet talk; the cry through the trumpet, "What ship is that?" — the answer, "Brig

'Lively' from Galway, bound to St. John." The other vessel, "'Western World' from New York, bound to Liverpool, England," and so on. Nearly every day something would turn up that would be new and interesting.

We often had a stiff breeze, which the "Lively" would catch and move along pretty fast; this would be of great interest to us. Next day we would see spouting water, in several places at a time, indicating that we were near a school of whales. It was fine fun to see them spout, and to us youngsters it was great sport. At other times the heavens would darken, the clouds would lower as if a great storm were going to strike us. We knew that we were liable to great damage if the water-spouts forming, should come near us and drench us or suck our little ship up out of sight. They looked wonderfully threatening and dangerous, and we all felt better when they were a good way off.

Sailing across the ocean day after day, in all kinds of weather, became very tiresome after many days, especially in a small vessel like ours, although there were hundreds of such vessels then plying the ocean, only a few larger vessels being afloat. No ocean greyhounds then, not until ten years afterwards did they make their appearance. Then, or about that time, immigration was taking place on a larger scale, and larger ships were built, as the "Ocean Monarch" that was afterwards burnt at sea, a large number of lives being lost. The tea trade between America and China called for fast ships known as "clipper ships" of immense capacity and of great speed, such as the celebrated clipper ships "Dreadnaught," "Wild Pigeon," and the "Dashing Wave" and other lines, with facilities for carrying hundreds of passengers from Europe to America, which business was then growing to great proportions.

Clipper ships were in great demand ten years after the brig "Lively" made her passage across the ocean, — a vessel of

three hundred tons register, to compare a little later with vessels of thousands of tons capacity; so it can be seen that the larger vessels could plough through immense seas and not feel them, when a small brig would be tossed around by a small sea as if a cockle shell, much to the discomfort of all on board.

Of course cooking could be done at all times on the larger vessels, without interruption, be it calm or storm; on the brig "Lively" things were different. The little vessel would yield readily to the sea and storm, consequently the cooking was interrupted more or less while crossing the ocean. Games of all kinds were also interfered with, so that the passengers could not exercise to the extent that they desired. After being storm-tossed, the drinking water began to taste so bad that no one would drink it, but after a while it worked itself out, so that we could use it.

We are still at sea. For a week we have made little headway, on account of the calm weather and smooth sea. Each day the passengers are getting up some new schemes to pass the day. We had a boat race for a small purse. The crews were picked from among the passengers. The young men from different parts of Galway took part, each representing his particular township. In this way it appears they were able to excite some competition in the race. Not much time to be lost, not knowing when the weather would change. So all took an interest in the race. A stake boat was placed about half a mile from the vessel, so as not to get too far away from the ship. The boats in position on each side, to get a fair start. The signal was given: away they went in big boats, with heavy oars and awkward pulling, but furnishing great sport for all, both old and young. It was a very spirited affair and gave general satisfaction for its fairness, it being a very close race.

Here we are, another morning with sail flapping; the vessel rolling a long lazy roll, not even headway enough to

mind her rudder. The sun rising slightly in a haze, as if his royal highness had made up his mind not to hurry to make his regular ascension, but to stop awhile and look at us poor mortals playing see-saw with the waves on the bosom of the ocean.

The rising of the sun is always a grand sight at sea. That great orb of heat and light is always welcomed by the mariner. From its appearance in the morning they closely figure what kind of a day they are going to have. Passengers on our great ocean liners watch the rising sun, just to see its beautiful colors, and also to see it come out of the ocean deep, all washed and cleaned, rising before them in its great crown of glory; onward and upward it moves as the royal majesty of the heavens. After its daily circuit of travel it is a grand sight to see it sink into the sea, which it left in all its grandeur in the morning.

A quiet look at the passengers day after day is a study; the merry laugh of the young men and women is wonderfully cheery, and the responding jokes are certainly often very witty and original. The attempt to dance a reel, the failures, and the repeated efforts to accomplish it in proper form, has made many good dancers, as they had plenty of time to practise it. Besides, the young people have got well acquainted on the ship by this time, and some have learned to have a special regard for each other.

These young people are strong and healthy, with the bloom of youth on their cheeks, all owing to the pure life they have led in the land of their birth. They all have the habit of sharing with each other many of the sweets they took with them. They also have special dress days, when they put on their best clothes; such as on Sunday, birthdays, and holidays, which they used to observe at home. Others joined and made merry with them, on such occasions, some of their simple games being played. I believe that blindman's buff

is played all over the world as lovingly as they played it, in the roped space on a ship at sea. Those looking at the games are very much interested, as some of their own are the players. Men of advanced years are also enjoying the fun, ever telling wonderful stories to their cronies, — very likely some of them visionary and not very truthful, but the stories went for what they were worth. They smoke away, and repeat the great stories they heard about the crops in America, and how there they had the finest in the world. The sad-looking mother, playing with her child, would smile once in a while at queer jokes and the fun that was going on; some were reading, others playing checkers or dominoes. As to cards, none seem to remember any being on the ship.

A few could play the flute or the violin. One old fellow was permitted to play the bagpipe at sundown for a few minutes. His playing was appreciated by all; many of the passengers would hang around until the playing was finished. He was a superstitious old fellow, and would play as long as he could, as his playing would prevent false lights at night, or witches or fairies on the ship. Others helped with these views for the fun of the thing, even though they knew it was ridiculously absurd.

THE BRIG "LIVELY"

CHAPTER III

OUT IN THE OPEN SEA

THE crew of the "Lively" consisted of about twenty in all. The officers were as follows: a captain, first and second mates, a surgeon, purser, sailmaker, carpenter, and ship's cook. They were of several nationalities, and as a whole a good set of men. They were young and strong, and among whom were two Americans, who were free of speech, and enlarged upon the many advantages of living in America, where everything grew in abundance. Many of the passengers would listen to these yarns and side in with the narrator, all agreeing with him that America was a great country and glad that they would be there very soon to see for themselves.

The crew were always busy during the day and up early in the morning to wash down decks and have them dry before the passengers began to assemble; this done they would breakfast among themselves, in the order of their rank on the vessel, and they seemed happy and contented with their lot. They would only talk at meals, where they would exchange views on ship matters, approving or disapproving of certain things to be done during the day. The meal being over, they would scatter to their different posts of duty, relieving the man at the wheel and lookout, so they, too, could have a warm breakfast, at which time they would jolly the cook, who in this case was good-natured, and would fire back at them some witty sarcasm; when finished they would at once go to their own posts of duty, always busy,

and those who had an early watch would now turn in for sleep.

It is astonishing to see how much there is that always has to be done on a ship. Some of the crew are sewing sails or repairing same, never leaving them until to-morrow, hence they are always ready, ropes spliced and ends fastened. The life-boats are painted and kept in fine condition, oars secured in place, being lashed to the seats; a bag of biscuits and the indispensable keg of water so precious at sea, as one can easily die from thirst, but could do without food for some time, without starving to death. In these old days there were no rubber life-preservers, but they had good box cork for that purpose, always reliable. The attention these various devices received was really marvelous, and twice a week the boats for practice were lowered and worked, weather permitting.

The crew as a whole were kind to the passengers, and they showed it in many ways. When annoyed by children and large boys, they would never lose patience with them, they keeping always at work, rubbing down the rigging with tar, or a mixture of some kind. When children were sick, they would suspend an awning over them to exclude the rays of the sun. Such acts pleased the passengers generally, and made the mothers happy, as they were all kind-hearted and simple people. The long voyage was beginning to wear on many of them.

The crew never flinched from duty. They were a strong, courageous lot, and were held well in hand by the mates, the captain rarely coming on deck or leaving his cabin.

The surgeon, a careful, painstaking man, watched the passengers in his careful professional way. The children would cluster around him, because they saw he was kind and good to those who were ill. He treated all alike, being as quick to reach the real poor (never wasting a moment)

as well as the more prosperous. He was an efficient and a kindly man and loved by us all. May his memory be blessed!

After a pleasant day on the ship, enjoyed by all the passengers, and as evening approached, it was noticed that an ominous change had taken place in the heavens. The appearance of the setting sun indicated a storm of some kind, either a high wind and rough sea or heavy rain and waterspouts. These we never liked, as they are very dangerous to life and very destructive. The change soon came; the wind whistling through the rigging, and the lurching of the vessel, soon told us that the storm was on for the night. The hurried orders given on deck, the quick step of the sailors, indicated that we were in for it. The orders given were to reef all sails and make fast, secure everything movable, "lash down," "be quick there," and everywhere. It was blowing furiously at ten o'clock in the evening, now a gale from the northeast. Two men had to be lashed by the wheel, obeying orders promptly, so as to hold the vessel to the best advantage against wind and sea for the safety of the passengers. Sometimes we went away out of our course to avoid the blows of the great and furious waves that were constantly hammering away at us.

The life-lines were run fore and aft, port and starboard, so that the crew in obeying orders would not be washed overboard, and would have something to grasp. Poor fellows, they had to stand and take the great surging seas, one after the other, as they crossed the ship's deck. Everything awash, not a sail set, all being close reefed, running along under bare poles, — it was terrible! We were at the mercy of the wind and waves; we had half of the main jib set, so as to make the vessel mind her rudder somewhat. The waves, according to older passengers, were mountains high. Many thought that the vessel would never weather the storm. Many prayed for deliverance and bemoaned their unhappy lot.

Between decks the condition of things was very bad, and the moans of those in the sick bay were sad indeed. The other passengers were knocked about and pitched against each other by the frightful lurching of the vessel. They all had to lie down and keep that way, otherwise they would be injured by bumping against the stanchions. Some were already disfigured from coming in contact with hard objects, therefore everybody had to lie flat on the berth deck, thus avoiding severe injury. The hatches were all battened down, this being done to keep the heavy seas from rushing in and sinking the ship. The storm was so severe that the ship's pumps could not be worked, as they were located on the upper deck. All night these stormy conditions existed, and continued until the next afternoon, when the storm began to abate. We had already lost a yard-arm and topmast, snapping off like a dry stick. Some of the crew with life-lines about them obeyed orders to cut away with hatchets taken from their belts. All ropes and fastenings which held the broken mast were cut away without loss of life. Then the vessel righted, every effort being made to save the life-boats, of which some were badly injured, one having been smashed to pieces, another torn away from its fastenings and blown into the sea. No fire for nearly twenty-four hours; hard bread or biscuit only being passed around, and only water to drink. Towards evening of the next day the storm had modified somewhat and was passing over, leaving us a sorrowful-looking sight, — battered, crushed, and torn.

Shipworn, storm-tossed, being battered by the surging seas, was the condition of things on the following day. All of the crew, regardless of the watch, set to work to trim ship a little, to clear away the decks and put things to rights.

The morning opened up bright, sun shining, a bit cold, the sea still running high and somewhat dangerous. The mainsail was hoisted, the jibs were let out, the maintopsail

was also let out. We took advantage of a good breeze and headed the good brig "Lively" west by north.

After the crew had had their morning meal and we starting on our course, the captain and mate advised the crew to have a good rest during the day and to have short watches, so as to get as much sleep as possible. The steward and stewardess had a great deal to do. The women and children were completely exhausted from the storm and it was difficult to console them. They were hungry and tired from loss of sleep and proper nourishment, but everything now was being done for their comfort, they being assured by the officers that the worst of the storm was over and that we would surely not have another. The vessel was soon spinning along under moderate sail and no confusion. The hatches were off, the step-ladder in position, and plenty of fresh air circulating through the passengers' quarters. The crew and all were having a needed rest after the terrible struggle to keep afloat the past twenty-four hours. Some had their limbs badly strained; one had his arm in a sling; another was severely injured trying to save the life-boats, while others were thrown against the masts and the wheel. One of the most useful of the crew had broken his leg, it was feared, by the breaking loose of the water cask, which was finally secured and the seaman taken in charge of by the surgeon and tenderly cared for. Later in the afternoon all felt much better for the long rest, warm drinks, and good food.

This day ending with the sun setting as if in peace, and the good ship steadily sailing along on her course, gave promise of a good night's rest. When the watches were set for the night, they were to be short, so as to get the greatest rest in the shortest time, no effort being made to force the vessel onward. It was deemed best to get all the rest possible, so as to be in condition to resist another storm if necessary.

When the lights for the night were set, the instructions were to keep a sharp lookout for other vessels; to avoid collision; to watch the lights of other vessels, and, when seen, to sheer off a little, and thus avoid all chance of running into each other; to call the watch without much noise. One of the mates will be on watch part of the time to watch the men at the wheel in case they might fall asleep, they being so tired. If they get too drowsy to call a fresh watch, also to watch the compass so as not to get off our course, and keep her headway west, a little north, all night, — these were final and careful instructions.

The next morning was fresh and brisk, a good sea running, and we kept steadily on in our crippled condition, not shipping any seas. At eight bells breakfast was ready for all the passengers, the crew having had theirs an hour before.

The morning came bright and cheerful, a little cold; many of the passengers ventured on deck to get a good breath of fresh air and then settle down in sunny places as best they could to console with one another, after being pent up between decks so long. The children, as well as the elder folks, were more than delighted to get an opportunity to run around the deck once more, which they did to their hearts' content and the delight of their parents, who watched with pride their every move. It could be easily seen from the appearance of these good passengers that they had passed through a mental storm and were now relaxing the strain.

The mirthful laugh of the children was inspiring and catching, and a few more fine days, all hands would be in a much improved condition.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST STORM AT SEA

THE great storm through which we had passed had unnerved many of the passengers. Several men were unable to help themselves on account of the effect on their systems, and some were not well when they started, but had great faith in reaching America without much delay or trouble. But, alas! how disappointed and down-hearted at the long stormy passage, having now been at sea nearly four weeks, yet no land in sight, and the sea still very rough, which caused heavy rolling of the vessel, keeping the older people from enjoying their walk on deck, with any degree of comfort.

The crew had been diligently at work making repairs of various kinds, sewing sails that were rent in the storm and replacing articles that were torn from their fastenings. The crew, from their long vigilance, were worn out, but were now getting into good form again. Those that were injured improved rapidly, and soon resumed their watches, and thus were of great assistance to the rest of the crew, as it shortened their watches. The rest now recuperating, and in a few days more they would all be on duty.

The vessel then shortened sail, and moved along finely, much better than could be expected under the circumstances.

At sunrise it bid fair to be a fine day, the wind and sea had moderated very much, the decks were washed, looking very clean and almost as white as snow. At seven bells the crew settled down to a good warm breakfast, the first they had for a week. They all enjoyed it very much, — the hot coffee

and something extra from the ship's cook (who always had something good for the boys after a great blow and a heavy sea, as he was superstitious and felt he must do this to be safe).

The passengers were up early and were walking back and forth on the deck enjoying the walk and thanking the Lord for their safe delivery from the peril. After a few more sympathetic and complimentary remarks in the way of consoling each other, eight bells were struck, which called them all to a good, warm, hearty breakfast, that with good company and cheerful conversation, they would all feel that the day would pass pleasantly.

The sun shining bright, the heavy sea subsiding, and the wind abating, gave great courage to those who were lamenting their lot. The women folks were rather superstitious; saw an ill omen in nearly all things. They had dreams that were dreadful, and had to relate them; and they were listened to as if they were absolute facts. The men were not any better; they huddled together and swapped stories of great events in which they participated, and which undoubtedly were far from the truth. The men smoked away and enjoyed themselves in this way to pass the time on the vessel, and there was considerable gossip among the women as well as the men, without having much regard for the truth. Women folks while talking were sewing and mending the garments of some one, while others were reading, and would occasionally put in a word as if in reproof or verification, and so the day went on. The men on the other hand were boasting of their ability to wrestle, to play the national game of hurley, which we Americans call hockey. They claimed also that they could beat the world in running, leaping and jumping, and pedestrianism; and so on and on it went, all being believed by the listeners.

The sun was much warmer next day, in fact quite warm; everybody loosened up to enjoy it. The freshness of the air

was so inspiring that we all took it in with all the fervor of which we were capable. The children enjoyed it also; they were on deck all the day to pay up for lost time. The little boys and girls enjoyed themselves in the swings that the kind-hearted sailors fixed for them, knowing that they had a hard time of it between decks during the great storm. They played with each other, showing good nature all the way through the games, although complete strangers before going on board the vessel. The young men and women participated in the games, pushing them back and forth in the swings, until they were really tired and wanted rest.

The wrestling, among the men, was stated to be really fine, no heavy or spiteful throws, all good-natured; others would dance a hornpipe to the playing of the bagpipes (which was little used until those days); and thus the day passed; and when the evening set in, a great "picnic" day we called it.

We had a heavy rain last night, and everything was wet down. Sail-cloths were set to catch the rain water, and the empty water casks were called into use. The sail being set in a groove form, hundreds of gallons were secured in this way. Extra awnings were put up to catch all the water possible, as our drinking and tea water was running very low, so no opportunity was lost of securing all the rain water we could. The rain continued to come down in quite a volume, not hard but constantly; some lightning. We feared we were only going to have a shower, but the rain continued, to our delight. It appeared that some knew we were getting short of water, and a feeling of uneasiness prevailed among those who knew of the fact of its shortage. We had been many days at sea without having rain or seeing passing vessels to help us. We had been sailing out of our course steadily to the north, though not many knew it. This proved to be a great misfortune afterwards, as we were all being

deceived by the course that the captain had ordered to be taken.

My mother continued strong and active throughout the storm just passed, although having three children of her own to care for. None of us being sick, my eldest sister took good care of her baby sister, while mother was aiding others.

Incidentally, this eldest daughter married Capt. P. N. Mayhew, commander of the celebrated clipper ship "Dreadnaught," which was afterwards lost off Cape Horn in a calm. The vessel was caught in a calm when a few miles offshore, being attracted by the magnetism of the land. After a great struggle to pull her off by small boats she finally went ashore and became a total loss, though no lives were lost.

Many of our passengers were so tired of ship life and seasickness that they regretted many times their ever leaving home. The cheery voice and vigor shown by my mother gave them great and renewed courage. She was always among them, aiding them as best she could under the conditions that existed. We, the children, made merry, for the rest of the children on the ship were nearly all enjoying good health and scampering about. This was good exercise for them and gave them a good appetite.

While these enjoyments were going on, on the upper deck, a sad scene was taking place below. A young wife with her baby boy were going to America, to meet her husband who had emigrated to America some two years before, and who had sent money to pay her passage. She was on her way to meet him when her boy, eighteen months old, was taken ill from the hardships of the passage, and was dying. Sad was the scene, the good mother looking at her only child slowly dying. Great was the sympathy for her by all. Surgeon, nurses, and good friends did all that could be done for her child; but it was delicate and frail and could not live

through the hardships of the long voyage, and that night its spirit passed to its Maker.

Sad was the remainder of the night; the continuous moaning and crying by the mother and women folks until morning. The body was dressed neatly, the same placed on a table with a few dim lights around it; prayers of their faith were continually said and repeated. There was a solemn stillness all over the ship, out of respect for the dead child. After breakfast, it was decided that the body of the child must be buried that afternoon in justice to the other passengers, so every arrangement was made, such as they had in those early days. The afternoon was pleasant, a smooth sea, a calm and silence on the ocean, as if making preparations to receive the dead.

The mother's heart was nearly broken when she found that her child was to be buried at sea. It was hard to console her, she telling the passengers if she only had a little green mound in her own churchyard to visit occasionally there would be some consolation. A young priest being on board volunteered to say the last prayer over its little body, which was permitted. Many a tear was shed that afternoon by young and old, and when the Amen was said, then all commenced to cry aloud.

The ship's bell was tolled all through the services. The mother was escorted by the young priest to take a last fond look at her dead child; then others came to look. After some time the body was weighted and made ready to launch gently overboard. All were requested to turn the other way, and walk to other parts of the vessel, which they did. The little body was lowered gently into the sea by kind and sympathetic hands; not a splash was heard, the weight carried the body out of the line of fish and to a great depth.

The balance of the day and evening was spent in silence and whispered conversation out of respect for the mother

and her friends. As the sun went down there were many sad faces at the rail, looking into vacant space, many having gloomy thoughts about leaving home and doubts about the land they were going to. One by one they left the deck, feeling this was the saddest of days that brought back home and its affections so dear. The lights were gradually put out, as many wished to retire for the night and have a good rest.

"All lights out!" "Reef! reef!" "Do it quickly!" "We are going to have a stiff breeze, the barometer has fallen." "Secure the boats and everything movable!" "Get life-lines ready!" "Have the men at the wheel, keep heading north a little west!" were the final orders. Grumbling was heard from the crew; this going away from St. John. "What does the captain mean?"

CHAPTER V

BURIAL AT SEA

THE third morning after the burial of the child at sea, our vessel was making good headway, with a good breeze on her port quarter, pushing her ahead. The weather is getting colder in the morning and evening, and the days are shortening; we are keeping too far to the northwest. About nine in the morning, "Sail oh!" reported from the deck; "On the port bow!" as she hove in sight. She sailed by and took no notice of us. "Sail oh!" from the lookout on the crosstrees; paid no attention to us, but passed on. Wreckage reported on starboard side; all kinds of articles, doors, tables, pails, sheeting. The impression was that some vessel fouled an iceberg or had been run into by another vessel. No name on the sheeting or other articles. These things, small in themselves, attract attention of the passengers. It was thought that some pirate captured a vessel and destroyed her.

Towards evening another sail passed by, and, dipping her colors in passing, we answered it by dipping our colors. It looked a little like new life, for we rarely saw other vessels. Evidently the vessels passing were lumber ships from some Canadian port. The next day, about noon, the green boughs of trees were floating in the water. Very likely they were stripped from some small trees on board of some vessel, or were in the way and were thrown overboard. We were all glad to see them, and it convinced us that we were nearing civilization.

One of our passengers, an American, was returning to the United States of America in very feeble health (in consumption), but the hardships of the long voyage so weakened him that he finally had to give up even trying to walk. Stimulants were used, when the surgeon called for them as in case of necessity, and finally they were all used. One of the American sailors on board who had helped load the vessel at Galway remembered that a few barrels of spirits, such as whiskey, brandy, and wine, were in the lot; but to get it was the question, since the locker they were in was sealed with a government seal.

This sailor had to search for a leak. When we were in a storm the vessel made water fast; he was ordered to search for the leak until he found it. These investigations led him to discover the wine locker. It was generally felt if this sick man could get some of this whiskey, his life might be prolonged until he reached the land of his birth, and die among his people. The death of the child and its burial affected him very much.

So the two American sailors put their heads together and formulated a plan, so as to let some water into the vessel. This they succeeded in doing, and then asked that the vessel be pumped out. After clearing a space for a man to crawl through, the pumps would not work, and they were stopped; so the bilge must be cleaned that the pump might work. These two men set to work to clean that portion near the wine room, and one of them provided himself with a gimlet and a little plug, a large flask and stopper, which he hid under his reefer. He passed down between the keelson, then moved along until he reached the wine room, bored a hole, filled the flask, stopped the hole he had made, then passed the flask to his mate, as he was all wet and dirty. The bilge was clear and the pumps would work all right; and so by this undertaking the sick man received a small portion daily,

but he was not to tell from whence it came. He received it from a good and faithful woman that was close to me.

After all this trouble and risk the patient was gradually falling away, and finally he was so low and weak he could not take any more. Good care and kind treatment kept him alive for some days, then he finally gave up the fight and peacefully passed away.

When anybody is sick on a ship, especially a small vessel, you all become so well acquainted that you are almost considered one of the family. The passenger who just died was liked by all. He was a scholarly gentleman, well read, free of speech, and possessing kind and courtly manners. I well remember his pale face and thin hands. We liked to hear him talk and tell us stories about things that interested little ones. He loved us all and said he had some like us at home, though he never reached it. He settled many disputes; his fairness in his decisions was never doubted. He, above all others, was missed by us all. He will be long remembered for his kindness and gentle ways. Many of the older people felt very sad over his death, wondering who would be the next.

Early next morning, weather clear and fine (but a little cold), preparations were made for the burial of the dead. The ship's sailmaker made a long, strong canvas bag, nicely laced, made so as to fit neatly around the body, one end smaller than the other; and a piece of an old grindstone was put in the narrow end to weight it down and help keep the body, when in the water, in a nearly erect position. These preparations were made behind a canvas screen. When this sad work was done, the canvas screen was removed, and the companion we loved so well and with whom we shared many happy days, was there, dead, to look at, until the hour of burial. If he had died midst his own family no hands could have cared for him more tenderly. He felt

it; and knowing it, expressed it by the grateful looks from his mild and loving eyes, when about to pass away.

The hour set was six bells, — three o'clock. The ship's bell tolled; the national emblem at half mast, and an American flag at the foremast at half mast; the bell tolled on. With all the passengers and crew assembled and heads uncovered, prayers were said with a most fervent feeling, in which many joined, that he might forever rest in peace. Peace be to his remains! His body was allowed to slide gently into the sea, his lonely grave never to be disturbed, and it gradually settled down deep into the sea. All evidence of death was removed except the lowering of the colors, which remained up until sundown. Sweet and gentle music was played during the afternoon, which helped to drive away sad thoughts.

Night coming, lights were set, the watches on duty regularly; two men at the wheel lose no time at night. "Keep her heading northwest by north," those same orders every night. All the passengers retired to the lower berths with rather sad feelings, despondent generally, all hoping this recent death would be the last.

The second morning after the burial opened up finely, a clear sky, a hot sun, and a good wind driving us right along. Children were playing their little games; others reading and chatting like a sewing circle; the men smoking and telling about their great success as farmers, when the cry of "Sail oh!" was heard, "Sail oh!" once more.

The darkness of the evening came on and obscured our view. We slowed up that night; there was something in the air that made the passengers feel they were near land. All made up their minds to be up early in the morning, and we were, for at daybreak we heard, "Sail oh!" sure enough.

There were many sails in sight, all heading to seaward, only a few going in the same direction as ourselves. Break-

fast was announced, to which all hastened, so as to be on deck to see what was going on. Many fishing vessels in sight, the sea full of fish. At our bow, at our stern, port and starboard sides, all the small sails were fishing smacks, and some good-sized schooners all busy hauling in big fish. The captain came on deck, smiled, and said we were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and would see land in the morning.

This was good news to some, and a very great disappointment to others. Furious was the feeling of some of the men, as well as my folks and others, who had paid their passage to St. John, N. B.

The next morning was bright and clear. We were sailing along, still among the fishing boats, but moving slowly to our destination, leaving many fishing boats behind. When we reached the smaller boats, a boat was lowered by us to secure some fish, which we did, and to get information in regard to our location and such like. We were also able to procure some fresh vegetables, fruit, corn, and other desirable articles, such as raw onions, which somehow always taste well after being on a long sea voyage. These onions were devoured raw (no such thing as cooking them). A little vinegar and pepper and they went all right. The new potatoes were dressed up in all styles. Boiled, mashed with onions cut up and mixed with them, seem to be the most preferred way. We were very fortunate to fall in with these boats, as they had many things that we needed, and we bought of them. The trading on both sides seemed to be agreeable and satisfactory. These boats were manned by Frenchmen, who talked very little English.

In the evening the clouds set in heavy and dark, hardly any wind, — not enough to make the vessel mind her rudder; the sails flapping and swinging lazily, and the halyards also swinging back and forth. Finally a light rain set in just to make it uncomfortable for us. Awnings were set and

in the same way, to catch the rain water, though sometimes a heavy weight was placed in the sail, so as to bag it. This plan is very good, as the water can be scooped out as it accumulates.

The watch on deck are dressed in old oilcloth, waterproof suit. A wet watch is a disagreeable one, as every sailor knows from experience. The lookouts have to do duty faithfully to avoid collision with passing vessels. A wet night on a ship is very depressing to some people, as they get sad and despondent at night, more so than in the day; for in the daytime you can look ahead and walk in the rain, as some do; others try fishing over the sides (even in deep water), with a large hook and a big bait, large fish are frequently caught, especially if the vessel has much headway. Trolling at sea is often indulged in, as it affords considerable pleasure and some success.

Rain prevailed for the next two days, but a light fog set in, much to our discomfort and danger. The sea is quite smooth, and we were informed that we were in a very dangerous place in the line of passing vessels. We were well up to the north, a little out of the way, but still dangerous. The fog-horn is frequently blown. We had a small drum kept under cover, but often beaten to warn other vessels off, also a trumpet is blown, and so on. The continual tolling of the ship's bell had many advantages over other devices. The passengers felt quite safe with it tolling. We could at times hear the noise of passing vessels, but could not see them, fog being a great transmitter of sound; so our bell must have been easily heard a half a mile away. Sometimes a large schooner would pass close to us, and it is a wonder that we dib not collide with some vessel, as there was no wind to fill our sails, so that we might change our course, or that the other vessels might keep off. About eight bells (evening) the fog began to lift, much to our

delight, as the night was approaching and we dreaded the danger of a foggy night.

As the shades of evening came on a little wind came also. It cleared the atmosphere from fog, and by four bells everything looked as if we were going to have a good night. The breeze stiffened a bit, the sea a little choppy, just to put new life into it. The night watch on and in order; passengers retired for the night, bidding each other good night, all expecting good weather soon. The same order was given by the mate to the watch at the wheel, "Steer north a little west until morning."

The captain would come on deck often at night, to see if the wheelmen were obeying orders. The captain kept a close watch on things at night, nothing escaped him; and even in stormy weather he would be on deck nearly all the time. It has been said that (much to the surprise of the crew) he would call out suddenly, "How are you heading now?" He would watch the stars to see if the men at the wheel would sheer off a little to get back on the course he had given orders to sail. The answer of the men at the wheel was the same, "North a little"; he answers back, "Steady!" The wheelman answers, "Steady it is, sir."

CHAPTER VI

LAND DISCOVERED

NO sensational events happened to-day, a sail here and there at a distance. They are so frequent now that they are not announced. Singularly the passing vessels are away south of us and heading south. We seem to be alone away to the north, and getting colder all the time. When the sun was taken to-day, it appears that we drifted easterly considerable during the calm and the fog, but are more than holding our own now, with a good stiff breeze, and are going right along, and thus making good headway. All the passengers are braced up for a good walk on the deck; too cold to play games. As the sun goes up we are feeling warmer. Many of the young people are jumping to the line, a piece of twine stretched across a part of the deck. A chalk mark denotes the starting-point, then the twine or marlin is pushed along to the victors' line. (We never have a string on a vessel. They have them in grocery stores and such places.) They are dancing on other portions of the deck. Great fun for all. The weather is fine, sea moderate, but it makes little difference, now, for no one gets seasick any more. Afternoon, weather clear and dry. All feel fine as the good breeze is pushing us right ahead. The music on the brig attracts the attention of the passing vessels. They salute us in a good-natured way. The pipe generally plays a higher key when a vessel is passing, so as to attract attention. A new game on for this day, the game of "quoits" or "Roman disks," which requires great skill in throwing or pitching.

So the games were played, and all having a good time (except the referee or marker) who was very exacting, and finally his way was the only way.

The women folks were collected together on the lower deck where dancing was going on, sewing, story telling, and love making. All were happy when the cry from the crosstrees, "Land oh!" "Where away," from the bridge. "Starboard bow! sir," the answer. Such excitement! All games were stopped as well as the dancing. That welcome cry, "Land oh!" brought everybody on deck to see if they could see it, but failed to do so. The sailing-master took a look through his glass and made out land. The captain was on the bridge also. The discovery was found to be true. There was great rejoicing, although many miles from the landing-place. The night coming on, there was little to see, but the fact that land was seen made many very happy. Before the lights were put out it was announced that we were now entering the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, and that Cape Ray Light could be seen.

A moderate breeze and sea allowed us to stem the current that we were now in. We made little headway during the night, as the current appeared too strong against us, but the wind was fairly good. As the sun rose clear and strong, and as we were getting nearer the shore to avoid the current as much as possible, we could easily see Cape Ray and surrounding country without any trouble. It was a great comfort to see the land once more, and the great rock-bound coast of Newfoundland, — the land of the hardy fisherman, whose life is in constant peril from his calling. However, many are engaged in agriculture, for the products of which they have a ready sale, since many ships call for fresh supplies. There are many good stores well stocked with the goods that they require. Our captain decided to push right ahead so long as we had the breeze, as he knew that later on we

would not be so fortunate; as the currents would be very strong and the breeze fainter, on account of high hills, bluffs, and uplands, which would interfere somewhat with the wind and our headway. We might have good luck in passing through the gulf, and at the best it would take about two weeks more.

As the sun ascended, we could see Cape Ray receding from us. We had a distance to sail from Cape Ray on the right and Cape North on the left, of about five hundred miles, and it would take some time before we could reach the St. Lawrence River. The water in this gulf is too deep to anchor in, it being from three hundred to six hundred feet in depth, and at times very rough. Now that we were in the gulf we didn't worry. We felt we would reach there some time, and besides we would soon be able to get fresh provisions, of which we are sadly in need. We would take every advantage of getting those, as we expected to have small boats come alongside to sell us vegetables and fruit; but we must have patience, as we were still in deep water.

Our captain had been taken sick with malaria or coast fever; and though he could walk about a little, the surgeon made him go to bed. We could spare him now, because we were every day nearing land, but slowly; so slowly that he could not be sent to any hospital in time to do him any good. The surgeon always had a suspicion that somebody on board had whiskey, but he never could find out. The two American sailors were consulted about where they got it (by the captain), but he could not get any information. Finally the captain sent for the leader and talked with him about it, and said, "I have always treated you Americans well. When your countryman died, I put your country's colors at half mast to honor the dead, and what more could an Englishman do for you or the dead?" The leader said, "Captain, if I learn in your cabin what the surgeon wants,

will you promise on the honor of a man that you will never tell how you got it?" He replied, "I promise." "Then, captain, if you hear of the ship being pumped out, don't inquire about it; you will understand I am having it done for you, as I have an object in view. You promise?" "I do," was the reply, and the American sailor left the captain's cabin, — now about three in the afternoon.

Water was run slightly into the vessel; soundings were made, and it was discovered there was a slight leak in the vessel, and that the water must be pumped out at once, and the order was so given by the mate, who little suspected the object. When it was announced "Pumps dry!" the young American was all ready to examine to see if any serious leak existed, so he crawled down between the keelson, with his flasks as in a former time, his fellow American helping him as before. He refilled the flasks, and the other helped him out.

After being cleaned up and looking presentable, he asked permission to see the captain, which was granted. He gave the captain the flask, saying, "I was able to get this for you. I hope it will do you good. I will retire now and send for your surgeon; you need him." After many thanks from the captain he retired and went about his duties on deck as if nothing had happened, the mate thinking he was reprimanded for something that he (the mate) knew nothing about.

The surgeon was very much surprised to learn that the captain was able to get what he wanted, and plenty of it.

With some care and good weather the captain was able to be on deck when we sighted Anticosti Island, which also showed us we were making good headway across the gulf.

October 24, 1841. We are having excellent weather but cool, almost cold. We need a fire to warm and cheer us up. Crisp and clear are the mornings now; we require a stronger

wind; we are not making much headway; the currents are stronger as we enter the straits between the gulf and the river. Unless we get a stiffer breeze, we shall have to come to anchor pretty soon. The water here is very deep, and possibly too deep to anchor at present. We shall have to wait for a breeze that will drive us along. It has been predicted from the appearance of the setting sun that we will have a blow before morning. We hope so, as we can see from landmarks that we are going very slowly. The heavens are darkened somewhat and it looks like rain. Preparations are being made to have all things taut and ready for wind or rain. We don't care now how hard it blows or rains, we are so near the land.

All are at dinner, the heavens dark, with rumbling sounds as if we were going to have rain and lightning. There it flashes and again, now the wind whistling through the rigging. My, what a blow! "Two men at the wheel," is the order. We will have a hard night of it. Put up all the sail we can carry; it's pretty rough, and we are shipping some seas; the wind is playing mischief with the water, throwing a spray all over us. A gulf storm in cold weather is generally very disagreeable. We are in luck to-night: a heavy blow, plenty of sea room; we will make great headway.

The wind is just right. We will not have to tack or change our course; let her plough right ahead. We can see lights occasionally; we cannot tell whether they are vessels or the land lights. The lights on passing vessels are very poor. Some have none (there was no law in those early days, as we have now), so a sharp lookout had to be kept all night, otherwise there might be a collision. The crew is now worked hard, but they are cheerful and will continue so if the wind holds out. Sailors never like a calm. They want to be moving rapidly. That's why they like a good stiff breeze, as if doing something; otherwise they go around

the deck grumbling, and sometimes so cross that they would kick a dog if it were in the way.

The rain has ceased, getting clear and cold; the wind still holds brisk; we are in the open, ploughing right along. We have passed East Cape of Anticosti Island and are well up to Cape Gaspé. We gained wonderfully during last night and this forenoon, and it bids fair to continue. The water here is also about six hundred feet deep. We hope the wind will not fall off until we get into shallow water, otherwise we would have to tack back and forth, which is very hard work for the crew. We are gaining every minute, and from all indications we will have a good breeze for two days yet. We are putting on much heavier clothes. A few only have them, as they all supposed they would be with friends before the cold weather set in. Of course there is more or less suffering on this account, but great sympathy exists among the passengers. They share with each other in all things. The strong help and cheer the weak.

We have a great deal to be thankful for, to have this strong wind to drive us across the stormy gulf and into waters that are tranquil, where we can have peace and rest.

This morning there was great sorrow on the faces of all the passengers when it was known that the Indian sailor had been injured at about four bells in the morning in the height of the great storm, — was hurt while wearing ship, the night being very dark (in fact a dark night at sea is dark indeed). The foresail boom struck him hard and threw him with great force against the ship's rail and jammed him severely. He was gasping for breath and terribly bruised, but fortunately no bones were broken. With great care he was lifted and taken to the sick bay by the deck watch.

The case was reported to the ship's surgeon at once, and the surgeon and assistants managed the case without much ceremony. When the Indian was bathed and bandaged

he was placed in a swinging frame hammock, so as to lie with much ease. Then a watch was set, in his case, to look carefully that no inflammation was setting in, in any part of his body. In a comfortable moment he asked if he would live long enough to see his wife and child. The surgeon assured him that he would live many years yet, that his case was not so bad; then he settled into a comfortable sleep. So he slept on, rocked in the cradle of the deep. During his illness the most tender attention was given him. Everybody and everything on the ship was at his service. The captain saw him daily. They had sailed together before.

CHAPTER VII

SAILING UP THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

A SUNNY morning is always welcomed. We wrap ourselves up to see it, as it gives us such a good inspiration for the day. The water is pretty rough this morning, but not a storm. The wind holds out in good shape. We are going right along. We expect to reach West Point to-night — certainly in the morning.

All this time while the "Lively" is ploughing through the straits of the St. Lawrence the passengers are down below having a good time, dancing, playing hide-and-go-seek, and pass the button, and other games such as they have been accustomed to play at home. In connection with this there is the satisfaction of knowing that they will soon arrive at Quebec. The older people are braced up by this view. Even the sailors stop a moment to listen to the mirth from below. The bagpipe, the violin, and the flute make good music, so they have it to their hearts' content. The little ones also have a nice time; they are never tired.

Our captain is improving and sits up.

A cross-looking windy morning driving us right along, two men at the wheel all the time. The wind is now blowing quite hard. The straits of the gulf are in a turbulent state, and the great endurance shown by the crew is wonderful. They never seem to get tired. One of them, a half-breed Indian, seems never to sleep. He is at the wheel or on the crosstrees on the lookout. He speaks little English, but he understands his orders all right. He is rather gruff, but

this Indian is good at heart, for when Eliot Gray, the American, was dying, the Indian was seen soothing him and had moistened his lips. The dying man squeezed my hand. This paid me for all trouble. It has now been found out that the Indian while in Europe waiting to sail, had received news that his wife and child were very ill, and to come home; so that is why he is so diligent to push on to Quebec. His home is at the Lorette, a little out on the Charlesburg Road. In after years I called to see if he were still living; "No," was the answer. "His wife and papoose were living; the father was very old and died."

So it goes; we all have a history. I like a man when far away from home that will show some feeling for the loved ones. The Indian had his faults. He loved to roam in the forest, but not on the sea. He loved his people, his race; he had no place on the sea. He would be at home on the hunt in the forest, and when the evening set in, and with the game swinging from the barrel of his gun, to meet his squaw and papoose at the tent door; that is where he should be. His interest on board was to serve the captain and the passengers. He was an Indian all the time, no matter where he went, and was always there for good and in silence. He would share everything he had that was good, especially with the children. We all suspected he had children and was anxious to get home to see them. He was often selected to place on the lookout on account of his good eyesight and judgment, and in trouble or in a storm he was always on deck near the captain.

It is quite cold to-night on deck; no passengers on deck. It is also getting late. The crew are working hard to get up the river, not making much headway; the women are reading or sewing, chatting over matters; some music and so on through the day. Some wear a look of sorrow and disappointment. Men earnestly discuss the situation. The

crew keeping a sharp lookout, so as not to get ashore or bump into any ledge of rocks. The banks of the river are very steep in some places. There is plenty of water for the ship to move in.

A glorious morning; we are slowly working our way up the river. The current of the river seems to be getting a little stronger, which retards our progress very much. There is land both sides of us, which makes this part of our voyage very pleasant. We keep moving up a little all the time. The same games are being played. All are looking forward for pleasant weather during the rest of the voyage, no more storms or rough seas. We have been able to get a fresh supply of provisions and two casks of drinking water, which we needed very much. A number of small boats are sailing around us, and other vessels, to sell us such things as we might need in the way of food. Our passengers, being rather poor in pocket as well as in spirit, bought but little. The children were well taken care of by their parents, and what was bought was mostly for them, and a few feeble passengers who were weakened by the long voyage.

Well, we are blessed with good weather. Some fun on board to-day. They are planning to have a greasy pig chase. The little pig has gained in weight very much, everybody giving it something to eat all the time, so the little fellow is strong and fat and he will give them a run for their pains. So the passengers were all lined out on both sides. Those that held the pig (who was well greased) had enough to do to restrain the young men that were picked for the chase, and who agreed not to trip the pig, but give him a fair show. Finally the word was given to let him go. He started, he turned short on the runners. This tripped them up in a heap; the little fellow got out of this all right. When he was thought to be caught, he would wiggle and twist and get away. Finally, he ran under a corner to save himself, puffing, all

out of breath, and lay down exhausted. The boys in the chase were a great sight, as they had as much grease as the pig, and were glad to give up the sport, they also being out of breath.

Early to rise was in the mind of everybody, as they delighted in seeing the sun rise. The golden reflection on the wonderful cliffs and brown-clad lands was beautiful. The scenery, ever changing, was fine, and the delight of all. Large wooded sections along the river bank; the leaves turning to a golden color; the rising of the sun made the cliffs, in their grandeur, like the palisades of the Hudson River. This beautiful scenery will never be forgotten. All the passengers enjoyed every bit of it; even the children were held up to take in the great fall scene, — the leaves on the trees a beautiful red.

Passengers are getting more friendly as they near their destination. The young men and young women are now seen hourly together in close conversation entirely about their future movements, and agreeing to continue their friendship for each other, while the older ones are comparing notes and advising each other what is the best to do on arrival; while the little ones are joyfully at their mirthful games, soon to come to an end — and, with many, forever.

Another day we find ourselves moving slowly up the river. During the night we passed the mouth of the Saguenay River. We are still moving among the grandest scenery on the St. Lawrence River. We are feeling the current of the river getting stronger against us every day. The crew worked hard day and night on this account. They have to tack very often in order to take advantage of the wind.

It has been arranged to raffle the little pig to-day. It belongs to the ship's cook, who has set a price upon it. The cook is a Canadian and seems to be fair, and some say is very generous. He is well liked by the crew, on account of

his rising at midnight, frequently, in storms to get hot coffee for the overworked crew. Well, the hat was passed around to get change enough to pay for the pig, and a very liberal amount was raised at short notice and passed over to the cook, with which he was more than satisfied. Now the question arose, "What will the winner do with the pig?" Everybody was interested and good-natured, and thought the winner would have a pig on his hands. It would be a good joke to see a passenger leading a pig along the street, and consequently everybody saw fun ahead.

Finally it was suggested that the winner must give the pig to our good old Indian sailor, as his home was in Quebec. This idea pleased everybody, and it was agreed. They remembered his kindness when we were nearly all ill and in distress, when he was up early and late watching and aiding those that were ill. We all felt he would be pleased at this simple token of our esteem, but we must keep quiet about it.

Then a list of names was made out and all were numbered; all in plain writing and numbers, and very carefully done. The numbers were then put into a box including one blank, and whoever drew the blank would win the pig. A young girl was selected to draw the numbers, and when drawn they would be called out and checked. Some were a little excited at the game; others thought it great fun, and so on. The eldest were invited up first, to draw for luck and the pig. Great was the excitement now; the numbers were getting down to a few and the blank not drawn yet. A young girl about fifteen years old drew the blank; great cheering and rejoicing because this particular girl won the prize. She was loved by young and old, as she had been a wonderful worker among the afflicted during our dark days at sea. Many of the passengers could hardly help themselves, and she was always there to extend a helping hand. This,

and her many other good traits, endeared her to all. She was noble and lovely.

The Indian sailor was sent for and told that the passengers had a good day's fun raffling the pig, but now they desired to present him with it, and hoped he would receive it in the same kind spirit that we presented it to him; be kind to it, let it grow up, and then sell it or use it for his own family. The Indian was in the spirit of the fun, and everything taken in good part, and seemed a little overcome by the attention extended to him. He expressed himself in his own way, "That he did little for them, but would if he could." Later he did. So we dispersed. He took his pig, saying as he went, "I see a good roast for my family." The pig grunted as if things were not quite to his liking.

While the raffle was going on we had nice music from violin and flute, which added much to the pleasures of the day. Some fine singing with violin accompaniment was given, mostly sentimental, as their minds were gradually leaning that way, — in fact they were homesick. Really in this condition they were to be pitied, as many knew it to be true that several have died away from friends from this peculiar sickness. To arouse them all and renew their spirits, the bagpipes would be played, giving excellent dancing music. Many of the young people participated in the dancing and always enjoyed themselves, and drove sad thoughts away.

CHAPTER VIII

SAILING UP THE ST. LAWRENCE

WHILE we are moving slowly up the river the timber-laden barks, brigs, and schooners are passing us by with the stream. They enjoy the strain of our music, while we enjoy their good-natured cheering, and so on down, day after day, numerous vessels are passed engaged in lumber transportation and employing many young men that can stand the hardships.

Our captain has recovered enough from his recent illness to be on deck, and seems to enjoy the sports that are going on. The bag race pleased him very much; he thought it was great fun.

Yesterday was a beautiful day and everybody enjoyed it. Many of the passengers came on deck to see and enjoy the sports. They were so weakened from the long voyage, they could hardly stand without assistance, which was freely given them. This beautiful morning with the sun clear and good to sit in its light, it seems to charge us with new life. We all embraced the day, as one of those lovely days that electrify us, as we gaze on the beautiful landscape both sides of the river, — the river slightly winding, the current moving with quite a force. Once in a while we see a stately building. We also see what appears to be gardens in the distance. Now the view is interrupted by a high bluff, as if a monitor on watch at the bend of the river.

A cloudless sky, a mild October day; the change in the foliage of the trees reminding us that the weather is gradually

getting colder, but all beautiful to behold and lends enchantment to the scene, as if nature put on its dress to extend a welcome to the strangers from a foreign land. Our own mild music and soft sounds seem to make all very happy. The shades of evening are coming on; the sun setting, letting its golden rays linger on the landscape, that we might learn to love nature.

From the little bays along the line of the river, rushing out to passing vessels, are the market boats, generally managed by the French, a few English and some Indians, all in for trade; some fruit to be had, not so very good. Apples appear to be what is needed. There are other kinds of fruit, only in moderate quantities, but vegetables in abundance; meats plenty, all kinds and good. We received our share through the regular channel, on the American plan. The Indians not only had fruit, but also rare articles of Indian handicraft. Some of them were very nice and neat, and sold very low in price. They all sold something to the passengers each morning. The Indians reported that we had an Indian sailor on board, and related to one of them.

We are now getting well up the river. There are many small islands in this part of the St. Lawrence River. They are much in the way of sailing vessels. If a vessel gets into an eddy while going up stream, the chances are she will have a hole knocked in her, so great care has to be taken to avoid this. The vessels that are passing out also have to be very careful, although they have the current with them. Vessels rarely come to anchor, the water being very deep, some sixty fathoms. The coast is rock-bound on the water line and suddenly slopes into this great depth.

The current of the river, as it narrows, is more rapid; so we have to steer carefully with the wind, such as we can get. We are now, at sundown, about through sailing among the islands, and will soon be in the open river and have a

fair wind to tack with. At this season of the year we can almost always depend on a good breeze. As the night is coming on we find ourselves abreast of the Isle of Orleans, and expect to reach the west end of the island by daybreak. The passengers have enjoyed the day very much with each other, all watching the passing ships and listening to the merry songs of the sailors and their usual wave of the hat, "Good-by." The landscape through which we have passed was simply superb; and we could never tire looking at this beautiful scenery, the new life and activity on the river, the moving about of so many lumber vessels rigged out magnificently, bearing every evidence of success and prosperity.

As the morning dawns we find that many vessels are passing out, well down in the water with heavy freight of some kind. The Isle of Orleans is now sighted. This island is about twenty miles long and three miles wide. It has now many fine residences and playgrounds, and is about six miles from Quebec. We are not so annoyed here with small islands, but we are bothered with the bends in the river and the strong currents that rush around us.

We have been sailing in fresh water now for some days, since we entered the river stream, after passing through the strait. We all seem to like the salt water best; perhaps it is clearer and of a nice color, whereas the river has a muddy look. We pass many small fishing boats that appear to be tied to trees or boulders, instead of at anchor. There are many little settlements along this river. It is hard to conceive how they live in the long winter months, as the river is frozen a greater part of the winter. They may have a line of communication by land, using sleds, by which they could send to market fish of several kinds, which they catch in these waters. The expense of transportation would be light.

Sunrise. This morning is beautiful; the weather nice and

mild, the sun rising in its majesty of golden glory, as if to cheer us on our safe arrival. We are passing West Point, off the Isle of Orleans. As we get by the head of the river we behold just ahead of us the city of Quebec. We were all delighted to see the good old city, with its church spires and large buildings of those early days; and we could see the Falls of Montmorency on the right, with Point Levis on the left, and the great fortifications in front, away up high on a rocky hill, three hundred and fifty feet high, with many cannons pointed at us. My! but it appeared high up from the deck. We could see the soldiers marching back and forth, watching everybody.

In later years when I visited this place I was astounded at its growth in every way; less military and more civil life — almost American.

In the river and along the docks were hundreds of vessels of all nations waiting for dimension lumber to be freighted to Europe or United States, in barks, brigs, and schooners. Large quantities of lumber were rafted down the river and sold at the villages along the route.

We came to anchor off the city on the evening of November 5, 1841. This was the first time we had come to anchor since leaving the Port of Galway.

We lay in the north part of the river to be out of the way of other vessels. Some of the passengers went on shore that night, and a close watch was kept on deck to keep off undesirable passenger brokers and dock idlers. There was merrymaking on the ship that night. It would be their last, and they were making the most of it. The young people enjoyed themselves dancing, and discussing their parting; many of whom would never meet each other again. The nine weeks as fellow-passengers on the little vessel that brought them safely over made many good and sincere friends. They all knew that breakfast in the morning would

be their last meal together, after which they would scatter to — where, they hardly knew. Landed in Quebec without money or friends to help them, and the winter coming, was discouraging to many and made their parting difficult. During the evening our Indian sailor took his little pig home and found his family waiting for him; he remained at home until the next morning.

CHAPTER IX

ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC

EARLY in the morning, weather fine, part of the crew jumped into two of the boats and made a hitch to the vessel to tow her into her berth, while others manned the capstan to weigh the anchor (with some strong young men to lend a hand), which they did most cheerfully. After the anchor was weighed and secured, another boat's crew was made up quickly to assist in turning and warping the "Lively" into her berth in the dock assigned to her. After some hard work this was accomplished, and she was then secured with substantial hawsers to the large bullard posts on the wharf.

While waiting for the custom officers, the passengers had assembled in the dining room to eat and enjoy their last breakfast. The student priest said grace with deep feeling, all sat down in respectful silence to enjoy their last meal together on the good brig "Lively." Our captain came among them and said a few words of good cheer, and told them that he was to remain a few days until his ship was loaded for Europe, and in the meantime he offered his services in any way that he could serve them. These remarks were received with a kind feeling, and he was thanked for his expression of good will.

The student priest, an able young man, gave good advice in a forcible manner. He advised them what to do and with God's help they would succeed; he then gave us his blessing. Others had a few words to say in the way of encouragement to those that were to remain in Quebec, and they would help all they could. One of those who were

to remain in Quebec advised all who did not leave the city to meet every Sunday in front of the little Notre Dame Church in Notre Dame Square; this suggestion was welcomed and was agreed to. These meetings were kept up for several Sundays, fewer attending each time, until finally only a very small number presented themselves. My mother always went, and I with her. She had great sympathy for her fellow-passengers and her home neighbors from the old land.

One of the causes of the falling off in attendance was the severity of the winter (after it had set in), and many were housed far away and they could not endure the travel. We learned at these meetings that the two American sailors had shipped for the States in one of the lumber vessels; others secured employment elsewhere, some in the sawmills, others in lumbering, while still others went off to sea. Several were employed loading vessels.

The custom officers came on board and at once commenced to examine baggage, trunks, boxes, and chests, without much ceremony. This examination was done according to law, and faithfully so. In the performance of the duty the examining officers manifested a kindly feeling towards the passengers, and the work was quickly done; all felt relieved that the long, tedious voyage was ended at last, arriving at Quebec, Canada, November 5, 1841.

When we were through with the custom examinations and had finished breakfast, almost everything was ready to be taken from the ship. Many were the affectionate good-bys among the young as well as the old. Tears were shed as they parted, never to meet again. After all the storms and hardships passed through, there existed a loving friendship between us all, for we had many happy and pleasant days together during the passage on the good brig "Lively."

Many had left the vessel singly, many in family groups, and so on. All this time the Indian sailor, in the goodness

of his heart (for the many favors shown him by kindly acts), now was able to show the poorer emigrants where to get rooms and lodging, according to their means, and away from lodging house runners. His services were invaluable at this time, when none knew where to turn in a strange city, and where only a few understood the language. They all thanked him in turn for his goodness in protecting them in the manner in which he did.

The Indian sailor had wonderful instinct. He knew a little about everybody, their position in society, as well as their poverty. This knowledge guided him in his selection of a domicile for the very poor, as well as those better off. The services rendered by him were invaluable to those in search of a place to live.

He secured two rooms for my mother, he knowing that she had sent for money to her brother living in St. John, N. B. These rooms were in a two-story concrete building on Champlain Street, near the high steps, right near the rise on the corner, overlooking the present Champlain Market. The house in 1899 was still in good repair. I went into the rooms occupied by us in 1841, and found a French family living there, just as we did. From the windows of these rooms you have a full view of the St. Lawrence River, the Citadel with its bristling cannons, the enlarged Champlain Market, the docks, the Levis Ferry Landing, and the lower or little Champlain Street at the foot of the long steps, which lead from Mountain Street to lower Quebec.

Our thanks were most profuse to our Indian sailor for securing us such a delightful place. Sixty years later I enjoyed a beautiful sunset from the windows of these same rooms, as well as the much-desired view of the early morning scene at the Champlain Market.

My mother, two girls, and a healthy boy were always kindly treated by all with whom they came in contact. They

talked French; we talked English. We were a great curiosity to them, for in those early days everything was French, and pure French. The change was taking place rapidly from French to English, and the inhabitants speak both languages to-day. For all the comforts and pleasures that we enjoyed, we always felt indebted to our kind and ever watchful Indian sailor, who occasionally called to see us with his wife and child. We were as generous to them as our means would allow. Our neighbors were very kind to us, as many of them had seen my mother on Sunday in front of the Notre Dame Church, waiting to see some of the passengers who were on the ship with her. We children were growing strong and helpful, and gave great encouragement to our mother, who was very devout and thankful for the blessings bestowed upon her.

Quebec was a poor place in those days; pay was small, hardships great. The men generally were at work at something, old and young. My mother was very useful with the needle, and did fine work for rich people, who kept her employed after they found out what she could do. Mother employed a French girl who could talk English as well as French (the landlord's daughter), to sew for her, this being fortunate for my mother. The girl was smart, about fifteen or sixteen years of age. Her father and mother told the richer people that they could get fine work of this kind done to their satisfaction. The girl also informed her young friends what she was doing, and when customers called she did the talking, while mother did the work.

One of my sisters was older than I, nearly eight years of age. She was of great help in the kitchen, as well as taking care of her baby sister, and lending a hand at sewing. The young French girl took a great liking to her and began teaching her the names in French of articles in the room, and sister was not slow to learn.

When cold December set in my mother had plenty of work to do, from which she evidently received good pay, and frequently some small presents. I remember one of these ladies brought me a new sled, although there was one in the house that I could always use. So time went on, day after day, as far as Christmas time. When it came, there did not seem to be much notice taken of it, nor for some years afterwards.

We passed through one of their usual long, cold winters. In the lower town there was not much to see after dark; people generally went to bed early, as the men folks had to get up early to load ships, while others went to the sawmills, and still others to the woods to cut trees for the mill, or to hew or form them with ax. The waste wood was sold by the crate at your door. There was so much of this that it was sold at a very low price, which was a great blessing to those who had little, hence everybody had this kind of wood for all domestic uses, cooking, etc.; no stoves then, just fireplaces.

In the upper town things were different. This part of the city of Quebec is occupied by the rich, or people in good circumstances. Everything had a military air about it; a great military ball or dinner going on nearly every night. To this day there is a great difference between the upper and lower town.

The upper town is really a wonderful place. There are gates through which you have to go and pay toll, a soldier on guard at every turn, marching back and forth keeping a sharp lookout; sentry boxes for rainy weather, and it is a pleasing and interesting sight to see one sentry relieve the other. It is the same in the upper as well as the lower town, and on the wharves still more so; and when challenged, "Who goes there?" if not answered properly and at once, might mean the guard-house, and then there is trouble.

You cannot get away; you are inside the gates; so all have to be on good behavior, as it is hard to get in and hard to get out, everything being on military lines; and although the militia is in control, robbers and murderers give them plenty to do.

The fact that the wealthy live in the upper town and the poor in the lower town does not cause any ill feeling. On the contrary, when the functions are in full blast, the stores, which are in the lower town, receive a good trade among them. The wealthy come down in carriages, make selection or leave orders, which are filled to the satisfaction of the purchaser. Some of these storekeepers are also rich and many others well to do.

From the commandant down, they all have big salaries. The government is a big customer in nearly all things, even to the building of ships, warehouses, gun carriages; construction going on all the time. This flow of money is distributed mostly in the lower town. They now have markets inside the gates as well as outside. It is all country truck, the products of small gardens and all in small lots, such as a peck of peas, a few pounds of maple sugar, a few bunches of onions, and so on. It is money to them, and their expenses are very light. Oh! but these people who come to market this way are very poor, and have traveled miles, mostly on foot, to sell what little they have. The markets are in better condition now, however.

When winter sets in, all travel is nearly suspended; very little going back and forth, the roads being blocked with heavy snows. Generally after a heavy snow very little is done, except to clear away just a small amount at a time. The roads are in good condition for sleighing or any light load. Snow-shoes are so common; everybody has them, and a great many wear them.

This was the custom in the early days of 1841 and 1842.

Since then, it is fair to suppose, that there are more up-to-date methods, as they now (1909) have trolley cars in the lower town, and many new roads and fine parks; the best of school-houses on the American plan, warmed and ventilated on the very best principles.

In the early days the Plains of Abraham were dense woods covered with chestnut trees; but now the great Parliament House is located there, and can be seen for miles away, on account of its great elevation; also magnificent monuments to commemorate the heroic dead. There are also grand residences, as well, and churches,—some of them built years ago, all grand in their antiquity, as well as the modern ones.

Now in February, let us look down on the frozen river and see what is going on there. A very large number of men, women, and boys are fishing through the ice. They are all wrapped up in thick clothing, caps usually drawn down over their ears, good heavy shoes, and old mittens. Their bait is kept from freezing by placing it in a basket of loam, well covered and resting on a plank, with a sail screen to protect it from the winds. Sometimes a little grease is burned on the plank in such a way as also to help in keeping the bait from freezing. Baskets of fish are caught every day and taken to market, for which they receive what by them is called "good money."

On it goes, day after day; the heavy snow bothers at times. They take advantage of this snow and build snow houses, where just a few can enter and fish through several holes made in the ice floor of the snow house. It gives comfort, the place being warm, and lasts a long time. Those that have them are fortunate, for they can fish when others cannot; and on account of zero weather on the outside, the fish freeze easily when out of water. The sled that goes around to collect the fish has sail-cloth on it, upon which the fish are thrown, and then they are taken to market.

The sleighing on the ice-clad river is really wonderful; fine sleighs and elegant horses. The grand turnouts are very smart. The speed and jingle of the sweet-sounding bells is pleasant to listen to, and it attracts crowds when the day is fine. They go in procession, up on one side and down on the other, with the speeders racing down the middle of the line. This is deemed great sport by all. The fishermen are a little to one side, out of the way, so the speeders are not interfered with.

They have fine horses in Canada, and they are trained and fixed for this kind of sport, being shod in such a way that they cannot slip. I never saw any horse slip on the ice. There are booths built on the ice at which refreshments are sold. So day after day with the weather fine and good sunshine, this kind of entertainment is always on.

They also have a fine procession occasionally so as to show off their handsome horses and elegant sleighs, which, it must be admitted, is really gorgeous. It is a great sight to see these rich turnouts. It is sport for the owners and entertaining for the spectators, and furnishes great fun for the young people and the children.

The foregoing takes place in the lower town. In the upper town they also have sleighing in winter. The roads are long and level. The St. Foye Road and the Grand Allee Road are miles in length and about one thousand feet apart. One leads from the St. Louis gate, the other from the St. John's gate. All kinds of sleighs are in line. The two roads are wide, no car tracks to mar or disturb in any way the sports that are going on. Each takes his own side of the road, rarely any collisions. Sometimes the fast ones run out many miles on one road and return on the other.

Sleighing at night is frequent and encouraged by the citizens, who put lights in their windows to cheer the sleighing parties who are out. There is some fine singing on these

occasions, and the singing and the jingle of the bells make all feel joyful. All these outings bring profit to the storekeeper, so they cheer it on. It is a splendid way to distribute the money among the working people. At any rate, it changes hands and helps to pay many bills in the good old winter time.

The loading of ships with hewn lumber is hard, wet work, and sometimes dangerous. A sharp lookout is usually kept that no men get into the river, where the ice is kept broken around the vessel. If a man falls in, he is generally lost by being carried under the ice, and owing to the strong current is carried on out to sea. Men show great bravery sometimes in their efforts to save their helpmate from drowning. The lumber is shaped and squared to the best advantage for the market by skilled and experienced men. When done, it is then surveyed, marked, and shipped, to be taken, nearly always, to a ready customer. The slinging and canting of these timbers require quite an athlete, as quick action is necessary. There are men between decks with tongs similar to ice-hooks. They grasp a stick with great ease, turn it over and push it along to its berth, as every stick has to be packed with great care. The men when thus engaged make light of their hard work by singing some good old song, where all can join in chorus, and it is generally sung with good taste and in tune. These songs have a stirring effect on some of the weaker ones and brace them up. These men rarely quarrel, and have good habits.

The heat of the sun the last few days has thinned the ice on the river, and the snow is beginning to thaw. The captains of the ships are waiting, and somewhat uneasy to get away. If this heat continues, there will be a great thaw. The fishermen have left the ice fishing, as it is now so thin that it is dangerous for them to stay longer. Booths and everything wanted have been hurried on to the land.

Evidence of the approach of spring is at hand. The sun still continues to be warm. In spring the captains of vessels have to hire extra men to help clear off the ice that now seems to be getting loose from its anchorage. Great exertion is being used to protect their ships from the danger of cutting by the ice-floes that are liable to be put in motion at any time. This same trouble occurs every spring; it is no new danger, but one the captains have to guard against, and on this account watch has to be kept almost the same as at sea. The departure of the vessels in the spring is of great interest, as many of the crews have left wives and children behind.

CHAPTER X

THE SPRINGTIME

EASTER Sunday, March 27, 1842, the first bright, cheery day of spring; some snow on the ground and ice on the river, but all are satisfied that nature is exerting itself to look like spring, and the people are out to enjoy it. Both young and old are sunning themselves on this lovely day.

To-day, Sunday, several of the passengers of the "Lively" are at the little church in the center of Notre Dame Square. All are glad to meet each other and tell each other the news. Among them can be seen the Indian sailor, who always has reliable news to tell. Here being his home, and amongst friends, he gets all the news of passing events. He stated that two of the passengers had died from homesickness; some others quite ill, but soon will recover. With spring approaching it was hoped that they all would be well. Only a few left now; many had gone away in various directions. Some liked Quebec very well and intended to stay, as their husbands were at work and very well satisfied. The Indian secured employment for many of them. Many good-bys were said, as they all had plans that would lead them away soon from Quebec, though waiting for the snow to melt and the roads to open. Then they were to start for St. John, their first choice.

The sun is getting much warmer now. Snow-storms are less in number and not so heavy. The ice is getting thin on the river and quite dangerous; sleighing has stopped, fishing still continues. Great preparations are being made on the vessels for an early start out of the ice. Rigging is

being put in order, sails are being mended, so as to be ready when the ice on the river breaks up.

A great commotion is seen all along the bay. Even the fishermen are having their boats put in good repair, especially the deep-sea boats that fish outside in deeper water. Vessels are now nearly all loaded with lumber. They are securing the lumber ports and tarring the outside, using the ice for a platform; otherwise they would be obliged to hire rafts on which this work could be done. The hurry is great, as they all want to start at once. The crews are being secured by all the vessels to be ready for the early start. There are many vessels and they require men of experience.

On account of the excessive heat of the sun for the last few days, the spring thaw has set in and the rush of the water from the hillsides is pouring into the river St. Lawrence with great force, and has swollen the river so that the current is very great. In fact, so great is the current that it has lifted the ice from its anchorage and is floating it down the river with such force that it destroys everything it comes in contact with. The rush of the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence River is irresistible, as the water carries with it thousands of tons of ice. In some places it forms bridges that can be crossed; but without warning they may be broken up by the rushing on of the river.

The shipping is substantially secured out of the center of the current with watchfulness and great care, and with many to assist; the ice-floes are pushed towards the current, thus avoiding the grinding and crushing the vessels would be subjected to and perhaps sink at the dock. The force of the moving ice is of great power, its accumulation being so great in places that it has to be blown up, in order that it can be carried off by the current, down the St. Lawrence to the gulf, thus clearing the way for other bodies of ice to flow naturally down.

Nature has favored this flow very much, as the formation of the river is such that it gradually broadens from Quebec to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, thus preventing ice jams that would otherwise occur, much to the injury of early shipping. As the ice flows on it is astonishing to see the amount of lumber material that floats with it, such as cut wood which has floated off the low places where located and is being carried out to sea, perhaps to be picked up by fishing-smacks and fishermen, who live along on the bare rubble rock shore, where wood must be very scarce.

Every spring these scattered fishermen are on the lookout for wood and all floating objects they can pick up, such as boats (that have been torn away from their moorings), oars, sails, and many other things that were not properly secured on shore.

Unsecured boats with well-filled lockers have been picked up in this way with their contents. The fishermen thus make merry, as they earn it all, being on the watch day and night.

After the great heat and ice flow we have had a high wind and warm rain for two days, from the south, so the hillsides and banks of the river have had a good wash down. The river is now nearly free from ice; and along the upper river timber rafts are being made and loaded with lumber for Quebec, and many vessels are already waiting to be loaded. These rafts were composed of good lumber, and when unloaded were broken up and also shipped as lumber. No rafts were ever returned up the river; their life was short and ended where unloaded. By rafts was the only way that lumber was sent down the St. Lawrence River, the current being so strong. When ready, away went the raft, at the rate of six miles an hour, carefully managed by skilled raftsmen. If the wind was fair, a large sail was set to catch the wind; with this and the current they made good time

in reaching Quebec, taking twelve to twenty hours to reach the city from the points of shipments.

April has opened up with good and favorable weather, many vessels having left with their lumber freight for distant countries. Many of these are coasters. They carry meats, barrels of pork, poultry, and other articles of barter to trade along the coast. Live poultry is something for which there is a great call along the barren coast; also a great demand for young pigs. They were shipped in rough crates and were well taken care of by the crew while on the passage, and for them a good price was given. Heavy boots and shoes were always in great demand along the coast, and many things that were good and useful. There was a great demand also for chewing tobacco.

These trading schooners were loaded with sutler stores, and they had many articles of wearing apparel. These goods were sold at very reasonable prices. This trading is always going on, as there are many small villages that have no stores, only such as would have fishing rigs and outfits for small undertakings, and of course they are delighted when the sutler schooner arrives, as many presents would be made by sweethearts.

The weather continues fine now, the last of April. Vessels are coming and going, good cheer is everywhere. Life on the river is exhilarating; everybody is busy. The great ships loading daily with lumber is the live business of Quebec. There is a rush day in and day out, loading lumber as if the rest of the world were waiting for it. The handsome ships with clean sails and rigging, fine painted hulls, certainly tempted young men to go to sea.

The great output of the wooded lands, near and far away, was carried off by these fine vessels. Only for them, the trees would wither and decay where grown. The early rising of the woodsmen, and up and away to the forest, was

hard work, not only in felling trees, but floating them down small streams and over falls, and then collecting the scattered ones that broke away and had to be carried some distance from the line of direction. Taking care of this lumber until it reached the St. Lawrence River was hard and dangerous work, and only the strongest could endure it, as they had to work night and day, and it was also such small pay.

Now, the middle of May, the weather is quite clear but cold, and makes one feel chilly unless kept busy by doing something. Many ships have left and are leaving this port, and only a few arriving. By and by the harbor will be full of ships, as the river is now free of ice and floods; so the St. Lawrence River is open once more to the world for shipping and commerce of all kinds.

Yesterday I was taken to ride over to see the beautiful Falls of Montmorency. I have always remembered this ride as I had never seen falls before. In later years I have seen them more than once, just to take a look backward in my life. I enjoyed every bit of the time looking at that beautiful veil of falling water and the great basin formed by its force in falling. The base of the falls is easily reached by going down the sloping banks formed by the falling waters of many years. Most wonderful and beautiful is the continuous work of nature caused by these falls.

It was quite late when the coach or carriage returned without mishap. I always thought it was a kindly act of those who took me with them, the distance being some six miles from Quebec. Later in life, if I had met any of them I would have thanked them most sincerely.

Afterwards I went riding with some one, just for company. They would say, "Jump in, my boy!" and we would be off.

Quebec was a very small place sixty-eight years ago. Most everybody was known to each other and located, people going in and out of each other's houses without much

ceremony. On account of the gradual growth of the city things have changed very much since those early days. There are a great many churches all over the city now, schools of every kind, a fire department, and one of the most up-to-date public buildings now ornament the city.

During vacation I have spent three summers in Quebec. It is cool and has fine weather through the summer and there are very many grand old places to see; the little churches by the roadside, not big enough to hold over twelve persons, huge crosses planted in the yards in front of private houses, depository boxes for the charitably inclined in which to deposit alms, and so on, so different from our way in good and free America. All these things are new to non-residents.

CHAPTER XI

SHOOTING THE RIVER

JUNE is always pleasant and with it comes everything that is beautiful, — flowers, comfort, and enjoyment. The young people are out, their mirthful voices are heard, and the whistle and laugh of the happy boys passing by on their way to school and to work is really an inspiration to those that are not inclined to be mirthful. They see that it drives dull care away.

As you pass by finely kept gardens you cannot help stopping a few minutes to enjoy the beautiful flowers, as if inviting you to look at them on your way through the paths of life. Such is Quebec in the summer time. There are many stately mansions, with beautifully arranged grounds, consisting sometimes of acres of land.

The drive through the circuitous paths on the grounds until you reach the mansion is wonderfully enchanting. In after years I enjoyed several of these rides, especially the grounds of Sir James LeMoyne, the great historian of the St. Lawrence, to whom I am indebted for valuable information given me of the early settlers of Quebec (among them my own people), for which I shall always feel grateful; besides, his influence gave me access to valuable libraries, from which I derived the information I was seeking.

At this season of the year there is also great activity on the water in shipping circles. To see what is going on is truly wonderful, the large floating wharves (called rafts) and the number of men on them rolling timbers this way and

that, storing it away with their great lever hooks is really a great sight. Many persons are always present watching them, just now being the busiest part of the year, so the work that is going on attracts a great deal of attention, as the pushing along of the logs into the bow part of the vessel is certainly a wonderful sight. The raftsmen keep, as it were, feeding the vessel. The rapid disappearing of the timber appears to be such a mystery that the spectators are simply taken aback to think that a vessel could hold so much lumber. The workers are sometimes cheered in the performance of their duty. They sing their shanty songs, making the work feel light. Another feature connected with this lumber business is the fact that many of the wood-choppers have dinner sent to them from their homes (by their good and faithful wives). The carrier of this dinner is usually the son of the family; the boy is there every day, having had to walk some three to five miles to reach the father. After the usual salutations of father and boy, the dinner is partaken of. There are many other boys on the same errand. Well, when lunch is over, the father gets a spruce log with the bark on, and the boys (about ten years of age or less) get on to these sticks in the water and start down the river as if a race were on. They have a little piece of scantling from the saw pit to steer with; the fathers push them off, and away they go down the river with the current, and with this current and a little paddling it is astonishing how quickly they go down, standing erect on the floating logs, paddling and steering for some miles. Then they reach the floating raft by sticking the nose of the stick gracefully against the side of the raft, and then jump off on to the raft. The spar is allowed to float down the river.

The boys all like this fun. Of course they are barefooted and sure of their footing, and they all learn to swim very young. Girls sometimes do this same act, and they have

neither shoes or stockings on. These girls have wonderful nerve and power of endurance. On their arrival back to the raft there are always a number of persons present to congratulate the hardy voyagers on their success.

Boys sometimes volunteered for this work, it is so exciting, and the fathers and mothers are often present when their sons and daughters are performing this duty. It is now a long walk to the forest where the trees are being felled. They know at the start that they do not walk back, but have a fine sail down the river and very quick. All these young people are well acquainted with each other and always ready to help one another. They make merry when sailing down the river by chasing each other, or what is more agreeable, to run close together and clasp hands and balance the raft and sing, which is nicely done, people on the shore cheering them in their rush for home.

June 20. Mother having received a remittance from her brother in St. John last week, she is now calculating when to leave Quebec and how to go. We children seem to be happy, and having no care, we want to stay, because now we see so much fun every day, we fear we will lose it all if we move away. Mother is collecting all that is due her and paying her bills, so as to be ready to sail for St. John at an early date. After all this was done, she engaged passage on the little steamer "River Queen" for Montreal. Somehow she failed to get the steamer, all for good luck, as the "River Queen" ran aground at Three Rivers, and was greatly injured, and the passengers returned to Quebec.

This accident happened on the 3d of July, 1842, this date being obtained from local records. The "River Queen" was patched up and towed to Quebec to Mr. Black's shipyard, where repairs were made. It was fortunate that we did not take passage on the "Queen." In the meantime mother was strongly recommended to take passage on an outside

vessel, on a brig or schooner, because when at Montreal she would be farther away from St. John (it is from there where roads lead to St. John), but it would be very tiresome traveling for the children, so the accident to the "River Queen" caused my mother to decide to sail around on the outside.

Our French friends and the Indian sailor prevailed upon her to go this way on account of the children. My eldest sister did not want to go any other way. After careful consideration by my mother passage was secured on the schooner "Johnson." We set sail on the 20th of July for St. John by the way of the St. Lawrence River and the gulf.

We found three other families on board, all very pleasant, but, oh! such small quarters, though we had the deck to play on, even though it was pretty well covered with barrels. There were some other children on board bound for somewhere on the coast. Our vessel was called a coaster; everything seemed nice and trim. It looked as if we were situated all right now, only a question of time when we would reach St. John.

The day before sailing we had all our little things put on board by our Indian sailor friend, who was always around doing something to earn a penny. He was wise, good, and kind, and could be relied on. The people whom we hired rooms from regretted and expressed great sorrow at our leaving, as we were of no trouble and paid our rent and also paid their good, kind daughter, who was in mother's employ. So that last afternoon, after a pleasant talk and a parting tear, we bade these kind people good-by. My mother advised the father and mother to let the daughter learn to sew, so that she could get a handsome income from the work as my mother did. They all accompanied us to the vessel. The daughter was very sorry to part with my sister, as they had become great friends. You would think their hearts

would break. They kissed and parted and a final good-by to all and a "God bless each other."

The Indian sailor went to the vessel, and spoke kindly of us to the captain. We always thought the captain was unusually kind to us. The Indian sailor gave my mother a talisman to show any Indian that might start to do us harm. She thanked him and bidding him good-by, made him a present of some money and made him promise to go to the little Notre Dame Church on Sunday to see if any of the old passengers were there and tell them that she had gone to her brother in St. John, and wished them all well, and that she would pray for them.

The Indian went his way in a happy mood, feeling that he had done us a kindly act, and he had. We returned to our little quarters on the vessel. We had some supper, and went to bed early our first night on the schooner.

Next morning we were up early and on deck to take in the surrounding shore. The outlook was really pleasing and fine. The sun shone on the tin roofs and the guns on the fort. These things we could not see from the land, so it was in a way new to us.

Our first breakfast was announced. The few passengers (perhaps sixteen in all) had among them a very nice man, wife and child, who were passengers on the "Lively" with us. There were two other families and two more children,—in fact, all young people, none over middle age. My mother was delighted to meet her former fellow-passengers. There was the usual affectionate greeting between them, much to the delight of the others. My mother at this time was not over twenty-eight years old.

We were arranged at small tables, much to the comfort of each. Mother and her three children at one table, which was pleasant for us. At our first breakfast everything went off very nicely; every one seemed to enjoy it. We had a

good ship's cook and a man assistant at the tables (both queer looking), and an Indian woman for a stewardess. The captain had his own table, the crew had good quarters of their own in the forward end of the vessel. Folding tables, when put away, gave plenty of room for comfort, and quarters were well aired and lighted in the daytime, but mighty gloomy at night, though nobody cared, as we were tired and went to bed early.

It was evident from the start that all the passengers were inclined to be very friendly, knowing that they were to be together on a pretty long voyage to St. John, N. B. The children amused themselves at breakfast by running back and forth to other tables to see if the other children had better things than they did. They began to get acquainted, to the satisfaction of the parents, as by so doing they would entertain each other, to the relief of fathers, mothers, and passengers.

The deck of the vessel was large and roomy, supplied with rope chairs made strong, with back that would drop down to stow away when in a heavy sea or storm. This after part of the vessel was for the passengers to enjoy themselves on; it was theirs. The rest of the deck was covered with freight, mostly barrels of pork on end and all banked together and wedged, so that they could not roll about. Besides, the sailors running back and forth walked on top of these barrels. The vessel was well loaded and well down in the water. She must have had about fifteen men for a crew, mostly young men. Regular watch was kept; always one or two at the wheel, — the old-fashioned wheel with ropes and pulleys. A good way, but somewhat slow. Everything on the vessel was in excellent order for a long voyage, including plenty of good water, for our purposes.

After breakfast our captain went ashore to see the custom officers to get clearance papers, which took some time, as

he had to wait for the officers to arrive, then had to wait his turn. We heard there was some informality in his papers which had to be corrected. While waiting a large crate of live chickens was sent on board for us. It looked as if we were going to be taken good care of. There also came a man with two accordions, one banjo, one guitar, and some other things; also many small articles to entertain the children with, among which were nice dolls for our baby girls.

We seated ourselves for dinner just the same as at breakfast, at which all enjoyed themselves, as we were getting better acquainted. There was more freedom and less restraint. After dinner some of the men went on shore and up to the small stores, and bought a few things for the children, as well as themselves. My mother did not like this delay. The captain came on board just as supper was ready. We were to start in the morning. After supper on deck we had a long warm evening, the sun setting to the satisfaction of the captain, foretelling a good day to-morrow.

CHAPTER XII

OFF TO ST. JOHN, N. B.

MY, but this is a glorious morning! cool and agreeable, the 20th of July, 1842. The captain does not appear to be in any hurry. We have all finished breakfast and most all are on deck to watch the maneuvering of the crew to get the vessel out of her berth. There is no wind, the captain is apparently doubtful about moving his vessel for fear she may get into the current of the river and beyond control. The captain is hauling in stern hawser to protect himself from drifting off suddenly. The sailors are out with boats, with oars, and have made fast to the vessel so as to turn bows out of the dock and get the vessel headed towards thè stream, the stern still being held fast to the bullard post. The crew are doing good and hard work in swinging the vessel around and have finally succeeded.

The sun is shining beautifully now, about ten o'clock; some air stirring. Orders are given to let go our lines on the wharf, so that we can move leisurely away. Just then we discovered our little French girl and our Indian friend on the dock, waving us a Godspeed and good luck. There were many others also on the wharf to see this schooner leave with commissary stores, passengers being something very unusual, as all others were loaded with lumber. We are really off, the city of Quebec receding from us. We never saw it look so beautiful before. There are golden rays of the morning sun, with its reflecting light from the metal

roofs of the houses, also on the polished cannons projecting from the embrasures of the greatest fort in the East, — the great citadel of Quebec, — three hundred and fifty feet above the ever running stream of the St. Lawrence River. The mighty rock on which the fort is built is called Point Diamond, and can be seen for miles up and down the river. The towering palisades of Point Levis, just across the river, look as if nature placed them there, as if the great gates were open to invite all passengers to pass through its gates towards the land of the setting sun.

The Falls of Montmorency were to the north of us with their beautiful veil of falling water, — the white stream in the sunlight with sparkling rays as if studded with diamonds. It certainly is a beautiful sight. These falls are always about the same, two hundred and fifty feet high. In the spring, when the snow is melting and the rivers flowing in full, the sight is grand and long to be remembered. These falls have been wearing away the surrounding rock for ages. The rivers supply these falls when water is low. There appear to be natural steps on both sides leading to the bed of the river and they attract many people to the place.

Beaufort is an old place for small vessels, time-honored by those who live there, for they love the place. It is old-fashioned and decidedly French. The main road to St. Anne de Beaupre is through this town. Many small churches are along the road, as well as alms boxes, also large crucifixes on many private grounds, same as those at Charlesburg. The houses are nearly all built of stone (a limestone of the locality), and they are very old. The streets, like old Quebec, are winding, with a few trees on the side of the road. The houses are nearly all built on the water side of the street, and are only about one story high and two stories down, on account of their business. They are nearly all fishermen, and they can easily land their boats up under their sitting

room, thereby getting into their homes easily after a hard, busy day's work.

We have now nearly passed the Island of Orleans, a beautiful high island, easy of access.

Our vessel is now working her way among the many little islands in the river at this place. We have reached a position on the river where we can see the convent and church of St. Anne de Beaupre, famous for the miracles performed there. Evidently some great changes have taken place here, as many have proclaimed themselves as cured and have thrown away their crutches in verification. Many believe in them and go there to get benefit from prayer, and several have returned to their homes as cured. Evidently there is a great relief in mind as well as in body, and they are made happy.

The Island of Orleans is fading away from us; Quebec now cannot be seen. We have passed through the many small islands in safety and we are now about fifty miles or more from Quebec, and approaching the Island of Candres. We are now going to supper, quite relieved that no accident has occurred to-day.

Sailing down the St. Lawrence in summer is quite enjoyable when you have nothing to do. We passed many fishing boats, and we see many Indians in canoes. They pay little attention to us, as they are seemingly busy about their own affairs. They are dangerous and to be avoided and not to be laughed at or disturbed, as they are very sensitive. They have always their bow and arrows with them. These Indians live in secluded places; they have a wicked look, as if plotting something all the time. They talk by sounds and scarcely move their lips, so you never can learn what their intentions are except by their actions. Their united action is always by signal, but no loud noise. Our captain has provided himself with muskets of some kind to defend himself and

ship against any attack or surprise. They come alongside at times and seem to jump on board easily, as our vessel lies low in the water and moves slowly. Our captain managed, when he saw quite a number in one canoe (six in all), to be cleaning his gun. The mate had another gun, pistols could be seen, so we made a good showing. The captain fired at a large bird and killed it. By signs he told them to be off and get it. The Indian stewardess learned from their talk that they would attack us that night. That was the plan up to the time he fired the gun and killed the bird. They saw and examined the gun; they grunted and went off, agreeing among themselves that to board us was rather dangerous work, so they gave it up. Still our captain and mate kept arms quite handy for emergencies.

The shores we are now passing show an immense amount of rocks everywhere that had broken away by time from the high cliff of rocks that overhang and which are extremely high; some three hundred feet or more on the north side, but somewhat flat on the south side; no signs of habitation anywhere. The Indians live among the cliffs or a little back, so that they cannot be seen. They have means of notifying other camps (by signals) what is being done, and if aid is required. They are out of reach of the law and could not be found if wanted. In the winter many of them die from want and care. They have a peculiar organization of their own, and their ranks are soon filled when wanted.

The soft silver light of the moon is delightful to see when on the water. Fortune favored us. The moon was full on the 20th of July, the day of our departure from Quebec, and will be with us a good part of the time, while sailing down the St. Lawrence. The passengers walk back and forth in pairs, enjoying a beautiful moonlight night. In a pleasant vein they talk. Hand in hand others walk, whispering words of friendship dear.

Though late, the stars, beautiful diamonds in the sky, are peering out to see the mild light of a waning moon.

The convent bells are heard from the shore, and the peaceful sounds are soothing to suffering souls, who are made peacefully happy.

The St. Lawrence River, from the gulf, was the great roadway to the West, and was infested by many undesirable Indians about this time and before it. This great waterway was the only route by which the West could be reached, and on its banks lived many Indians. The white man was not wanted. He was feared, as they thought if he got a foothold, they all would be his slaves and would be restricted from enjoying the pleasure of the hunting grounds, over which their forefathers roamed in great freedom without any master or restraint. This they were determined to stop at the beginning, if possible, so they resorted to all kinds of means to retard the white man at every point.

The white men were increasing in numbers, much to the surprise of the Indian tribes that were at war with each other, though they were pacified and united to a certain extent, to make war on the white man and drive him from their shores. They are now held in check by the strong arm of the government and punished severely at times, and their loss of horses and rations (as well as blankets) is now bringing them to their senses.

Indians are in hiding in cragged rocks along the noble St. Lawrence, ready to make trouble, so all white men on land or sea are keeping a sharp lookout for them. Many Indians are well cared for and treated kindly, when any scheme is on foot. The peaceful Indians are made aware of it by their relatives and friends, thus giving the government an early notice and ample time to check them and punish them severely.

The government is now having Indian spies. The Indians

find themselves headed off in most all of their schemes, so many have taken themselves to the caves or have gone farther back to the bush. These are the Indians that are called bad, and seldom caught. They are gradually driven to give themselves up to the government, as they are getting less in number, some dying from want of food, as fish is hard to get in the winter season, the ice being thick. They have no lines or bait, and in time must all submit or starve.

CHAPTER XIII

SAILING DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE

WE find ourselves early in the morning going along in a moderate way; not much wind, only for the current we would not make any headway. The scenes are bold along the rocky shores and overhanging cliffs; very little sand on the beach, except in some little cove or place of shelter. We are passing inlets and small bays, where only small boats can enter. No surf; in fact, everything seems dead to us, except the beautiful sheet of water that our vessel is moving on. No verdure-clad knolls, no birds, no signs of life; storm-beaten cliffs, tumbling rocks from great heights line the shore as we go along.

There must be some fish in this river, and we wonder what they live on, as all beneath the surface seems lifeless. An Indian shoots out from his place of concealment. If he comes near us he gets a little coffee and a ship biscuit, and goes on his way feeling kindly towards us. He knows somehow that we are able to take good care of ourselves; some of the crew have their rifles in hand, apparently cleaning them, but in fact have them ready for immediate use if needed. An Indian always grunts when he sees a rifle. He knows what it means, only he has none. While paddling away from the vessel he always keeps his eyes on the rifle.

Indians don't like the lookout in the crosstrees; they say, "White man see too much." These Indians that come on board under the pretence of getting something are really playing the rôle of the detective, and on their return they

will signal the others on the coast to let us pass or intercept us. Their plans are well carried out, and orders are obeyed.

Music on the water after sundown is liked by everybody. There is something about it that creates a sentimental feeling, and there is no noise to disturb the sweet, low notes. The assembling of the passengers helps to pass away the evening in a very agreeable manner, as all join in the singing of old songs, some that were sung years ago (when all were younger) at or near their homes. These songs have a soothing influence on those who have homes.

Sunday morning, — one of those lovely mornings that makes everybody feel at peace. We have passed the entrance to the beautiful Saguenay and Islands of Notre Dame. We have done little sailing, the bluffs keeping the wind from us, so we are drifting. The current is not so strong here; the river is widening as we go along.

We can see some little villages on the lowlands opening on the southern side. There are only shanties and Indian or gypsy camps. We are well out on the river, so you cannot see any persons on the rockbound beach. The natives' dress is the color of the rocks; they have to move to detect them, so they can easily conceal themselves if they want to.

Our breakfast was really good; we are all in good spirits. Church on the sea, or prayers at sea, is new to some, so they are all making comparisons with this way and the way on land. Some think that on the ship there is room for very serious thought. They gradually separate to have some consolation within themselves and read the portion of the Bible that suits the occasion best. There was a peculiar quietness on board until the afternoon after dinner, when there was more freedom of speech and action.

Yesterday, our first Sunday at sea, passed seemingly in a way that pleased nearly all, and as a whole the passengers were well satisfied.

The river water is now getting salty, quite so, as we are entering the broader river. The bluffs on one side and some land on the other side seem to be receding from us, as we are having a little breeze once in a while that pushes us along.

Swings are being put up for the amusement of the children; one large one that will hold two, and two single ones, besides a large rocking swing for the older people. Having these various swings they can all keep busy.

Away forward there is a rope stretched for the men to jump over. This is very funny, as the fat men have a rolling time of it. It is great sport for young and old. Nobody minds the laughs when they get a good bump, so it continues until they are tired, then they have to give in. Then the men go and sit on the barrel heads or swinging settee and tell stories of their powers when young. Of course the others told stories of a similar nature, and all about a great jumper they knew once. Smoking and telling exaggerated stories while on the water seems to be excusable, and it all goes. Don't question anybody's veracity, but be sure and tell a good story about yourself. Then they will break away and say to each other, "That's the greatest prevaricator I ever heard," and it is agreed to for the present.

Reading, sewing, and gossip for the women in the rocking chairs nearly all the time. Their quarters on the deck in fine weather are really very pleasant and good for those early days, as we have plenty of room to move about, there being only a few passengers. The children, too, playing their little games on the clean decks, laughing at little points won by some one of them, sometimes innocent disputes, an appeal to the mothers, who agreed that it is better to change the game into something else, and it goes. Some of the children easily go to sleep, so are very little trouble to their arents.

Picture books for the young are amusing as well as educational. The children pair off to tell each other what the pictures mean, so the conversation goes on until they are completely tired out.

A long day on deck, which is our general sitting room in fine weather, is enjoyed by all. No formality, just make yourself at home and with each other. Thus the day passes, and so on day after day.

Just a week on our way. We are now well down on the St. Lawrence River. The current is only moderate. After this we must depend on the wind altogether, as the river is now twenty-five miles wide. We are keeping the southern side, as two stops along here are to be made, one at Gaspa Bay, the other at Chaleur Bay. These two are on our way and both are Indian settlements, but it will be some time before they are reached. It is stated that these Indians, although under government control, are a bad lot, and we shall have to be constantly on guard, and so none of the crew will be allowed ashore.

A new game was introduced to-day by the young men, — pitching quoits or discs. A sail-cloth is placed on deck, a line marked to toe, also a distance mark. This was really fine fun; all enjoyed it as well as the jumping. All stopped reading and sewing to give attention to the new game; it not being so tiresome as the jumping it lasted longer. This game was frequently played and enjoyed by the onlookers as well as the players.

Dinner is just announced. A short dance towards evening is agreed upon, and most all will participate. The youth of the passengers permits them to enjoy the dancing.

Another lovely morning, as we are entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We are having all kinds of wind, sometimes favorable and at times the other way. The vessel is beginning to roll a little. Some are already feeling the effects of it. No

doubt as we go farther out into the heavier rolls many will be seasick.

We are to stop at Gaspa Bay to leave some freight. We are heading that way and have to be careful on account of the rocky nature of the coast. We are going along slowly in deep water, as we don't want to make Gaspa Bay before morning, to deliver freight, and get out again the next day, with an early start.

We are having good weather; other vessels are passing us at all times in both directions. A friendly salute of some kind was taken and some questions asked through the trumpet and answered the same way. The sun is setting rather red to-night, which denotes a coming storm on the gulf, and we will have luck if we get into Gaspa Bay before the blow sets in, and hence many will avoid being seasick. All the sails are carefully looked over and the boats secured so that if we get into the blow we will be all ready.

At six o'clock in the morning we are off Gaspa Bay, and trying hard to make the harbor, as it is getting rough outside. If the wind doesn't change we will be at anchor in the bay and have our breakfast in a comfortable manner. We are now entering the harbor and leaving the turbulent sea outside.

Many Indians are meandering around in their canoes. The sudden appearance of the Indians about us this way makes several of the passengers uneasy, and of course they don't like it. Besides, the Indians are not friendly disposed. They throw water on us, rather splash it on us, and think it fun. Some have small articles for barter, but they are cheap and of no use; they are put out unless something is bought. The captain bought of them and some of the passengers bought a few articles. Their appearance on the vessel disturbed the breakfast somewhat, as they certainly are not desirable visitors, putting their hands and noses into everything. The freight is now all ashore, so we have pushed off

from the little rotten wharf. One of our sailors, being a very large man, took a rifle with bayonet in hand, when the insolent and stubborn Indians almost refused to go ashore when requested, and this big sailor with one other made his appearance. There was a scampering to the canoes. They did not like the appearance of the gun or the man behind it. It looked as if the big fellow meant business.

It appears that our Indian stewardess knew some of the Indians, or at any rate, she was told to keep below decks at the next stopping-place, as it had been planned to raid the vessel, and she might get hurt. She told this to the captain and cautioned him about the dangerous locality to which they were going, that these Indians were dangerous, and he was not to trust them; be sure and have his men on the alert. These Indians carry their canoes overland without trouble.

The captain planned to wear them out if possible at the next place, so he was to play the waiting game at first and starve them out as much as possible. The Indian stewardess advised this plan as the best, if they made theirs. They thought we were going to stay here to-night, so they could steal something from us. The wind being fair for leaving the bay, orders were given at once to cast loose and proceed to the gulf. We would have supper at sea rather than take the chance of getting into trouble by staying here all night. Before the sun set we were nearly in the gulf. Looking back everybody was astounded to see the large number of canoes on the water that we had just left. It made all wonder where they came from so suddenly. They must have been disappointed at our sudden departure, for their plans were frustrated for the present.

When ready and sailing along to our next place we all sat down to supper, rejoicing that we had left the bay. The evening passed quite pleasantly; passengers were a little seasick, but we kept as near the shore as safety would

permit out of the roughest water, but still too rough for the Indians to approach under the cover of darkness.

With this wind we expect to make the Bay Chaleur in the morning about nine o'clock, or shortly after breakfast. Chaleur Bay is a large bay, twenty miles wide and forty miles long, and is sometimes quite rough, caused by high winds and at times from the roll of the sea outside.

CHAPTER XIV

ANNOYED BY THE INDIANS

WE are now heading into the Chaleur Bay about ten-thirty; all freight is ready to go ashore as quickly as possible. There will, we understand, be some delay unloading and loading, as the Indians have to do it, while the crew secures the freight. Oh, my! how the Indians are sizing up everything they see. They are given a little rum from a dipper and some tobacco so as to keep them busy and good-natured. We don't like their looks or actions. The custom house officers have cautioned us, and made us wise. We all keep watch of them. They have been working slow all the forenoon, and now the same slow way in the afternoon, not much headway being made. We have learned that they are playing to get an opportunity to work at night, to give them a good chance to take what they want most, our guns, powder, and shot. That is what they are playing for all the time. The captain is perfectly aware of their plan. It has taken all day to do little on account of their plans to beat us at night.

All hands are ordered ashore (meaning the Indians), the gang-plank is shoved off, and we move away from the dock until we come to anchor nine miles out, in rough, deep water.

The Indians were quietly beaten at their own game; nothing said, nothing done. The white man doesn't wait long. We will unload the rest in the morning. The crew will put the balance of the freight ashore early, before the Indians get around. After that is done the Indians cannot

come on board any more, and as the crew will have to store the new freight, there is not much to do anyway.

At supper it was declared that we had all we wanted of the Indians. We were all pleased to be out in the stream out of reach of the red men.

Those who were inclined to be seasick quickly got well on the quiet waters of the bay. The weather was fine during the day; a few lines were thrown over the side of the vessel and some very nice fish were caught and cooked, and we had some left for breakfast. The evening was passed in the usual pleasant manner, with music.

We went back to the dock early in the morning and the crew rushed the balance of the freight ashore, this being done before the redskins came. The crew were completing a good breakfast just as they began to arrive. We would not take any freight until about ten o'clock, and as there was not much to come on board anyway, our captain was figuring on leaving on the late afternoon at high tide, so it would give us every chance to quickly elude the Indians. It was evident to all there was going to be trouble. It commenced when they were not allowed to go on board, and they did not like the prod of the bayonet or the gun — "Bad, very bad, much bad!"

After dinner there did not seem to be much hurry about anything. The crew were down below, securing everything, for we would soon leave the bay, and be out in the gulf. The men, women, and children played their part of coolness in the presence of the Indians, and when the crew came on deck they pretended that they would just make up; orders were quietly given to hoist sail and cast loose and get out in the bay. We had little wind just then to aid us through. The tide was past the ebb and would help us. About the time we got half a mile away we were being approached from several directions by canoes. They were concentrating in the form of a triangle with their leader in the advance. It was

yet quite early in the evening, so we could all easily see what they were doing. It was evident that they intended to rush the schooner.

Our captain saw it all and gave orders to steady the vessel. The passengers were all sent below and the order passed to destroy the leading canoes so that those following would stop to save and pick up those struggling in the water. We were greeted with several arrows two or three times. The order was then given to destroy the canoes, which was done at will. The crew fired low with good effect; then the second volley, and then the third. The canoes were riddled and some Indians wounded. They were not prepared for this, and their canoes began to fill with water. As they saw the canoes sinking they were completely demoralized and scattered, and many occupants of the canoes were struggling in the water, while others pulled away for dear life. All this time the men at the wheel were keeping the vessel straight for the gulf.

After the Indians were repelled and things quieted down, our vessel sailed towards and entered the gulf, and thus we bade a final good-by to Chaleur Bay.

Supper was announced and welcomed by us all. We were delighted that at last we were out in the gulf and away from danger of the Indians. We all felt thankful that we got away as easy as we did, for we were certainly in bad company. Only for the information given our captain by the custom officers to be constantly on guard while in these waters, we would have missed many things. "Don't trust them, on your life!" was the information given. We were generous and kind to these Indians; we gave them presents; we tried hard to be friendly with them, but made no headway. Our kindness made some friends among them and our Indian stewardess gave us much valuable information concerning them.

We were all glad to get into the gulf free and away from all rivers and small bays, the abode of the enemy to progress and the white man. The red man could never be made to bend to our ways; the red man would appeal to his Maker, to the sun, the stars, the running waters and the heavens above to destroy us, that we might not possess the land. We are leaving them in peace, much to our comfort and happiness. They will now contend with other newcomers and will play the same games and aggression till the end.

We stopped at Prince Edward Island to leave some freight, but only one day, and we are now off for Cape St. Lawrence, passing the Magdelene Island on our port bow.

The night is clear and wind really pretty stiff, and we are driving right along, though the gulf is a little rough. The passengers have all gone below, it being a real sea day. The vessel rolled somewhat and many of the passengers felt the effects of it, and were glad when night came on. Men at the wheel were admonished to keep the vessel east, a little south, and a sharp lookout, and not to run too close to other vessels.

The morning opened up well and the sun looked a little as if the wind would blow pretty hard later on, so the passengers began going to breakfast, that they might not be disturbed later if a heavy blow set in.

The decks are now nearly free from freight, so we have quite a clear deck on which to walk back and forth, thus enjoying a long continuous walk, which is good exercise on shipboard. All like it, both the young and the old. We are arranging for moving sports. The swings are up once more and many are enjoying a good swing, especially the young. The older men are enjoying a morning smoke, while the younger men are fixing up the high-jump rope, and others are playing something else. Our vessel is much out of water and sails along very nicely with a moderate wind.

It is strange how pleased the passengers are as they leave a prominent point behind them. We can easily see that we are making headway all the time. We look ahead for a lighthouse that we can just see, or a landmark of some kind; then we watch it with great interest until we pass it, although it is miles away.

We appear to be racing another vessel at times.

Thus the day passes. In the afternoon many are reading; others are sewing on some fine needle work. There is gossip going on just the same as on the shore. Women are born to talk, as the men are wedded to their pipes.

CHAPTER XV

VOYAGE TO ST. JOHN, N. B.

WE are now approaching St. Paul Island and Cape North. The shadows of evening are settling down on us, and away to the east we can see the brilliant Cape Ray Light (which is on our port bow); we are all watching it, although it is some distance off. Many of the passengers have retired for the night; others are waiting to see how close we get to the light. This watching is interesting, as we wonder if we shall receive any attention as we pass by.

The gulf at this place is very deep, where it meets the Atlantic Ocean. Cape Ray Light is the innermost point of land of Newfoundland and a great boon to merchant marine, in lighting their way through Cabot Strait, either going in or out. The meeting of the waters here is generally rough, and great care must be observed by all captains; for if they run ashore here (on account of the rocky coast) all hands may be lost.

We are just entering the Atlantic Ocean; our vessel now is heading south by west. We are now off on the ocean side, and in for a good week's sail, if the wind is all right; if not, we may be driven back. Although we are not far out to sea as yet, we find our vessel rolls considerably, much to the discomfort of some, especially those that are inclined to be seasick.

There is a heavy sea moving in from the ocean, and this is what disturbs us, as we are in the trough of the sea. We shall have to head our vessel towards the incoming sea, and al-

though it will interfere with our headway, we shall not roll so bad. The weather overhead is clear and the air is clear, if it will only last. The sun's heat on the deck makes it very hot, — so hot that it is uncomfortable to walk on it. Two awnings are spread, under which the passengers sit and read and otherwise enjoy themselves. The outlook is good; the clear, beautiful, expansive view of the ocean wide is magnificent, and a pleasure to look at. Great wave combs are surging onward, as if in glee at our tossing about.

The air is so pure and strong that many cannot resist going to sleep. It is astounding how easily the balmy air puts one to sleep. Card players yawn as if all tired out, and have to give up the game. Those who are reading fall to sleep the easiest, and stay so. The women that are sewing or doing fancy work become so tired that the needle is always in the wrong place, and so it goes, but more so in the afternoon just after dinner. In those days dinner was at noon.

The wind having shifted in our favor and the heavy sea abated somewhat, things now will go on in a regular way.

A light breakfast with good hot tea or coffee went nicely, especially for those who were recovering from their seasickness.

There is a more comfortable feeling among the passengers. Only the captain now informs us that it will take all day to make up the time lost in running against the wind and sea. We have held our own with other vessels situated as we were, as we have been in sight of each other during this strong blow. We are all heading the same way. Our schooner is a good sailor and well managed, and we are gradually crawling ahead of the others, much to the delight of the passengers. They act as if a race were on, and we the spectators.

By noon the sea has settled down with a favorable wind and we are just scudding along. Now the passengers are talking about the exhilarating effects of the wild fury of the

waves dashing against the sides of our little vessel, as we had none of this on the St. Lawrence.

The ocean is rolling high this morning. There must have been a good blow outside to make it so rough near the land. We cannot see the land, but know that we are not many miles away from it. Our vessel is loaded just right and can stand a good gale. Our breakfast was poor this morning; the ship's cook found it almost impossible to keep pot or kettle in place on the galley stove on account of the lurching of the vessel. Very likely it will continue so a day or two more.

Seasickness has taken hold of the passengers so that they cannot eat or drink much in their present condition. Many of them take delight in feeding the fishes, or soaking their heads, or calling for a lemon, though some feel like jumping overboard to obtain relief. The young folks wonder at it all; they do not understand it; they go on with the little games as happy as can be. They rarely get seasick.

During the night the wind moderated very much, and the sea lessened in its long roll, the vessel not rolling so bad. We are going to have a comfortable breakfast. When announced, all took seats with a smile, each wondering if somebody else was so seasick that he or she could not eat. Well, it was agreed that they would have no more talk about it. A young couple, not married, were awful seasick, so there was a great joke about their sickness, the young couple protesting in vain. The breakfast was appreciated by all as being the best they had as yet; all felt that we were exceedingly lucky to get out of the moderate gale as we did.

The coast in the summer time during the hottest of the season has these heavy blows, but they are not of long duration. Often trading vessels lose all sails, they being rent to ribbons. Frequently masts and spars are carried away, and very often the life-boats are smashed to pieces by the heavy seas striking them.

The day has been enjoyed by us all. The passengers enjoyed a good dance to-day, all participating, young and old, — the only pleasant time we have had for four days, and all are trying to make up for lost time. Supper being announced put an end to the dancing and singing and other forms of amusements on deck.

At supper, discussion of the comfort and pleasure of the day made many of the passengers feel that although the journey by sea is the long way, in the summer time it was really the best way. All enjoyed their supper, and one by one gradually appeared on deck. The children were put to bed, as they were very tired, after contributing their share of the fun for the day.

The violinist then told us that his health was not very good; he took the passage to rough it a little and have a good rest during the long summer. It appears he was regularly employed at the Opera House at Quebec, and was going to the United States later on. The influence of music and soft tones of the violin brought out the sentimental spirit that was pent up during the first part of our voyage. It has been stated that tears came to the eyes of many that night. The feeling of love of home came to many. It was a feeling of real happiness; those sweet musical notes played so well, and which touched us all, even the captain having had a few minutes to listen to them. All retired feeling happy, and satisfied that the gentle violinist was a great addition to our little party.

Out on the briny deep the sun is rising out of the east to send its glorious rays across the ocean wide, for one always welcomes it, as it starts the day, for good cheer, and it gives life and hope to all. It is early in the morning, cool and invigorating before the warmth of the hot day sets in. A vessel in the distance is life passing, as it were. We look and wonder where she is going and what mission she has to per-

form. Passengers on passing ships have our best wishes for safety and good luck. The dipping of the colors, the response from us, and so on. We simply bow in true sailor fashion, as we pass on the ocean.

Last night evidently some vessel was on fire, judging from the reflection in the heavens. It lasted for hours until the rising sun's great light overshadowed it. Of course all wondered what ship, and what was the cause of the fire, and began to think that our vessel was not exempt from fire. A hope arose in the hearts of all that no one was burned or drowned. Like a flash it has passed, never to be seen. However our crew was cautioned about fire, and to be careful, and have a sharp lookout for everything combustible.

While at breakfast a vessel was sighted bearing down on us. Shortly after the vessel came quite near, so they could talk through the trumpet. They asked many questions, to which we cheerfully answered. We also asked about the same questions. To sum it up, this giving news at sea is merely a wave of the trumpet, and they, as well as we, are off. Neither vessel was moving fast, for the want of wind, so there was ample time to have a good old sea talk; here on the deep there is always a long roll of the sea that has to be watched to avoid trouble.

We are having a warm forenoon, the awnings are up to protect us from the heat of the sun; without these we would be roasted on the deck.

It has been reported that a school of whales is outside of us and can be seen spouting water quite often; all then watch to see them spout. "There she blows!" the sailor cries; then all crane necks to see. They seem to be spouting themselves as if they were out for fun, then they disappear. It looks as if they were watching us.

There is more wind this afternoon; we are going along quite fast (as compared with the way we have been sailing)

on account of the direction of the wind. We are having to take some long tacks to make any headway. We are sailing smoothly, the crew not overworked. It appears one or two of the crew can dance splendidly, and the captain's consent was given to have them dance for the passengers, at about five o'clock. We have our music already; all were willing to play for them. The deck was clean and free from freight and a little sand sprinkled around; the passengers comfortably seated; the children in front so that they could see the fun. Then the sailors came out to dance. Some were very good dancers and they were given great applause.

It was a real picnic day. One of the sailors said if the violin would be played, he would dance the "sailor's hornpipe." The violinist found the music and ran over it a few times and said he was ready. The music started and the young sailor commenced to dance the "sailor's hornpipe" to the delight and pleasure of the passengers and children. The captain and crew witnessed the dance and all declared it was really good; great applause for both dancer and violinist.

After the dance was over all felt well pleased at the way they had been entertained all the afternoon, in spite of the fact of the great heat of the day, and it was recorded as one of the most social days that we have had.

All are getting ready for supper now, after which it is proposed to have some good singing. After the dance to-day it was learned that a colored sailor on the vessel was proficient in handling the bones and tambourine, so the men started a plan to get him out to-night and let us hear him, and see what he can do. We have a banjo and guitar and other instruments of the noisy kind.

Supper over, the assembling of the passengers did not take long; in fact, we did not have much time, as all must turn in early. They commenced quite promptly. The colored man's

bone playing delighted the children very much. At any rate, they started banjo and bones, and they both did play very well, and it was repeated by request. Many sallies and jokes passed between the white and colored man. When the white man asked the colored man if he wished to be white, he answered, "I am going to sea" (see). All thought that was a good answer and a good hit. Other jokes were also very amusing. After playing many of the pieces they were accustomed to, the passengers were well pleased, and expressed themselves to that effect.

CHAPTER XVI

MAN OVERBOARD

THIS is about our fourth week at sea, or since we set sail from Quebec; and although we are now having a pleasant time we are anxious to reach our destination, where there are waiting friends and relatives, so we are all looking to that end.

The weather continues warm and refreshing. My mother and others are all well sunburnt, and we will soon be redskins if we are at sea much longer. We are well fed and well taken care of; no sickness on board.

It is reported that we passed Halifax during the night, as Halifax light was sighted. This pleased many, as it showed we were going along all right, but not fast. A breeze is stirring now; by tacking we can have some advantage. About four o'clock one of the crew was knocked overboard by being struck by the mainsail boom. The cry "A man overboard!" was raised, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

As quick as a flash a boat was lowered with four sturdy sailors in it, pulling a long steady pull until they reached the man in the water. He was nearly exhausted trying to keep himself afloat until the boat reached him. He was carefully taken into the boat and made as comfortable as possible. The boat and the schooner were half a mile apart; the schooner had turned and was making for the boat as rapidly as possible. The sailors were all tired out from their strong pull to reach their shipmate before he should sink, and were waiting for the schooner to approach and finally come so

close that they could hitch on. When the unfortunate sailor was taken on board, he was a sorrowful sight from his exertions to keep afloat while waiting to be rescued.

It appears that he, like many sailors, could not swim. He was taken good care of; and after changing his garments he was put in the sick bay and carefully attended. He was greatly frightened by the mishap, but after his night's rest he appeared to be all right, and then after eating a good breakfast he resumed his duties. He received the sympathy of the passengers, as he was one of the most useful of the crew. Many kind words were spoken to him, and for the remainder of the voyage he was kindly remembered in various ways.

It is pleasant to see the moon in full almost over us. We have been watching it gradually appear as we sat on deck. To-night it shines with unusual brightness, the atmosphere being as clear as crystal. There moves on the "Queen of Night" in all her splendor, watched by all with the keenest interest. The cool appearance of the moon and what life on it is often asked, but who knows? That heavenly body moving on for all time as in punishment for some great crime, its fulness, its calmness, and always the same, makes many feel very sad and melancholy. All retired with sad thoughts, some shed a tear, — a very sad tear.

Many are the quaint stories that are told by sailors of what they had seen on the water when the moon was full. All the stories foreboding disaster and fatal warnings are looked for. Woe betide the man that whistles on a ship on a moonlight night!

August 20 finds us sailing closer to the shore. With the quartermaster's telescope many landmarks are made out; mountain peaks are seen many miles out at sea from the ship's deck. The ocean, a light green, beautiful to be seen rolling along in apparently great glee, breaks and rolls as

if never to end. It is said that the noise of the sea against this rockbound coast can be heard at night, miles out to sea, as well as inland.

There appear to be many fishermen in these waters, and others going farther east. There also seems to be great activity among the fishermen to get to sea or to remain near their home shore. There is a great deal of hook fishing at night so as to rush the fish early to market, as the hotels and restaurants want it and are waiting to receive it.

My! but we see great ships coming and going; great white sails spread (everything painted and looking quite new) with small boats lashed to the sides. There appears to be good cheer among the crew. We can hear them singing as they are passing us.

The afternoons and evenings seem to be getting damp and quite chilly, so nearly all remain between decks. The night is cloudy and the moon is largely overcast, not so pleasant as last evening. However, there is something doing to pass the time. We are on the sea — the briny deep; this seems to be on the minds of all.

It appears that one of our passengers is very fat and at times very disagreeable; he is inclined to be grumpy. He was very seasick when we were in rough water, but he received no sympathy from the rest of the passengers; in fact he was the butt of many cruel sayings and jokes. To-night the roll of the vessel caused him to lose his footing, so he slipped down, and fell in a great heap. What a laugh went up! No one offered any assistance to him, but made great sport of him. This time he took it good-naturedly. The music started up for a dance. When the second dance was about ready, the fat man, with his partner, was in the dance and made great sport for all on account of the way he rolled through the dance. Well, many were surprised to see the way he moved about, and it was the hit of the evening.

A beautiful morning, the sea quite smooth. We are moving along in a leisurely manner, the same as other vessels, being of light draught. We are a little nearer the shore than many of the others. We understand that we passed "Gull Rock" Light early this morning, which goes to show we are making a steady gain, and that the schooner is well handled and we may expect to pass Cape Sable by sundown. If we do this, we will be lucky.

Cape Sable is on the outer southern point of Nova Scotia; and Cape Sable Light is looked for by all ocean navigators, as it guides them to the various points of navigation. After a long voyage across the Atlantic this light is a great boon to all mariners. At night the light is a welcome beacon, from which the bearings are taken to other points of the Atlantic coast. We were all anxious to see it. We were so far out at sea we could only see a faint light. Before morning we would be much nearer. The whole coast seemed as if dotted with lighthouses. We shall evidently have some rain to-night, as the heavens have darkened some, and the moon cannot be seen on account of the passing clouds. Besides, the moon is now nearing its last quarter, the days are getting shorter, and the evenings are getting longer and cooler on account of the earlier setting of the sun. We saw a beautiful sight to-day; an English man-of-war passed us, a great ship with lots of cannon projecting from the sides, with sentries walking back and forth as an outer guard. This big ship has a large number of sailors to work ship and guns.

My! but they have a large number of boats hung and lashed to her sides. It was a wonderful sight. We never saw anything like it in Quebec, so this man-of-war was a great wonder to us all. We watched until she sailed away nearly out of sight. When the ship reached the entrance to Sherburne Bay, a salute was fired. We supposed it was

a customary one for such places. The man-of-war moved right along, did not pay any attention to others. It was noticed that other vessels moved out of her way; some dipped their flags. I don't believe we did, but moved right along as if accustomed to such things. The ship looked powerfully strong and would make a great fight, if there was any fighting to be done.

We had considerable warm rain during the night, and a light rain still falling. It prevents largely our regular games, although there are some games that can be played all the time. The young men have a good time running as if in a ring. So many runs around it make a mile; so they are timed, and the race is on, all running against time. There may be only two in the race; just the same the record must be beaten or you are last. This is a very good exercise because it is not violent.

The bagging of potatoes that are laid out on lines, and the fun is to see who can bag them the quickest. It is great sport on a dull day. Our fat man proved to be a great man to bag the potatoes as fast as he did; he gave them a run for the bagging. He furnished great sport for the children, as he had a habit of rolling over and picking up the potatoes as fast as the others. He was very swift on his feet and could hold his own with the best of them. He was applauded for his rolling over and rising so often. He really furnished the most fun for the day.

After luncheon the awnings were taken down, as raining had ceased. The clearing off was welcomed by us all, and we felt much better to see the sunshine once more. The exercise of walking and swinging, with some rope jumping, was maintained every day, weather permitting.

We are now in a much warmer climate than on the St. Lawrence or Quebec, as we are many miles farther south.

The persistence in this exercising every day has proved

a great blessing to the passengers, as they are all enjoying good health. The children had their outings also. The roll was called every morning, and when a name was not answered a small fine was imposed on him or her, as the case might be. Then a rush would be made to see who was the lazy one. If it were a man, he would be sent to the mast for punishment. The punishment for men was generally not to smoke that day. They would steal away to have a smoke just the same. To the women, the fine was no novel reading to-day. This was hard on the women, as some books they would rather read than eat their meals. They would even neglect their children for a while in order to finish the story.

Many pleasant features nearly every day. The young ladies were always doing something for the little ones; even the ship's cook would have choice little cookies for them. They were well cared for.

Clear and cool after the rain; not many on deck to-night. Amusements for the evening are planned to take place between decks. The music for dancing is on and enjoyed by many; singing also. The evening is usually pleasant below, as all are doing their best to entertain each other. The dancing has stopped; the violin music, singing and quietness has taken its place. There is a feeling the journey is near the end. That feeling of parting has touched them all with a little sadness, as it was just announced that Yarmouth Light could be seen. If so, we have made good headway since last night. Gradually the passengers parted for the night with a buoyant feeling that, after all, we felt very grateful that we had such a good passage, without death or serious accident, excepting the sailor who was knocked overboard.

After this we will see land nearly all the time. We are getting a little stronger wind now nearly every day. The

season is changing rapidly and getting cooler at night; for all that, there are passengers who will sit on deck until it gets quite late, especially on moonlight nights. There is some enchantment about it; they watch to see the man in the moon move along with his bunch of fagots.

CHAPTER XVII

ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

WE are rounding out of the Atlantic Ocean; we have left Cape Sable far behind and we are now nearing Yarmouth Light. We have to be very careful on account of the many small islands and shoals (very dangerous navigating) just here. We keep well in the middle of the entrance to the Bay of Fundy (which is not far distant), as many vessels are coming and going in and out of the bay. We have to be very careful to avoid collisions, so we keep a sharp watch on things, as there is always considerable danger in getting on shoal places or running up against a ledge that is not buoyed off and cannot be seen. The quartermaster can see the West Point Light now. This is where St. Mary's Bay commences, and it is also the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, where we have to enter later to reach St. John, N. B.

We are now off West Point Light and sailing towards the Bay of Fundy. We expect to make Sandy Cove in the morning. Sandy Cove is really the beginning of the bay. We have steered and swung around from the Atlantic Ocean and are now getting away from its influences.

This day has passed almost as all other days by having plenty of innocent amusements all through the day. Night now setting in and supper being over, we find that the air is much warmer at night as well as during the day, so there is not so much fear of catching cold if one remains on deck. We are very much divided up to-night as quite a number remained on deck to enjoy the air and the passing beautiful

scenery and the numerous lights. The other passengers below are having a good time to their liking. Some very sweet music rolls up through the hatches and is appreciated, judging from the applause that is given.

The journey is now fast drawing to a close; not many evenings to spend together. All seem to be aware of it and are making the most of the time by doing their best to entertain and help pass away the hours. The colored sailor presented himself to be of service to us. Of course he was given all the inducement to let himself out, which he did. He was a funny man, and he kept everybody laughing all the time, until finally we had to break up the fun and get some sleep, as we all needed it. It seemed to be a very long day. I suppose it is because we got up so early in the morning to see and count the lighthouses.

Lights are out, a double watch set to avoid collisions and running ashore, as the waters in this place are not very quiet or smooth. Many fishing boats are fishing here (small boats). They must have started before daybreak, for they have many fish on the boats we see returning. These are the first people that we have met who can talk English. We found that they all lived around where we were then sailing, and that their homes were also quite near. They seem bright, happy, and cheerful, and act as if to-morrow could take care of itself. They would bid safe voyage and then pull off.

We have at last entered the great Bay of Fundy. Our captain has headed the schooner across the bay on account of the powerful rushing of this great current. It rushes in and out twice a day. It acts like the outrush of some great falls, or when you put water in a large glass tube about half full, then tip it a little to see the water rush towards the opposite end, and then back again. This seasaw of the mighty water of the bay has been going on for ages with-

out change. It is said that the great water of the bay has reached a height of sixty feet. At the entrance to St. John Harbor or River the water rises and falls some thirty feet. It is stated that when the tide in the Bay of Fundy is on the flow, the rise is made with such rapidity that the level in the harbor becomes (in less than one hour) considerably higher than the level in the river. The inrush to the bay is so great that the water is forced through the gorge at such a rate that it literally falls up into the river, the height of this fall reaching at times fourteen feet. So large is the area of the river, so great is the amount of water rising in the harbor, and so narrow is the gorge, that it would take longer than the interval of any tide to bring the water level up to that of the harbor at high water. The rise and fall of water in the harbor is as much as sixteen feet and sometimes more on account of this inrush and outrush of water at mid-tide. Navigation, which takes about one hour, is almost impossible, so the captains of all vessels entering the bay have to watch the current and wait until the conditions are right; then if the wind fails they must take some chance to have the current take the vessel along with it.

This appears to be what all captains try to do. Those familiar with the bay succeed this way. Our captain seems to be waiting and working over to the west shore, so as to keep out of the center of the current. The wonderful rapid rise and fall of the water in this bay has been the study of many bright minds for years. At the head of the bay great wooden cradles are made to have vessels settle into as the tide recedes. These cradles keep them from toppling over. Men have to be on watch all the time to save the vessels. Small crafts hug the shore and figure on the right turning of the water to run in and out, otherwise the tide would handle vessels roughly and sometimes destroy them.

The day has passed very pleasantly. Our captain seems to be in no hurry, as he is feeling his way across the bay with success. We are now near Dipper Harbor on the west side of the bay, about thirty miles from St. John. Our captain intends to stop over night at Chance Harbor and make a rush for St. John in the morning, which is about twenty miles away. So far we have been quite fortunate in making points along the bay without much trouble, so here we are for the night at anchor in quiet water.

The passengers generally have a good knowledge of where we are, so they all know we shall be in St. John to-morrow afternoon. Many are already packing their little belongings, getting them ready to be taken ashore. The vessel is being put in order for the rush to St. John. We are passing the usual musical evening, all feeling pleasant and happy. The violinist has improved in health very much, and is sure that the five weeks' sail has done him good. He feels grateful for the attention and kindly feeling manifested towards him. The young men and young women are almost sorry that they have to part. With some good parting songs the last evening we are to be together passes off pleasantly for all.

The morning opens up bright and clear; a joyous feeling prevails among the passengers, although the friendly greeting this morning has a voice of sadness in it. Our last breakfast on board our little schooner that has taken us sixteen hundred miles or more in safety. Captain Arbeau is well liked by the passengers as well as the crew. When the fat man began to think that there were others to consider as well as himself he cheerfully stated that he had learned a great deal since he came on board of the schooner "Johnson." He manifested great kindness towards the children, who laughed at him when he fell from the ladder.

The anchor is up and secured, and we are off. We are

now near the shore and all the passengers are on deck, enjoying the every movement of the vessel. Two men are at the wheel so as to be sure to obey the captain's order promptly, everything being handled in shipshape manner. Other vessels are also moving. We had the start. We were going along nicely when the current carried us into the lighthouse at the harbor entrance of St. John. We gave the lighthouse a hard bump that shook it badly, and us as well. The men at the wheel did their best (there being no wind), but the current had us in its grasp for a second. Then we broke away into more tranquil water. The lighthouse keeper admonished our captain about repeating it. Our captain expressed regrets.

All this talk was through an old-fashioned trumpet and could be easily heard. We could see the buildings of St. John. The order being given "Hard to port!" we shot into the harbor of St. John with safety, and came to anchor on the 24th of August, 1842, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

We are now waiting for custom officers. All the passengers have been at lunch and are assembling on deck looking at the city, and the many things that seem strange to us. As our arrival was uncertain, none of our people were waiting, so my mother sent word by messenger that we had arrived at last, — being about twelve months since we left the old land. This was a long journey, but now happily ended for us.

The custom officers came on board and carefully inspected all passengers and effects and the ship's manifest list. This took about one hour. Finally the custom officers and the captain came on deck; the captain said a few kind words of encouragement to the passengers and told us that the journey was now at an end, and that we could leave the vessel any time to go to our homes or to our friends. Already the friends of many of the passengers were on the wharf. We were now being closely hauled alongside of the wharf.

My mother did not know her brother when he made his appearance on the wharf. Time had changed both him and his sister. The woman with the three children attracted his attention, the sight of which satisfied him as to whom it was, and then some passenger pointed her out. He showed a great deal of affection for his sister and also for us children, so we felt at home with him at once; his loving ways attracted the attention of those around. The brother felt quite at home on the vessel, as he and the captain were old friends. The captain had on board some rare furs on consignment from some old customers, and also orders for certain goods which he was to take back when he returned to Quebec.

A carriage for us was waiting on the wharf; also a light wagon for our belongings, among them the famous Grandmother's Ark, that was the cause of much innocent amusement for many years afterwards.

Mother bade good-by to the remaining passengers, and they in turn wished her and children happiness and prosperity. The parting of fellow-passengers after being together so long and confined to one vessel, sitting at the same table and sharing the trials and tribulations of the long passage, made some of them the dearest friends, so at parting there was a feeling akin to sadness.

The captain assisted my mother and her children on to the wharf, and we took our seats in the carriage provided for us. In the meantime our baggage was put on the little wagon. I remember we had to wait for our uncle to get through with his business with the captain, which took some time. The baggage wagon started off and left us, we still waiting for uncle to finish his trading talk with the captain. While waiting the fat passenger and violinist came along, and said a few kind words of good-by. They were always nice to mother and us children; we were sorry to see them go away.

After a while we started for uncle's home, not far away. The house was on a wide street leading from a hill to the water. Uncle and his wife had two children, boy and girl, about our age. We were kindly received by the wife, and then shown our rooms. We were pleased with everything and all attention was paid to our wants that could be expected. The trading and combination store was on the first floor, a real department store, such as we have to-day in our large cities on a large scale, one section for furs, then dry goods, sailors' outfits, then groceries, fishing tackle, guns, hardware and all such farming implements, snowshoes and other kinds of shoes, hats, caps, etc. He had a large local trade, and then the shipping trade, besides what was sent to the inland and shore settlements. He was considered a prosperous man and in every way well to do, so we were not much of a burden to him. He was, according to all accounts, especially good to the poor, as well as to us. The family occupied the whole of the second floor. Mother and children were given the front rooms on the third floor, which was fine for us, and we took kindly to the rooms assigned us and made ourselves at home and felt most grateful for what uncle had done for us and the kindly ways shown by his good wife, for our comfort. The children were becoming friends every way. The boy, a year older than I, had a nice disposition, and we got along splendidly.

For the above acts of kindness he was somewhat repaid by us in later years, for when his property was swept away by the great fire in St. John, he lost almost all. Insurance then was not carried on to advantage as in later years. He lost nearly everything, and then his health gave way, but he was not neglected, neither did he want.

CHAPTER XVIII

NEARLY DROWNED

SEPTEMBER 1, 1842. We arrived here at St. John, just one week ago to-day; since then we have been at play, as children play. Of course we looked and acted somewhat strange and shy while at play with other children. Children brought up here are more at home with each other. My uncle's boy was full of fun, so we had what we called fun. We hunted about the house and store looking at things that were queer and strange and new.

Indians were here trading for themselves and their people. They used to take away loads of stuff. The bearskins hanging up looked funny. We used to pull their tails to see what they would do. Everything was new to sister and me. We could talk and be understood, whereas in Quebec everybody talked French and it was hard work to get along, not understanding the language. If we had remained much longer in Quebec we would, however, have learned the language. We learned many words, calling different things by name in French, so we were getting on all right.

My mother is kept quite busy doing useful things around the house, as she is very capable and willing. She is now also getting a little rest after the long voyage. The family is just as kind to us as at first, or more so. The Indian stewardess called, at the request of Captain Arbeau of the schooner "Johnson," to get some small article that he purchased preparatory to going back to Quebec as soon as the ship is loaded up with freight. The Indian stewardess

gave uncle quite a history of my mother's ability and usefulness with the needle, and told how she was able to hold out in the storm and in other troubles of the crew, when she rendered invaluable assistance. She will carry back good accounts to the Indian sailor as to how mother is situated with her people. The kindness of the Indian stewardess to the children will never be forgotten. Mother gave the stewardess a few nice things in appreciation. Mother also sent a nice present to the little French girl, who served her so well. My mother gave the stewardess the talisman to give to the Indian sailor, hoping that it would be of use to others, as it had been to her.

Day after day things appear to us to be just the same. We saw some men to-day sawing lumber or big sticks into boards. It was a great sight to me, who had never seen it before, many men sawing the same way and wagons taking away the sawdust. One afternoon I was with my uncle's boy playing on some logs that had the bark on. There appeared to be acres of these long sticks soaking in the water. We boys were playing tiddle on them, when I fell into the water. Of course I was frightened almost to death and others screamed for help. An old apple woman heard the screams. She dropped her basket of apples and worked down until she almost rolled into the water. She pried the timbers apart, and as I was being carried under the raft, she made a grab and caught and pulled me on to the raft, almost lifeless. This apple woman was caught between the logs and could not pull herself out. By this time other assistance came and helped her. One of the men carried me to my uncle's store, the other boy showing the way. There was a great scene at the house.

My mother of course learned the facts about my falling into the water, after having cautioned me to keep away. She felt grateful towards the apple woman and expressed

her thanks many times, and then she had a crying spell. My uncle (the kind man he was) gave the apple woman a pound note and a new basket full of apples, and another start in business. He also gave her a barrel of apples to draw from. The poor woman was amazed at my uncle's kindness.

I saw her many times afterwards, and I would walk with her sometimes, because it pleased her. My uncle was ever afterwards the old lady's friend, so was his wife, who gave her useful articles to wear during the coming winter. She felt very grateful for all this, and being of a religious turn of mind, invoked the Divine blessing on all those who were kind to her. Her earnest prayer was that we would all see the light of heaven and never want.

With this serious experience, and cautioned what to do, I was always careful of such treacherous rafts and soon found other ways of amusing myself. This unfortunate incident helped the poor apple woman in her business, for many of those who saw her when she had the courage to rescue me ever after bought her fruit as well as we did. I kept away from the water in this locality, although twice afterward I came very near being drowned, which will be explained later on.

To see the grappling iron catch these logs (from which I fell) and draw them into the mill to be sawed is really wonderful, and many people stop while passing by to see this done. It seems so powerful. Once in the bite there is no let go until the monster log is up against the circular saw. Then you have the hum of the saw, and see the sawdust flying.

A distant relative, visiting my uncle's wife, took a great liking to my sister Mary and wished very much to take her home (which was located in Queen's County, Nova Scotia), and she finally prevailed upon my mother to let her go.

This lady said she had two children of her own, a boy and a girl. The little girl had nobody to play or talk with of her own age, and no neighbors very near, so the children were lonesome at times. So it was planned to have her go and make the visit, and it would also be a little less on our mother and uncle. Mary did not care to go, but being a little old-fashioned, decided to go as it would be best for all.

It was the first break in the family, and a sorrowful one to us all, because she was so well liked and so useful around the house. Then it was thought a mistake had been made in letting her go away. She and I promised faithfully to hunt each other up if anything happened to either of us. This promise we kept.

When the day came for the departure of the schooner for Annapolis (this being the way to go to her new home) we all went to see her off, big tears in her eyes at bidding us good-by; we all felt sad. The little vessel began to move off from the wharf for her journey across the bay. We all remained on the wharf until the little vessel passed out of sight, then returned to uncle's, sad and unhappy. From this out, somehow my mother had changed and became sad and thoughtful, and it lasted many weeks. A sense of loneliness came over us all, we missed Mary so much. She arrived safely and was quite at home, but did not see the other children, and was greatly disappointed and deceived, although given many nice things to wear and many things were done for her to make her happy. Two or three letters came in a happy vein, so that we would feel all right, and every word an untruth, as there were no children in the family.

Sister Mary had learned to spell many words that were hard, and could read a little. She was taught her alphabet on coming over on the vessel by a painstaking, sad-faced

little woman, dressed in black. (I also learned the names of the letters then.) Then at Quebec she learned to write just a little and print some good words, so that later on she was able to stealthily send her mother a letter giving the true conditions of things and how poorly she was situated. This letter came through the aid of a kind man who knew that she was not treated properly. It arrived about Christmas, when all roads were blocked with snow and all travel suspended. My mother felt terribly about it, and my uncle was greatly worked up over it also; it was decided that nothing could be done until spring, and everything was planned to that end.

My sister mentioned in her little letter the name of the man and woman who were good to her, so mother wrote him to tell her daughter that she had received her letter and to have courage and that she would be there when the snow began to melt, that she would not be neglected or forgotten.

Sister had not been gone a month before it was arranged to let me go with a friend of my uncle to Advocate Harbor, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia. This man that I was to go with had a leather business, a shoemaker by trade, and he did a little country business. So I was fitted with some little things that would last through the winter, as I was to come back in the spring, the same as my sister Mary. I took passage with the man I was to stop with, — a good-natured, kindly man.

The schooner was small and sailed from port to port. It must have taken us a day and a night or more to sail across the bay. On leaving the wharf I received no send-off as my sister did, although every one was nice and kind to me. I remember my mother, and how she made the man promise to take good care of me and watch over me like a father, as I was her only boy. This he manfully promised, and did so, up to the time of his death.

My mother did not receive my sister Mary's true letter until after I had left, so she felt we both were well situated and provided for.

The lines that held our little schooner were cast off and with little effort we drifted out into the Bay of Fundy, to cross the same, a distance of about seventy miles. The captain headed right across the stream, so that the increasing waters would take us along the way we wanted to go. The current would carry us ahead too far; then on the return we would be carried back again, but all the time heading for the opposite shore, from where we left the day before. This method of crossing is the common way in going from shore to shore. When the wind is good and strong the crossing is more easily done.

It was about the first week in June, 1843, when we entered Advocate Harbor, — a small harbor protected by uplands on two sides of the beach, the small town on the upland. Farming and fishing in the early days were about the only business that was carried on. There was some lumber cutting going on all the time. There was also a grist-mill a little back from the town where a waterfall was taken advantage of to do the grinding.

The morning after our arrival I was taken to the home of my uncle's friend. I was just eight and a half years old. It can be seen that I was a child. The name of the man who had me in charge was Butler. He appeared to be well known, and had some means, and not married. His home was a log cabin made in the usual way with cut timbers interlocking and coated with clay, and there was a good fireplace. The chimney was made out of split and field stones and put together also with clay. There were some rough windows with sliding blinds and a very heavy door with a slide for a peek hole in it, also a window so as to see who was there, and what was going on. There was one large

room front and two rooms back; one quite large and the other (which I occupied) was small, but plenty large for me, and it was nicely arranged.

There was little going on that I could see, in fact he lived a little too far off from the small town. He had no company. He would work making and repairing shoes; he would sing and talk to me and tell me stories and tried to make it pleasant. He thought nothing of going to town a half a mile away to get something for me. He did the cooking and all the work, as I remember it.

One moonlight night he with another man took me out fishing. It could not have been cold, for I was barefoot. This I remember because one of the lobsters caught, clawed my foot and squeezed my toes hard. The men caught many fish and had them covered up at once, so as not to let the moon shine on them. The boat was a great rough boat with big oars, and it could hold a lot of fish. We finally got back home and pulled the boat up and carried a small anchor up high on the beach. They took the fish and lobsters to a small fish house and left them there for the night. This fish house was near where we lived. The man that was with us started for home and we walked to our home. We then had a little lunch and went to bed.

I would usually play around the front of the house. It was right by the road, so as not to get snowed in, in the winter, as then they had heavy snow-storms there. Only a few people passed back and forth, so day after day these things were repeated.

One morning in October Mr. Butler and the other man started out in a boat to cross a little bay to get some leather, which he needed. Before going he locked me in to keep me from harm until he returned. He never came back. He was drowned, as the boat capsized while crossing the bay. Both men were drowned, as the boat was found with

the leather fastened to one of the seats. Their bodies were never recovered, though the surrounding waters were watched, and carefully so. There was some excitement when the boat was discovered bottom up, then it was decided to go to his log cabin, which they did.

They heard me as they approached the house, as I was knocking at the inside of the door to attract attention. When these people broke in, there was I, hungry and frightened, and wanting to see Mr. Butler very much. They were all nice to me, and they had a long talk together about me. Then they took all my little things, including the bedding, and put them in a small wagon that came. The man that drove the wagon told me I was going to his home. I would have a better time, he said, as there were some children to play with, and I had not seen any since I left St. John. The drive was short, and he drove right up to the door and helped me out. His wife was near by; she took me by the hand and stroked my hair, and said it was too bad that I was left alone. A little girl was there also, their daughter. There were two girls, no boy.

I was taken into the house and given nourishment and cared for as one of their own. I am happy to say that I knew the alphabet. This seemed to please the man and wife very much. Their eldest girl of seven years did not know as much. The name of the man I was stopping with was Dewis, as I remember it, and the owner of the grist-mill. He was good and kind to me, and kept watching me nearly all the time when near me. His wife fixed up my clothes as best she could, and they bought some things for me, so as to make me look a little smarter. One day Mr. Dewis hitched up a light wagon and took me to town. On the way along the road he told me he was going to send me to school and was going to show me the schoolhouse. On the way we passed through a grove of trees that made me feel a little

fearsome of bears. (I remembered that I had seen the skins in my uncle's store.) I asked if there were any bears around here. He said they were all killed before they reached here. This satisfied me. When we came out of the woods, the school was not far away, just a little beyond the woods. This was Advocate Harbor, an ancient fishing town of good, honest people.

I was very sorry for Mr. Butler's death. I missed him very much, as he was the only one I knew and could talk to in confidence. I cried for this man, because I liked him, and he was so good to me. I remember that I was very shy. I could not eat much, and they were afraid I was going to be sick. I was frightened in the log cabin, had little food and lost my sleep, and then suddenly thrown among strangers. I was so lonesome I would cry and call for my mother. I would fall asleep, I would be so tired. The children were good to me. They had a father and mother to pet them. I had nobody, and I somewhat felt it. I was a healthy boy and gradually recuperated. Good neighbors would call and ask how the boy was getting along and often left some little thing to comfort me.

All this time they did not know my name, as Mr. Butler had no occasion to talk about me. It appears the man that was drowned with Mr. Butler told his people where I came from and that was all they knew. As time wore on, I began to be a little more at home, and I became more sociable. One morning Mr. Dewis hitched up his horse and drove me to the schoolhouse. The teacher came to the door. Mr. Dewis and she went into the schoolhouse and had their talk; then I was called in. The teacher talked a little to me about school and what I would have to do. She examined me in my alphabet. She seemed to be satisfied. I told her I could spell some short words. She heard me spell "cow," "hat," "cap," "key," and a few more short words. Then

she had another talk with Mr. Dewis; then I remember she turned around to me and said I was a good boy, and would put me in a class of big boys, because I could spell. I felt very much encouraged at this. My impression of this woman (and I only a child) was good, and it turned out I was right. She put me in a middle class of boys about my own age. This teacher's name was Robinson. She was always good, kind, and attentive to me, taught me all I could carry, and explained little things to me that looked hard. She would do so in a kind, patient, and convincing way.

Day after day I went to school, but I never liked the grove of trees. I was in constant fear of bears or some other animal. I never saw any. I think they must have been killed before reaching this place.

Mr. Dewis arranged with some relations to give me a little lunch every day at noon, so I would not be tired out running back and forth so often. This now being November, the weather was getting very cold. I was carefully wrapped up so as to be warm and I would run along to school just the same. It was cold in Quebec also; I could stand it. So time went on and I continued going to school.

CHAPTER XIX

AT SCHOOL

HOW strange the stories and how fast the news spread in a country place. Even the children in school knew I was not Mr. Dewis' son. These children must have heard their people talk about the poor boy that was found in Mr. Butler's cabin. I was a curiosity among them. They were nice to me and would go through the grove of trees with me. The daughter of the man where I took my noon lunch was wonderfully kind to me. She watched and cared for me as if I was one of her family, and felt for me keenly. She, with others, would call at the Dewis home to see and talk with me, and wonder how I was getting along in the family. I was still a little shy and strange and would not make much freedom with anybody. This young lady did help to make me more cheery and buoyant. I always felt that I was dependent on them all for my living and schooling, and so this feeling kept me quietly in the background.

Winter was fairly on; the weather was extremely cold; the rivers were frozen over with thick ice. Now the middle of January, 1844, the weather was very cold, yet very little snow. About this time the wells were frozen up so that water wagons with barrels had to go to the river to get water to distribute around. Living near the small river, my people had a hole cut in the ice, so that a pail could be lowered through it to reach the running water, and get water this way when wanted. One day I was sent for water and given a small pail to dip with. I was told what to do to reach

and get the water, — a dangerous errand for a child nine years old.

I went to get the water, as told. I lay down on my stomach on the ice and lowered my bucket to the running water. Instantly, when the bucket touched the water it was jerked out of my hand and I came very near falling into the hole. I cried for help, but my voice went down the hole. Nobody was near; my little fingers made slight indentations in the ice, so I had a little grip and finally pushed myself back from the hole. I then sat up and began to cry for my mother. I cried, and very loud, still sitting on the ice, making up my mind how near I came to being drowned, and none of my people around to have pity or care for me. It is a wonder I was not frozen. I was terribly frightened and still continued crying, not knowing what to do. By chance a water wagon was passing; the driver saw me and at once came to my assistance, lifting me into his wagon. He wrapped something around me to warm me up, or keep me from freezing. The distance to the house being short, I was soon home. The Dewis family were surprised and somewhat frightened on seeing me come back under such distressing circumstances. The driver of the water wagon upbraided them severely for sending such a young boy on such a dangerous errand. The family expressed great sorrow in not being more considerate.

When Mr. Dewis came home from the mill he was dumbfounded at what had happened and looked after my comfort, as I was chilled to the bone and almost frightened to death.

The water wagon driver being kind-hearted and well liked, was a go-between or a news carrier, and he told everybody how he found me on the ice crying at my narrow escape from death. All the neighbors of the Dewis family expressed great sorrow at what had happened to me. This relative of the young lady (whose mother gave me the noon lunch)

came around and found fault at sending me alone to the river to get water under such dangerous conditions. Although the neighbors of the Dewises liked them very much, they felt that I was not treated with due care, and some of them did not fear to express themselves on that line.

I was put to bed and every care given to me by the family. I was a little feverish from the fright. A week afterward I resumed going to school. Everybody had heard of the story about my being nearly drowned, and if I had been, it seems, I would have been carried out to sea. The teacher, the good soul, gave me a seat where it was out of the draught and comfortable.

A few pleasant days this way, and I began to get my courage back, so I was punctual at the school and studied. The lessons were easy for me, and from what the teacher said I would easily catch up, which I did. The boys of the school had great pity for me, because I was looked on as a boy without a home. My recollection is, that the boys, large and small, were very kind to me; the larger ones gave me points in my lessons. So day after day the scenes at school and at home were about the same.

One day a storm was threatening, so the teacher sent me off home, after which we had a big snow-storm that lasted two or three days. The roads were all blocked for travel. No business could be done on account of the great fall of snow. I could not go to school for over a month, and when this snow began to melt, we had another big snow-storm, and the roads still not passable. This was the common condition in these early days.

Mr. Dewis was not an idle man, so his children and I had to sprout potatoes in the cellar, at which I caught a bad cold; and on account of the pork and salt meats that I had eaten, boils broke out on my legs and neck. They were large and serious under the conditions. The family was very kind

and careful of me and did everything they could, as they understood it in those early days. I had a long siege of this sickness, and on account of my usual good health and my discontinuing the use of pork and other salt food, I began to get well.

As the days began to grow warm and lengthen, the snow was rapidly disappearing, and teams began moving on the snowbound roads. The spring was now coming on, but still cold as winter, though every day getting warmer. Of course I lost (as well as other boys) many days from school. One cold, dry day I went to school; there were not many there. The teacher told me I had grown bigger since she saw me, some eight weeks. Now the weather is getting nice and warm so you could see life on all the farms. The trees were beginning to bud a little, plants could be seen thriving here and there in sheltered places.

We were having rain now instead of snow. The wells were filling up so that water could be easily had at our own doors. The roads were very soft and rutty. All were hoping for continued warm weather, so the roads would dry up and be passable. The roads were so bad that little business could be done. Many of us could not go to school on account of the condition of the roads.

Middle of April, 1844. The weather is fine and balmy. The sun is getting quite warm now, though we suffer some from the chilly eastern winds or the winds off the Atlantic Ocean; still, there is a softness in the air that makes us feel that we are going to have continued fine weather.

We are all at school once more delving into our books, trying hard to learn. Some of the larger boys had to leave school to help on the farms. This is the case every spring. It is unfortunate just as they are getting their lessons into shape to finish the year, by graduating or advancing in their studies. The demand of the farm is so great that they must

leave school to help. Usually these boys are strong and willing; although obliged to leave school, they feel that it is their duty, and willingly obey it. The same with the girls or young ladies, on account of extra help on the farm, as it makes extra work in the kitchen and throughout the house.

All the family unite to do what they can when the weather is fine. During the winter many men went into the woods to cut down the trees to make a clearing. This was very hard work. For about three months ten to twelve men are engaged in felling trees, — large ones. The branches are cut off, so that in the last snow of the winter the timber will be in shape to be sleded to the saw-mills. This is hard, rough work and the great snow-storms interfere very much. The wood-choppers have a good warm camp to which they can retreat until the severity of the storms has passed. In camp they play cards, read, or sleep. Their meals are provided for them.

These heavy storms sometimes drive near to us (from hunger) wolves, bears, and other animals in search of food and water. Sometimes they are shot for food, but never for sport, except where a bear is ugly and up to mischief. Some bears are troublesome and very cunning, and will deceive you if they can.

Now about this time all wood-choppers are in, and working on the farm. It is a sight to see how black the white man gets from the reflection of the snow and wind. You cannot tell, as far as color goes, whether they are black or white. The chilly, cutting winds have largely to do with the darkening of the skin in the winter weather. When they are out in the open and free from cold winds and living in the milder climate, they begin to get back their color once more. Then again, you can hardly believe that they are dark-skinned men, nearly black, when they left the woods a little while ago. They are strong and brawny men, fearless and fine

looking. There is always a great reception given to them when they emerge from the woods. They march into town with bear and other skins thrown over their shoulders to show they were surrounded with some danger, also some cub bears and young deer, all tied together, just to show the people the other life in the woods. Presents are made of these animals to good friends to do with as they please. This is always at the end of the season.

On the beach between the two high cliffs on a small clearing near the water have lived for many years a man and wife. They both were quite old; nobody ever knew where they came from or even their names, so they were designated "The old man and woman on the beach," or "The old woman," as the case might be. They rarely came to town. Then, to the surprise of everybody, we found out that it was to get (besides their little stores) some books and writing material, which showed they were educated. Even their boat was without any name. Sometimes they would fish; and if they had extra good luck, they would send the surplus to the townspeople. They sometimes would run along the beach and enter the harbor, at other times one or both would walk into town. They were nice and kind to everybody, and they in turn were respected by all the townspeople, but none ever got very near to them.

It was noticed that the age of the man was so great that he would at times totter badly on the road. Several men of the town held a meeting to consider their case.

It was decided to see the aged couple and try to prevail on them to occupy Butler's block house, as nobody had lived in it since Mr. Butler died. The old couple assented to this proposition. They took to it kindly, and knew they were getting very old and could not much longer live without assistance. So their belongings were carefully removed to the good log house and warm fireplace, and they were under

the care of kind friends and good neighbors. The owner of the land was Mr. Dewis. The old boat, even, was taken along and placed behind the house on the grass, so that the old man could see it when he pleased. This boat was a link in their lives; it was never found out, but he was seen with his wife to sit in it and point out thus, "You sat there. I sat here. Helen and George sat there, when the great wave came and swamped us," and so on in simple talk, reviewing the past.

They were evidently cast away or marooned for something. The oldest inhabitant remembered them when a child, so they must have been very old. Others would have it that they were lovers, not of the same rank, and the father of one or the other must have objected to the courtship. They undoubtedly fled from society to live a peaceful life together. Although old and beach-worn, they were refined and educated, as the numerous books piled away in their hut testified to, with other evidence of superior intelligence.

I learned later that both had died as they had lived, together. They were found dead in bed one morning after a dreadful snow-storm, a high wind and cold. They were not in want for food or heat or care. They simply passed away from old age. They must have been at least ninety years of age. Shortly after their death, agents arrived looking for the old couple. The grandchildren were hunting the country far and wide for them, no name given. The old boat was looked carefully over to see if there was a name on it anywhere, and as they were just about to leave, an old tiller was seen up on the cross beams on which was painted "Lady Ashton." The proof was found, whatever it meant. On the discovery of the name on the rudder, the agents conferred with each other, and as a result, they were satisfied they were at last on the right track. The name of Lady Ashton on the boat's rudder led them to believe without any doubt

that the discovery led to the identity of the grand old couple as the persons for whom they had been looking many years; and the further examinations of their effects gave unquestionable and satisfactory evidence that the couple were the long lost ones, and at last located in death.

The agents set about at once for the removal of the bodies to the home of their fathers in Canada. Then the agents inquired if the town had been to any expense for their care and maintenance. There was none, as they always had a little money to make purchases. Later in the summer the bodies were removed after being carefully transferred into good caskets. The agents' boat in silence sailed away, nobody knew where. Evidently they must have been of a well-known or historical family.

School at last is over; many are glad, a few others, like myself, not so glad, as we were happy at school. The teacher had a fine disposition, and was interested in her scholars, particularly so in me. So the school season is over. The teacher walked home with me to see if I could surely come to school in the fall. She had quite a long talk with the lady of the house about me. The little girl of the family was also to go to school with me in the fall.

CHAPTER XX

MY MOTHER'S ARRIVAL

ABOUT the first of May, 1844, I took a fish-line and pole from behind the door and went down to catch some trout, having plenty of time on my hands. I was not long fishing when I had my hook caught in an old log and broke the hook trying to detach it. I hurried home, and put the pole and line back behind the door. In the evening Mr. Dewis came home, and after tea he went to examine the line and hooks, as he wished to go fishing the next day. He found the line with the broken hook. He at once asked everybody what they knew about it, and who broke the hook. I commenced to cry and told him I did it. He then said, "You are a good boy. I will buy you a line and hook for telling the truth." He then told his wife that he saw me from the mill race way when I broke the hook. Ever after that he was even more than kind to me. He was slowly making arrangements to get legal possession of me.

My uncle in St. John received no letter from Mr. Butler telling how I was getting along; neither did he hear of the drowning of Mr. Butler. It looked as if I was abandoned by my people.

Time wore on. I used to bring the dinners to the men that were mowing the salt meadow-grass. The stub ends left after the cut were so sharp and strong that they cut little round pieces of flesh out of the soles of my feet, so that they would bleed badly and get very sore, — so sore that I could not walk. Then moccasins were put on my feet after they

were carefully wrapped in some liniment or something. I write this to show how nobody's child gets little thought in advance to avoid trouble of this kind. My feet were cut so badly and bleeding, that one of the men carried me out of the meadow; my condition was very bad. This good, kind man called attention to my condition, then they woke up to my needs. I always remembered this man as Jacobs. Still, for all this thoughtlessness, the people I was stopping with were kind to me. I had plenty to eat, a good bed to sleep on. I was a strong little fellow, always in good health, but somehow my welfare was often overlooked, not wilfully.

In some way it was rumored about that I was not treated right. Town gossip is always bad. I venture to say that I was treated as well as boys were in their own families. Some people are a little blind to the wants of others. I sat at the same table with them and had the same food and plenty of it. It is with the fondest recollections that I remember Mr. Dewis in after years, as well as his good wife, who did as well as she knew and perhaps as well as the next-door neighbor was doing for her children.

After my feet were comfortably clad, I took pleasure in going to the salt grass meadow with the men's dinner, as before. They all liked to hear me talk and to be with them. The salt in the meadow, I think, is what got into the fresh cuts in my feet and made them so painfully sore.

The daughter of the woman who gave me my school lunch made a call at the house one day and asked permission for me to go berrying with her. After dinner I was allowed to go. There were other boys and girls also, eight or nine in all. We went to a large berry field where all enjoyed themselves playing games, laughing and joking, telling little tales of each other, all to make merry. After a while the boys and girls were tired, and we went into a near-by grove to have a nice lunch. There was the water man, with a

basket of nice things to eat, arranged by the young lady's mother. So we sat down around the spread cloth and enjoyed ourselves as young children can. We ate sweets and cake and drank nice water taken from the river near by. Some little games or sports were being played continually, all having a good time, and enjoying the outing very much.

The young lady in charge took me one side and told lots of funny things just to please me. She then quietly asked me where I came from, my mother's name, also my uncle's name, what he did for a living, and many other little things that I did not understand the meaning of. Anyway, she got my history all right, and put it to use for me later. When I told her that a Captain Scott knew my uncle very well, and that was the name of the captain who took me to Advocate Harbor, this seemed to please her very much. She would wait for Captain Scott to return and I could see him if I wanted to. I said "Yes, I would like to see him right away."

We joined the rest of the party; we were all quite tired and wanted to go home. Besides, there was a dark cloud hovering overhead. So we started for home, all well satisfied with our outing. We said many nice things to the young lady who invited us, and we all thanked her very much. The water man was with us all the time, watching out for our safety. The young lady in charge of the party had many chats about me with the water man. They were evidently planning something for my good. Well, we all reached home before the rain began to fall.

Nearly another week had passed.

Captain Scott has arrived in the harbor. My young lady friend came after me to attend a little party at her house. Mr. Dewis consented, so I went to the little party and had a nice time. Afterwards I found all she wanted was to have

Captain Scott see me and take a letter she gave him. No notice was taken of it, but it was a letter to my mother to come and take me away to my home. The captain had just returned from his coasting trip, and was now on his way back to St. John, N. B. This was a fortunate circumstance for me. My mother or uncle did not hear anything about Mr. Butler's death, or of me. The captain promised to see my mother as soon as he arrived in St. John, which would take about four days.

About the middle of May Captain Scott had sailed for St. John, but he would have to stop at two towns on the way. On Captain Scott's arrival at St. John he gave the letter to my mother. She started for Advocate Harbor at once.

About the 5th of June, 1844, my mother had arrived at the Dewis house and was waiting for me to see if I would know her. This was the test the Dewis family put to her; otherwise they would not let her take me away. When I saw her I knew her at once, and jumped towards her. She hardly knew me. I had grown stout and strong since she had seen me last.

Well, without any ceremony, she made me get my little bundle and go over to Advocate Harbor. Mrs. Dewis and her little girl were amazed at my mother's sudden action. I bade them good-by and kissed Mrs. Dewis (who was always kind to me) and we started off, and it was good-by to the place forever. I was sorry that I could not stay to see and bid Mr. Dewis good-by, he was always so kind and good, and he would often get me playthings the same as the other boys had.

While on our way and near the little grove where I used to get frightened we met Mr. Jacobs who carried me out of the meadow when my feet were cut so badly. He had some conversation with my mother, and I guess it was in approval of what my mother was doing. He spoke nicely

to me and advised me to mind my mother, and always be a good, truthful boy. We parted, and we went on our journey. We soon reached the harbor.

Just as we got near the schoolhouse my young lady friend and the school teacher were apparently waiting for us. They had a long talk with mother. The teacher told her lots of things about me, and she said also she was glad I was going home. The young lady was talking to me. She told me all about getting my mother down to take me away. We bade each other an affectionate good-by, after she had given me good advice, and said she would see me in St. John some day. I never saw her afterwards, but heard from her through Captain Scott. My teacher implored my mother to keep me at school, which she did.

After getting through the above interview and good-by talk, we had to get into a light wagon to take us some distance along the coast to get a regular packet, which would take us away at once. We were late getting on board as we had ridden some four miles. We were very hungry also, but we had to put up with it and go to bed.

After a night's sleep we were called to breakfast with some other passengers. Additional freight was being put on board and we shortly were ready for sea. The captain was getting his clearance papers, which took some time. He came right along, a jolly, good-natured man, and gave lots of orders at once. The sailors were doing many things, getting the packet out from the little dock. Finally we were moving off and out of the reach and way of other vessels. We were now fairly heading for the Bay of Fundy. The captain had his breakfast and all the crew were at their posts of duty. We shall be two or three days crossing, if we have good luck.

CHAPTER XXI

UNITED ONCE MORE

AFTER a night's rest and uneventful crossing the bay, we arrived at St. John in the forenoon of June 10, 1844.

We all walked leisurely from the wharf to the house, only a short distance, as we had no baggage of any account. Uncle threw our traps into a small wagon to go ahead with them. We had so many things to talk about, we could hardly contain ourselves. Sister and I had so much to say to each other that we had little time to tell it, and we could not speak to others. Mother was telling uncle about her experience going after me. So we went along to the house where there was a great welcome for us and a nice dinner. Captain Scott was there also, he being detained on account of repairs to his vessel. It was he who, when he saw the packet, signaled, and at once told uncle he could see us come in if he desired. That was how they came to be on the wharf waiting for us.

Now we are all together again. We will not go off on any more speculation trips. We are having experiences every day. This was the sentiment expressed by my mother, as she thanked God we were all under the same roof once more.

CHAPTER XXII

A FAITHFUL MOTHER

THE STORY OF MOTHER'S LONG SEARCH FOR HER DAUGHTER

ABOUT May 15, 1844, my mother sailed to Nova Scotia, and on arrival walked and rode many miles to reach my sister Mary. No hotels to stop at over night; the farmers were suspicious of all strangers, and it was not easy to get lodgings, although money was offered. The storekeepers in the little town would give her lodging when others would not.

Everybody in those days walked miles and thought nothing of it, although once in a while a lift would be given to the traveler. You could not hire a team, but sometimes the storekeeper would drive you to the next town. So on she went in this manner until finally she reached the place where my sister lived. The poor child cried for joy when she saw her mother.

My mother in appearance was a strong, forceful-looking woman, a convincing personality. On reaching the town where my sister lived, on information, she went straight to the house and was admitted by my sister. She screamed with delight at the appearance of my mother. The woman with whom my sister lived heard the noise and came to the door to see what the noise and crying was all about. From what my mother heard from people on the way here she learned enough to give her a good chance to talk. The woman of the house appeared to be frightened at the sudden appearance of my mother, she knowing mother and mother knew

her. Mother asked her where the two children were that were to be the companions of her daughter, "Produce them, I want to see them." She tried to get away from my mother's presence, as she could not stand mother's gaze. My mother ordered my sister to go and get her things, which indeed were few. At this the lady of the house started to go and help her. Mother said, "No, stay right here until she comes back." This frightened the woman. So she waited against her will. My sister at once appeared with her little cap and shabby clothes. Mother pointed to her and said, "Is that all my child has after working for you in such a way for nearly a year? Shame on you, for lying that you had children, and treating my child the way you have!" My sister shrank away from the woman. Mother then told this woman if she ever came to St. John she would have her arrested on sight for compensation for services of her child.

Mother left the house abruptly and without ceremony. She went to the town authorities and stated her case to them. These officials were pleased to learn that the child was to be taken away and properly cared for. The authorities put mother and sister in the hands of a faithful man who took them some twenty miles on their journey for a small consideration. Mother would stop over night at places where she stopped before, when coming this way, and they were easily found on arrival. One driver would tell the other the story of mother and the little girl, and so it was passed along the line, where they hitched up at night. It was a singular thing, but everybody was kind and considerate on the journey of mother and sister coming back. Mother did very little walking on account of my sister. She could easily find a conveyance of some kind, until she reached Annapolis Harbor, then took passage on a regular packet for St. John, where they arrived in three days, about May 25. Mother

and sister were all tired out, but in a few days, after a good rest, they were both all right once more.

Shortly after this my mother received the letter from Captain Scott, wherein it was stated, "Call as early as possible and take your boy away." This letter and what Captain Scott told her caused her to make up her mind to go as early as possible.

My uncle and aunt were delighted to see mother and sister back again. Uncle also heard through Captain Scott of the drowning of Mr. Butler and my situation.

CHAPTER XXIII

OFF TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MOTHER is planning to go to the United States of America and to Boston, where another brother lived in comfort.

The winter in St. John was quite cold that year; all through the entire country was cold, even in the States. Boston Harbor was frozen over so that a canal had to be cut in the ice to let the English steamer "Britania" out (without expense) February 3, in the afternoon, 1844.

My mother, sister, and I are of considerable use to our uncle; we do many things for him. I run errands and carry small parcels to his customers. My sister helps my mother and aunt. Uncle begins to think we had better stay and help him, and he did not like to hear of our going to the States, but mother was determined to go. Finally it was agreed to have her go on Tuesday, June 25, 1844. So mother began packing up for good. Uncle and aunt felt badly at our going. Captain Scott is in town after a hard trip crossing the bay. We were all delighted to see him. He was pleased to see us. I was always his boy.

The captain brought good news from Advocate Harbor. All were well and desired to be remembered to the boy who went away. The captain also stated that if Mr. Dewis had seen my mother, he would certainly have arranged with her to have me stay. He felt that the inducements he would make would satisfy her. The captain agreed had I remained I would always be a hard working farmer; now I had a good

chance to grow up among merchants, he would wager I would strike it all right, — or something to that effect. The old captain would not let his son go to sea. If a farmer, he would not let his son be a farmer, but go out in the world and learn something. He praised my mother for what she did.

The time is now drawing near for us to leave. Sister and I visited the mast yard where I fell into the water, where the apple woman pulled me out. We saw the weirs where they catch fish by being trapped, and when the river is low there are lots of fish caught in this way. As we were going away and had just turned the corner we met the old apple woman. She was surprised to see me a larger boy, and my sister pleased her so much that we had to stop and let the old lady talk all she wanted to, because she was so pleased to see her.

This was Friday afternoon, and on next Tuesday we were to sail for Boston. All our little things were packed up and ready to move, when mother would be ready. She went to see some friends whom she liked, and bade them good-by. Others heard of her leaving and gave her letters to take to friends in the old-fashioned way. This was all very nice, so long as it pleased them.

Now Sunday morning all are off to church; we, the little ones, left at the house. We just had a nice time of it. Sunday here is very quiet.

Uncle arranged to have a little company for mother Monday night, just to give his sister a send-off. When the time arrived everybody was there. Sister and I were in our best; at any rate if our clothes were not the finest, we pleased them just the same. Captain Scott was present also and furnished considerable fun.

The hour getting somewhat late for children, we were sent to bed, but we heard the others leaving shortly after.

My uncle's little boy helped us out all right, but he had to go to bed also.

Tuesday morning at breakfast there were many funny stories told of the things that took place the night before at the party. Such funny things they said and did! Captain Scott's dancing pleased them most; he was so fat, he almost rolled around the room. He furnished a great deal of the evening's amusement; all enjoyed it.

The weather is quite pleasant, at which we are well pleased, as we were obliged to sail at four in the afternoon. Our things have already been put on board. We had a family dinner at one o'clock; many things were talked over. My mother was to see that some things on board were properly forwarded to her brother, which she promised to do; then all were to walk to the steamer, — the wharf being quite near. We bade good-by to dear good friends. As we reached the gang-plank, there stood the apple woman with a big tear in her eye. I had a little piece of silver in my pocket. I put it into her hand against her will. She kissed my neck and said, "God bless you and your sister and may the Lord take care of you!" The whistle to heave off has blown, the last good-by, and we are moving. Glad we are going (because we had to), sorry to leave, and they sorry to have us go.

The captain of the steamer "Admiral" was a wide-awake man. He studied the time of departure so that the outgoing current would take him out with it, and then get in some place near the shore, so as to be out of the center incoming current. In the morning the current was again favorable, so with it and the steam power the captain found himself at last out in the Atlantic Ocean, heading for Boston, Mass. We children soon got sleepy and went to our berths.

When I woke up in the morning I found I had been in the men's part, my clothes all on. Mother, sister, and I

soon found each other. We had a nice breakfast together. Then we went on deck to see what was going on. A number of passengers were there looking at things. I know I watched the big engine move up and down and the big wheel turning around, the first I had ever seen at work. I saw an engine in a vessel tied to the dock. We moved along at a great pace; other vessels seemed to pass us quickly. The sea was calm and smooth, the weather was very warm, and the deck was hot, although they had a canvas spread overhead to keep the sun off of us. Many passengers stayed in the big room reading books. Sister and I would look at the pictures in those early days, as there were only a few illustrations in books or papers.

To see the big fires down below was a great sight. The crew all busy doing something and doing it over and over again. We had regular meals at regular hours. I guess my uncle fixed things with the captain, as he gave us a nice place at the table and all were together. We were waited on and taken good care of. The captain wanted me to go into the wheelhouse and lookout. I liked it very much. I liked to see them steer the boat.

We were so far out at sea that we saw little of any land. We could all see the lighthouses at night if we looked, but then we were early in bed. We all liked to be on deck; everything was comfortable and plenty of room. Many ships passing, only a few steamers, everything was moving; lots of small boats; fishermen coming and going, great activity on the water. As we passed some vessels the passengers would cheer us — a "steamer," that was the idea.

We are now nearing our destination, and as the sun goes down, I hear some one say, "We will be in Boston Harbor to-morrow."

28th of June, this being a warm month, we were allowed to stay on deck quite late (the weather here is much warmer

than in St. John). We must now at dark be very near the shore, as we feel the warm winds off the land, and they are quite refreshing. The passengers feel well pleased to think that we will soon be in Boston, — some to stay there, while others are to take train and coaches for the West and South.

We are all up early this beautiful June morning. All the officers are in or near the pilot house looking for some landmark, and they have at last sighted Minot's Ledge lighthouse. After breakfast, looking once more, we all can see this lighthouse. We are nearing it fast. (Seven years afterwards it was destroyed by being blown from its foundation, and the keepers lost their lives.) We did not go very near it, and as we turned to go into Boston Harbor, passed a very high white lighthouse, known as Boston Light.

My, but there were many islands in the harbor, and forts and many ships! We were careful in coming in; the passage was so narrow and crooked, we moved in slowly, and some signals were given. We passed the ferry boats slowly. My, there are many hills in and around the city! With care and skill we entered our dock at the foot of Hanover Street (near the Chelsea Ferry), and alongside of the Aspinwall Mast Yard, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. We could see many persons on the wharf waiting for their friends and relatives.

There was some delay in getting ashore as the custom officers made rapid inspection, not among the passengers, as the freight seemed to be what they wanted. Many in those early days would smuggle things if an opportunity presented itself. These officers came on the vessel down the harbor, so they did not detain us long.

The word is passed, "You are now permitted to go ashore." There was a slight rush to get there. My mother took things easily and at last we were ashore, much to our delight. Mother was looking around for her brother. Finally a nice-

looking man approached us and called my mother by name and announced himself. I remember they did not know each other, having parted when young, some ten years before. He had whiskers now, and his sister had a family. He had our belongings put into a small wagon. Sister and I rode with the driver, while mother and her brother walked and talked until they reached the comfortable quarters found for us by her brother on Hanover Street. Everything was in its place when mother and brother reached the house. We arrived in Boston, Friday, June 28, 1844.

CHAPTER XXIV

GOING TO SCHOOL

MY sister Mary was very useful and we really commenced housekeeping at once. There was a grocery store under our rooms, so we could easily get things. Just here I want to say it seemed odd to me to have to go out to bring water, which we had to do, a penny a bucket.

Mother and uncle talked a long time together. We all had our first meal in the United States, Friday, June 28, 1844, happy and contented.

Mother had three brothers in the United States of America about this time, all doing well. One of them a mason by trade, who was at work on the Bunker Hill Monument.

As soon as it was found that my mother had arrived, she had plenty of callers. The brothers took a liking to me and would do most anything for us, and they did help us in many ways. The brothers advised that we children should go to school as early as possible, by the first of September.

We were all well and had good health. There was another boy who lived near us that went to the primary school. Later mother went with this boy and saw the teacher.

The interview was pleasant apparently, and so arrangements were made to begin going to school on Monday, September 2. The teacher examined us to find out what we could recite or do, and so place us. This teacher was an elderly woman, by name Miss Warren. She was very good and kind to us. She knew we were recent arrivals and very much in need of instruction. We learned a great deal from

her on account of the interest she took in us. My sister Mary and she became inseparable friends. This friendship also extended to me.

The school opened Monday, the 2d of September, I think. Sister and I were promptly on hand, not in the best of clothes, but clean and neat. We had the Indian bronze look, and the other children thought we received the color on vacation. No, indeed, but from hardships, travel, and exposure.

Sister and I gave all attention to our studies at school. Somehow we had good memories and easily remembered what we were told. One afternoon late in September our teacher took us as a class to the Boston Common, — the first time we saw the Frog Pond and the State House; and after looking around a good bit we saw the big elm on the Common. It was very old even then. We walked through Pemberton Square, which was then a beautiful residential place. From there we went to our home, thanking the teacher for taking such unusual interest in us. In those early days we had no school on Wednesday or Saturday afternoons, so that half a day we went to school studying the best we knew how.

About Christmas time promotions took place, in which sister and I were advanced. We had good luck, good seats, and nice boys and girls each side of us. After a week's vacation we were back to school again. We enjoyed ourselves during the winter on the ice and with sleds. This kind of fun we were accustomed to, and we were really glad to see the ice and snow once more.

The spring of 1845 opened up well for us; we were getting along with our studies. We were a little old-fashioned, and all the other boys and girls had grown up together and thoroughly acquainted. Sister and I kept close together, and at the end of the school term we found that we had passed a satisfactory examination and would go to the gram-

mar school in the fall. This was fine for us, and mother rejoiced at it. We were making headway all the time, so when school opened we were at the Cooper Street Grammar School, the first of September, 1845.

Miss White, our new teacher at this school, was informed by Miss Warren who we were. Miss White was not as old as Miss Warren. Miss White took interest in us from the start, and we felt quite pleased with her. We were nicely located in our room, we became accustomed to our studies quickly, and my sister was smart.

In about two weeks my sister was advanced another class and taken out of the room. We would wait outside for each other; she being nearly two years older than I, it gave her considerable influence over me, and I obeyed her wishes, and so we continued going and coming to school all winter.

The spring of 1846 found us about the same at school. We were getting along all right at our lessons. Our health was good; we were quite hardy, and could stand the cold of winter better than the others.

We were preparing for our examination. In this Miss White took great interest, and sister's new teacher also took interest in her. I understood figures readily, my sister not backward, so when the day for examinations came, we were in good condition to recite or answer such questions as might be put to us.

Everything passed off successfully. All the scholars did well. I remember a large man on the platform said a few words, telling the teachers that they deserved great praise for the proficiency of their scholars, and others said something in the same line, after which he commenced calling the names of those promoted. We were included in the list. I remember my sister cried with joy when she heard her name called. Most all the pupils had some of their people

present, while we had none, but our mother was waiting at home to hear the news.

Now for a long vacation; both being promoted we met and talked with our new teachers. We told them we could not go to school more than another year and we wanted to learn all we could. One of these women teachers called on mother to see for herself. She found mother doing fine needle work to the surprise of our teacher. Then it was arranged that this teacher would show us the lessons that we would have to study. She later on found that my sister was entitled to double promotion, and she interceded for her successfully when the school opened, she now being in her fourteenth year.

It was understood that I might get some light work to do during vacation, although none of us wanted to do much until after the Fourth of July, 1846, a day of great celebration as it appeared to us. It was really a great day, and we all enjoyed it to our hearts' content. Mother took us in the evening to see the fireworks on the Boston Common. We never saw anything like it before. Now we could read all the signs and numbers displayed in fireworks, all new to us. When the display was over we turned towards home, all tired out and thoroughly Americanized.

About the 6th of July, 1846, I went to Salem to work in a ready-made clothing store, as a start to do something to help my mother. I was to receive three dollars a week, and paid one fifty a week for board. The first week the owner said he would not pay me because he said he wanted that for security. I contended with him that when he hired me in Boston he did not mention this to me. He said this was the custom. Well, I thought it might be so, so I continued on another week and did my best to please. On Friday of this week, on one of the streets, I met a young man that knew me in Boston. When I told him where I worked,

he thought a while, and then said the owner of that store never paid anybody, especially boys. Then I told him that he did not pay me. He said he was sorry, but I was working for a bad man.

I thought it over, and told the boarding-house woman about the fix I was in, and to come to the store with me and very likely she would get her money. When he saw the woman come with me, he had little to say. He paid the woman for the two weeks to make things look all right to me. He said after paying the woman, he could not give me any money this week, as the business was bad. I asked him for twenty-five cents; he said he did not have a copper to give. I then told him what the friend of mine told me, and then that I was poor, and that he was too poor for me to work for. Then he said he would give me the twenty-five cents if I would tell him who told me that he did not pay his boys. I said, "One of your old boys, and you owe him money now!" He would not give me the quarter, so I left him quietly. I did not tell him I was going.

I went to my boarding-house and got my little bundle and started on my long tramp to Boston. The boarding-house woman knew I did not have a cent in my pocket, and no generosity being in her, she let me go on my long walk, although I got her money for her. The railroad bed was in good shape to walk on, so I went along until I came to a long, dangerous railroad bridge across the Saugus River. "Dizzy bridge" I heard it called. I had to crawl on the stringer that held the sleepers. It was slow work for me, being afraid to fall in the river, as I could not swim very well, but some others were doing the same thing. The walk from Salem to this bridge was retarded somewhat by stopping several times to pick wild blackberries, which were growing in abundance along the railroad banks. I enjoyed them very much; as I was somewhat hungry, they helped to fill.

Onward I went; walked through Lynn, at that time a small town and unsightly banks of ledge and sand. I did not stop here but went on the Eastern R. R. to East Boston, this being the way in those early days. I finally reached the ferry after my long walk, not a cent in my pocket to pay my way across. I sold my silver ring to a sailor for six cents. There was another poor boy in the same fix, so I paid his fare, three cents apiece. When we reached the other side the sailor gave me back the ring, but made me promise to pay the toll of some poor person at some future time. This promise I faithfully kept and do it until this day. When tolls were collected on the bridges and poor people held up, I stopped, paid the fare, and passed on. I find to this day that I still feel I should help persons held up for toll, and I do so.

I finally reached home the 20th of July, somewhat wiser, but not discouraged. My mother was surprised to see me return so soon. I told my story to her, and she said I did just right and I believe I did.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FIRST DOLLAR EARNED

THE following week I went in bathing with other boys, all strangers; when my clothes were all off and I was feeling my way, one of these boys pushed me head first into the water. Then the boys ran away and left me struggling in the water, and only for the timely assistance of a boatman, I fear I would have been drowned. This affair took place in Aspinwall's Mast Yard. When I started to put on my clothes I found that some of the boys had stolen my underclothes, leaving me only my trousers and jacket. I was a sorrowful sight when I arrived home. The accident and the stealing of my clothes upset my mother. After this she felt that I would surely be drowned. I was all fixed up the next day, but never went near the mast yard again. I always found myself in better company when I went in bathing, and finally became a fairly good swimmer.

One of my schoolmates, a good smart boy, had a father who drove a small job wagon. The father became ill, so in order to keep their business well in hand, the boy said he was big enough to drive the small wagon. He was allowed to do this; then he asked me to ride with him and give him a lift. My mother gave me permission to do so. I rode with my schoolmate and I helped him all I could. I was stronger than he. Between us we could put a barrel of potatoes into the wagon. This was a good lift for the schoolmate and myself. We delivered the things where directed.

I went the next day, not having anything to do, and helped

the boy again and so continued until the boy's father got well. This little fellow and I were chummy, and I liked him very much, because he was so honest and truthful. When the father saw me and heard his son's story and how I had helped him while he was sick, he called me near him and asked me a few questions, and among them where I lived. He then gave me two dollars in silver. Just think of it! This was the beginning of life with me, the first money I ever received. I took it home to my mother. After a little while I saw a tear glistening in her eye, a sign of appreciation to me. Right here in the presence of the money earned was the first seed sown. It was the beginning of friendship with others.

The father of my schoolmate went to John Hill & Co. (the great ice men) for whom he did much work, and prevailed upon them to give me work. He was also the man who cut the channel through the ice in Boston Harbor to let the English steamer out to sea. He was a man of means and well liked. He employed me for the remainder of my vacation. I had to be at the market by half past four every morning and between hours, and for this he gave me three dollars a week. This was good for me, and besides I received many small presents from Mr. Hill. I seemed to satisfy him.

He being a man of affairs, turned me over to his brother David, who was always around the office. He also took great interest in me. In the fall, when I went to school, they gave me the same pay until Christmas. They had nothing for me to do, as they only had winter stock to sell; besides, Mr. David Hill insisted upon my going to school all winter, and when the spring would open, there would be something to do, and I was to study all I could. After this I would call once in a while to see if I could be of any service to him.

Mr. Hill called at school to see my teacher. He found

out more about me from her. After this he seemed well pleased, and went away apparently satisfied with what he had learned. I continued studying the best I knew how, my teacher and sister helping me.

This spring, 1847, I was doing well in school. I learned to speak Indian pieces and gave seemingly fair satisfaction. The teacher and the boys liked to have me speak these pieces, as I evidently and unconsciously put the Indian pose in them. This I could not help for a long time. I had the habit of shading my eyes with my hand, as if on watch to see if the enemy were in sight, or coming in the distance, and other poses as I saw the Indians do.

I was fairly good-natured, unless imposed upon; then I would resent it. It all pleased the boys. They were in turn good to me. The Indian doing the marketing instead of the squaw was very amusing. They all thought this was for old men and women, not for "big injun." I learned a great deal about them. They used a forcible grunt if they did not like a thing; a mild, suppressed grunt if satisfactory, and so on. In our midst they were mild and gentle.

This spring I appeared to have grown much taller, stout and strong. My standing in school was good. I did my best to please my teacher and obey the rules. I learned my lessons without much trouble. This pleased teacher most, for she knew I was not coming back to school in the fall, and that I was going to go to work. I finished the school year to the satisfaction of my teacher and my mother, who was also sorry that she could not afford to let me go to school any longer, and she had made arrangements with John Hill & Co. for me to go to work after a few days at five dollars a week, as I had grown much larger since I had been with them before. This pleased the owner of the little job wagon very much, as well as his son.

My sister went to school the next year, to graduate. Her

graduation gave great satisfaction to her teacher, as she could sing very well; and in the class of singers she did well. Later on she attracted attention on account of her fine voice. She was kind and sympathetic and had many good friends among her classmates, this friendship lasting many years. The sweet songs of school days were often sung at our home to recall the memory of happy days.

July, 1847. School is over for the summer. After the Fourth of July and a week's rest, I commenced to work for John Hill & Co., to do what Mr. David Hill would request me to do. Well, he was not a hard taskmaster. He would send me to count the southern watermelons when tossed from the vessel to the teamster, and the count called. This count I did in a satisfactory way, in the old-fashioned way, by criss-cross tally, just as I was requested. I had one trouble comparing tally with the other side. The captain finally trusted my tally and set his man at something else.

The man who got me the situation was kept busy with his wagons carrying melons to be stored or to stores. I took great pride in keeping my former chum and father busy most of the time. Apples from Virginia in those days came in bulk. They had to be shoveled into barrels with wooden scoop shovels. These apples were so hard it was impossible to bite one. They had to be broken with a hatchet or something hard. The shoveling was done quickly and the barrels filled without much delay. Then they were carted to a cold storehouse where the melons were stored. In connection with these some objections were made to me by the captain, all because I made them shake the barrel a little as the apples were put in very easy, and when shaken would not show a full barrel. Hill & Co. backed me up in what I did, and the captain afterwards said, "I guess you are all right." Loads of cocoanuts came the same way and were taken care of on the count, same as melons.

All through the season the same way, I was pretty busy. After a few weeks this way, I got well acquainted with details, such as cleaning up the inside of the fruit stalls and keeping the office in order. The captain gave me lots of fruit to take home. Bananas were counted the same way, but they were hard and green, so of course they were sent to the storehouse. The teamster and his boy said they did a good season's work, and the dear souls thanked me ever so much. I said, "No, I thank you for getting me the place."

The weather getting cold, quite cold, potatoes are now coming in. They have to be scooped and put in barrels, lime barrels if possible.

We are passing through the cold winter. I like it very much. I am inside the market house now, attending to sales in the stall. I have to take the money to pay the help in the ice-house in Charlestown. A Mr. Warren is paymaster. I have at times many strawberry boxes filled with old-fashioned copper cents. They were large and heavy and had to be carted in the little wagon. When I delivered them I rode right back to resume my post at the fruit stall.

These were my regular duties during the winter and spring. Hill & Co. had several men to sell and deliver the goods, and among them was a colored man. He was known everywhere as "Jack." Everybody liked him. He was formerly a slave on Apple Island in Boston Harbor.

The days are lengthening very much; all snow is gone and many fresh green articles are coming into market. Every day seems to make a change towards warm weather. We are getting towards the last of May; many wagons are early to market with early vegetables, etc.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE GREAT STORM

IT is mid-summer and warm. Cherries and berries are in abundance.

This is the summer of 1848, and there seem to be more people coming to market than formerly. A search for special vegetables, fruit of every kind. More people are coming to Boston on the steam cars. They buy things and send them home by express, — a rapidly growing business, and a convenient manner for storekeepers to send their goods by; fruits of the season disappeared rapidly. Some large new hotels have been built. They have many guests at a time, and they need and call for many nice articles.

This fall the city was supplied with a great system of water. Many water pipes were laid in the streets to supply water to all who wanted it. This was a great boon to rich and poor; it changed many things; no more water carriers, plenty of water for domestic purposes as well as for extinguishing fires. The water was turned on October 25, 1848. Hon. Nathan Hale, the chairman, was orator of the day, and the fountain in the Frog Pond began to play for the first time. The governor and the mayor of the city and other high officials were present.

We have passed through the winter without anything unusual happening. We are now approaching spring once more. In the year 1849 there was a great deal of cholera and the people did not buy as freely as the previous year. A great many people died from this disease, so everybody was

careful what they ate. With good care the sickly season passed off. We all continued to perform our duties, just as if nothing had happened. Most all young people escaped the disease.

My sister Mary is now learning the millinery business in a large store on Winter Street, near the entrance to the Boston Music Hall. My young sister is going to the little primary school that sister Mary and I went to. The good Miss Warren is still teacher there. Sister and I call to see her once in a while. She loves to see any of her old scholars.

We are gaining in our little home every day, as I am getting older and a much larger boy. My sister is the same, and our mother's health continues good.

The year 1850 has now opened. We have passed through a mild winter. All winters seem to be about the same. The changes of the seasons of the year can be seen in a market-place as quickly as anywhere. This summer is passing through various temperatures, nevertheless. The loose fruit and vegetables come in just about the same as the potatoes. We are attending to business, although in the winter there seems to be some sport among the men, playing all kinds of tricks on each other. They also have more men employed than formerly. They are rather rough now and then on some poor fellow. Sometimes they pick up a brick to throw it out of the way and it burns them badly. I saw the colored man Jack Hewitt whitewashed one day. He took it rather hard and appeared to feel sad. Then all those that had anything to do with it felt ashamed of themselves. When the colored man was taken ill later on, all hands turned to and did his work, so that he got his pay just the same. This made him feel better, and many asked his forgiveness for what they did to him. Then all were good friends once more.

We are now in the middle of spring in this year of 1851.

A cold, stormy winter has passed and every evidence of a late spring. Usually in the middle of April we have some fruit and vegetables. This year so far we have not received any. For the last three days a great northeastern rain and wind storm has prevailed. Our city is flooded with water. All basements of the lower part of the city are flooded with salt water and thousands of dollars' worth of goods are destroyed. All traffic in our streets is stopped; boats are moving around the streets, especially around the market, Dock Square, around Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market. Union Street and Blackstone Street were under water. We rowed about our place of business to see what good could be done, if any. I must have been excited as I had never seen anything like it before; everybody had moved up on the higher ground waiting for the sea to recede.

This eastern storm was very disastrous to the shipping in the harbor, as well as on the coast. The pounding of the ships against the wharves was awful; others were torn away from their moorings and were dashed against each other. Their colliding with each other caused great and expensive damage.

The tide was so extremely high that vessels floated over the piers of our bridges leading to Charlestown, and some were stranded on these piers, but were removed by the succeeding high tide. There was great excitement all over the city at this, and only by great and united exertion were the vessels saved from destruction or a partial loss. All railroad bridges were covered with this continuous high tide. The flooded condition of things was fearful to look at, as it moved with great force and destroyed nearly everything in its path. When receding from the city, it was a sight to see the filthy residue that it left.

The fury of the storm and its effects were felt among the vessels at sea that were trying to come into our harbor.

Many were driven ashore; others foundered in Massachusetts Bay. The fury of this storm was not confined to any place. It steadily increased from the northeast to a tremendous gale. It continued with great force for three days. On Wednesday, the third day of the storm, April 16, the Minot's Ledge Light was missed. Nobody saw it fall; it was blown into the sea, and the two assistant keepers were lost. This lighthouse was built of open iron work so the water could wash through it. It must have been beaten to pieces from the impact of the waves. The bodies of the keepers were never found. (There stands to-day on this spot a magnificent granite lighthouse. It looks like a monument, as if erected in honor of the men who nobly perished at their post of duty.)

On the receding of the waters of the sea great exertion on the part of the city was shown to aid her merchants to get clear of the water in their basements. The fire engines were called out (they were hand engines then, but rendered very effective service), and all kinds of pumps were called into use. Many cases were like my own; we had a bucket brigade. They did good work in many places where the volume of water was not very large. As soon as the sun came the sidewalks began to dry, where things could be placed to dry out. Things around in a general way began to assume their usual appearance. I had a band of boys around me with buckets, and we rigged up a wooden chute that took the water from us to the gutter, thus saving time. The boys against the men, — thus we gave a good account of ourselves. With a few boards on the cellar bottom to keep our feet fairly dry and to raise a few things up out of the dampness, we were ready for business as soon as the others.

Two weeks after the great storm the excitement and disturbance caused by it subsided, and business resumed its former condition. We are all quite busy now, the first of May. It is still a little cool. Activity prevails everywhere.

Repairs are made. The market-place is very busy now, the people looking for fresh vegetables and fruit. There appear to be more people than ever to sell to, so that the city is having an increased population is self-evident.

Mr. David Hill, being connected with the militia, is away a great deal, making preparations for the regular May training (he being a member of the Boston Fusiliers, a notable military company of its day). The company had colored water boys. Its members were all well to do, and several of them quite rich. In the absence of Mr. Hill on these duties I had to attend stall, to sell what I could and to see that nobody stole anything from us. I did this duty the best I knew how.

On one occasion when Mr. Hill was away, an old, kind-hearted Irishman came along and bought some expensive fruit, which amounted to some two or three dollars. He looked at his bill and then produced a bag of silver, from which he took the money to pay for the fruit. I in the meantime was doing up the fruit (a small basket and a bag). When ready, he paid me in silver, took his fruit and went away. I tidied up the stall after filling his order, and in doing so I found the old man's package of bills and silver, but he had gone. Mr. Hill came along, and I told him the story of the sale of fruit and the finding of the money. He spoke nicely to me and put the money in the safe. He then went to his desk to write, and I was still in my position in the stall. All at once there appeared a large number of excited men with the little man in front of them, also very much excited. The first question he asked me was, "Boy, did you find any money here that I left when buying the fruit?" Mr. Hill came out to see what the fuss was about, and then invited him into his little office and after a little talk gave him his package of bills and silver. He gave me a five dollar bill for my honesty. It appears

that the old man was going back to the old country, and that the lost money was his passage money, which he missed when he went to pay for his ticket. Mr. Hill assented to my taking the five dollars. The poor man gave us many blessings for our honesty. Then with a feeling of happiness he went his way.

When my stall was trimmed up nicely and was neat, I had little to do, for by this time the outside and cellar work was being done by others. Having so much time on my hands, I used to sketch barrels of apples, wheels, churns, and wheelbarrows. One of my sketches was of a ship, an English vessel that was stamped on a Canadian penny about the size of an old cent piece. This sketch took many days to finish. I took it home and showed it to my sister. She could hardly believe I did it, but she just looked at me and said it was excellent. I took it back to the market after my sister approved of it, and I used to keep it in a little drawer to work on when I could get a chance.

While I was at lunch one day Mr. Hill found this sketch. He asked if I made it, and of course I said yes. He knew I did, although he asked the question. He said the market was no place for me, that I ought to learn a trade. He then said the machinist trade was the best, and that he would speak to a member of his military company who was superintendent of a large machine shop, and he would see what he could do. This was late in the fall of 1851. I heard nothing more of it until spring. Besides, John Hill did not like the idea of my leaving them, as I was useful and faithful to them, and I was trained in their way and knew what to do.

The finding of the large roll of bills and silver became known throughout the market, and the colored man never stopped talking about it. It could be seen that I was in good standing with my fellow-marketmen, and even the man who got me the situation with John Hill & Co. was proud

of my action, and said to me that it set a good example of honesty for his boy, and that many were still talking about it. When my mother and sister heard of it they could hardly express themselves in language, but by tears. All this time I only felt I did what was right and proper.

The spring of 1852 is upon us and the market is all hustle and bustle. Customers have increased in great numbers, and our orders in these days are by the barrel, no longer by the bushel. Schooners loaded in bulk with potatoes were bought for cash and forwarded in barrels to the various hotels and not to the market (as formerly) in small lots. A great change has taken place in the method of doing business, and everybody is kept busy. In the midst of all this commotion Mr. David Hill called me into his little office and gave me a letter to the superintendent of the machine shop, to whom he spoke about me.

This was about the middle of June. I presented the letter. He simply said to call the week after the Fourth of July and he would talk to me, in the meantime he would see Mr. Hill. I reported this interview to Mr. Hill. He seemed to be satisfied, so I continued at my work in the market. There was a big Fourth of July sale; this took about everything in sight. The Fourth of July came on Sunday that year and was celebrated on Monday. After this we all commenced to get fresh supply, and plenty of it, wherever we could. The ice business was also gaining very fast, it being shipped to foreign countries as well as the increased home consumption.

On Thursday, July 16, while busy getting in goods, the colored man Jack came and told me Mr. Hill wanted me in the office. The way this good colored man looked would have impressed you that there was something wrong or that something was going to happen. I went into the office at once; then Mr. Hill read the letter he received from the machine shop superintendent, which was for me to call at

once. This superintendent had been to see Mr. Hill. My sketch of the ship was shown him, and other things told him by Mr. Hill. I always thought this was why he had sent for me. I called as requested, and had an interview that surprised me. He said he had hired all the help in the shop, and was going into business for himself, and that if I called on Monday or Tuesday at the old shop that he was leaving, I would be sure to get work. He gave me back the Hill letter. I called early Monday morning, and had to wait over an hour for the boss. He looked at me and asked me what I could do. I told him I could do as much as any boy of my size. He laughed and said, "I guess you will do. Come to work in the morning." This was my introduction to C. C. Walworth, a member of the firm of J. J. Walworth & Co., and a good lifelong friend to me.

I rapidly closed up my affairs at the market, and left them all with the kindest expressions of good feeling. The owner of the little wagon (who now had many teams) was delighted to learn of my chance to learn a good trade. The poor colored man Jack looked sad, and said I was the only one that took his part the day he was abused, and that he felt when the boss called me into the office that day that something was going to happen not good for him. I cheered the poor fellow up a little and bade him good-by for a while. I then sought out Mr. David Hill, who gave me good advice about how to behave and to be obedient, and always respectful. He told me to study my business well, then I would be sure to give good satisfaction to my employer.

Tuesday, July 20, 1852, I entered the machine shop of J. J. Walworth & Co., and commenced to learn the trade of machinist, and also brass work and molding. I was delighted to see the machines moving and hear the hum of the machine shop, and see the bright, intelligent looks of my fellow-workmen to be.

Out of the number of boys that was hired when I was, it appeared I was the only one that was legally bound to the Walworth Co., in order to learn a trade or serve a regular apprenticeship. Indentures were drawn up and signed by my mother on my part. She did not know any more about it, and I much less; however, I went right to my work, receiving only small pay while learning my trade. This was the old custom. The other boys did not remain very long, as they received more pay elsewhere at some other work. My mother was contented, so was I, as I was learning something all the time and getting along with the others.

In October Mr. Walworth called me into his office to talk with me. He said he was pleased with me and knew I was going to get along. He then raised my pay one dollar a week more. Of course I was delighted, as well as my mother, when she learned of it.

I was making good headway at my trade. I got along with the foreman, — an experienced and kind-hearted man,— and he pushed me right along by giving me different articles to make. About this time I began to grow from the boy to a young man, getting much taller, outgrowing my clothes. This growth of course compelled me to get new and fitting clothes. Mr. C. C. Walworth laughed heartily at it.

About this time (it was nearing Christmas) Mr. Moore, the man to whom I first applied for work, tried to hire me away to go to his shop, and he would give me more pay. This proposition I politely declined. My friend Mr. Hill said I did just right.

Mr. C. C. Walworth for some time had been giving me extra money to help me along, as he felt I was underpaid, and in fact almost told me so, but could not raise my pay, as others would ask for the same raise, so he took this way of giving me more pay, when I was not legally entitled to it.

I got permission from Mr. Walworth to spend Christmas

in New York with my sister Mary, who had just married Capt. Presbury Norton Mayhew, who commanded the clipper ship "Wild Pigeon" engaged in the China tea trade for Fabri & Chauncy of New York. (The vessel was loaded with freight of some kind.)

My sister wanted to see me before she left for China, so I went on to New York and met her, who had grown to be a fine-looking young woman and a well-dressed one. I hardly knew her, as it was some time since we had seen each other. The captain was a fine-looking young man, big hearted.

I showed them samples of my work at the lathe, and they thought it fine and encouraged me in every way. The captain bought me a set of drawing instruments and a drawing book, and told me to study them and learn to be a draughtsman, and that he would look at my work when he got back the next summer. My sister also gave me some money for tuition, she was so delighted at the headway I was making. She expressed herself as highly pleased, and gave me good advice and encouragement.

My sister did not forget her mother, as she sent her a substantial remembrance. The captain had me everywhere with him, as he and I got along nicely, and this friendship always continued. His vessel was to leave the next day at noon. I waited to see them off, and it was a great sight. The vessel was a magnificent clipper ship, and with her white sails spread, it was a sight never to be forgotten; the waving of handkerchiefs, too, as the vessel faded from sight.

I went on the Fall River boat and started for Boston. We met with an ugly blow on the sound and many were hurt by being knocked about. The steamer went into some cove to get out of the heavy sea and high wind. We were a little late in getting into Fall River. At this season of the

year they usually have just such storms and are prepared somewhat for them. Our meals were served as well as they could be under the circumstances. Most everybody is seasick under such stormy conditions. We had small steamers then; they could not weather the blow as well as the floating palaces of to-day.

Monday I was on hand at my work, a much wiser boy than when I went to New York.

In the spring of 1853 I found myself doing the average work in the shop, and in one year I learned very much in the way of good work. I had grown so much that I was as tall as I am now and could work at any of the lathes without standing on a platform, as I had to do when I first went at the trade.

I saw men calculating gears for cutting screws and the sizing of pulleys, and I was very much interested and asked many questions. Some of the men pretended not to hear me, while others took pains and made figures to show how they did it. I was then possessed of a new light. I saw that I knew little of figures, or of drawings or sketches, such as they made. When I left the shop that night I felt sad to think, after all, how little I knew of such things. My pride was touched to think that there I stood, a young man, and knew so little about important things. Then I remembered about my drawing instruments and drawing book. I hunted them up, had a drawing board made as described, and then when evening came, I went to work to learn how to make a drawing. I learned a great deal during the summer and made rapid headway in drawing.

The middle of September found me at Spear & Sawyer's night school on Tremont Street. Mr. Spear the mathematician (bless his memory!) gave me lots of his time explaining problems to me. I continued under his tuition all winter. In the spring of 1854 I found that I had learned con-

siderable in mathematics and was still doing some work in drawing.

I was pulling both studies along together. I enjoyed myself with other boys at play, my health being good, and this extra work made me feel happy.

In the fall of 1854 I went to school at night. I had no other business on my mind but to study, and I clung to it until I could do some good work in drawing and with figures.

My friend David Hill was more than pleased with the manner in which I was getting along, as he felt to a certain extent responsible for recommending me as a good, faithful boy. This I always tried to be, honest and true to those that helped me. I made many friends at the night school. We met every fall to commence our studies just where we left off. Men and women of all ages went to this school, hotel proprietors and a naval paymaster; the head of a great furniture house had his son at this school, studying book-keeping, and many young women were also studying here. Everybody seemed to be desirous of advancing. The best of order prevailed, so that we all enjoyed going.

The fall and winter had passed with me the same as the other seasons, — work all day, and day after day, and school at night. For recreation I had some. There were several holidays and parts of week days that I had off, and some evenings that I would go with other young people. There was no dancing, but occasionally went to the theater, and in this way I kept right along, knowing that by and by I would have more time for recreation, and besides in those early days there were not the inducements to be off that we have in these days. We were happy then. Some are happy now, but many are discontented with their lot.

I never faltered on the way, was never blue, always hopeful and pleasant with others. I went about my work in a cheerful way, and this I found cheered others in the struggle for

advancement and success. Many of my associates in the shop, some men of years, would speak to me about my energy and push. It was a clear conscience, faith in God, and success, which guided me.

During the year 1854 I built a small horizontal steam engine; taking a few minutes at noon and at odd times, I succeeded in making it. When completed I had it running by steam on a shelf so that all could see it. I loved to work on it while others laughed. They told stories, and smoked the dinner hour away. There was not much finish on the engine, but I wanted to see how the slide valve worked. This little engine set many of the boys thinking, as it was almost an exact copy of the engine in J. J. Walworth & Co.'s shop. Well, it was a surprise to many to see it go. I received some praise from many of the workmen. An aged German workman gave me good advice and encouragement as regarded the future. Mr. C. C. Walworth looked at the little engine and at me, and wondered how I ever got it together, as he watched it move, stop and start. As I remember, he said, "Well, well, and by one of my boys!" Somehow the making of this little engine placed me away up in the opinion of many in the shop. At this time I knew little about engines, at least I mean the scientific part. I saw by the building of this little engine that I was totally ignorant of the science of steam engineering, and there was a new field of study opened up for me.

The spring of 1855 was mild, and in every way bright, cheery, and promising. J. J. Walworth & Co., on account of the growth of their business, were obliged to get a more spacious shop. They secured a much larger one at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Blake's Court, Boston, with a good-sized foundry and a blacksmith shop adjoining. It was bright, sunny, and dry, and near the lumber wharves, where swimming and bathing were permitted and enjoyed

by us all. We were all delighted with the change, and cheerfully took a hand in the moving when called upon.

We commenced to move on the first of May. All the heavy work was done by outsiders, so when the workmen arrived at the new shop the machinery was running. Nearly all the lathes were in position and belted. Everybody seemed pleased with the new condition of things. I am sure I was, and I so expressed myself. The bright morning sun streaming in through the windows gave us an inspiration for good. We enjoyed it all, and were highly pleased and contented.

Monday, May 14, we were all at our stations in the new shop and at work making the various articles ordered by our foreman. Our old foreman did not come with us for some unknown reason. The shop, under new rules, had two foremen who were somewhat at odds with each other. There was little harmony among them, all owing to ignorance more than anything else. Finally a new man was appointed over all as a superintendent. This did not work well, as his experience as machinist in an arsenal did not give the right experience. This lack of experience on his part was the cause of many mistakes. He lacked decision for the want of proper training. He did not have many friends among us because we all saw that we could not learn much while under him. He was finally removed and things went along fairly well for a while, but the two foremen were still at odds. Finally things went from bad to worse. At last one of them was discharged and the distribution of the work was changed and classified. I was placed in charge of all miscellaneous work. The line was well drawn by Mr. Walworth and planned to avoid confusion, and this was generally accepted as a great improvement. The remaining foreman was greatly disappointed because he did not get full control. He was an old-fashioned Englishman, and set in his ways, and to see me in charge did not please him, so he was often grumpy

with me, till an incident happened that set him aside and in silence, and afterward he was always courteous and respectful to me.

The foreman had the making of locomotive whistles, and one day when he was testing them (I was looking on and listening) the whistle would not whistle; so he tried others, and they would not whistle. At once I made up my mind to find out the true science of the steam whistle. I knew that the Hinckly Locomotive Works, two blocks away, had a magnificent sounding call whistle, and I made up my mind to find out how it was made. I did not mention this to anybody for fear I might fail. So one morning early I took paper, rule, and dividers to measure all the parts of this whistle. I set out at six o'clock and scaled the high fence and climbed upon the boiler house. I wanted to get the measures before the whistle blew, so I would not get scalded or wet. I had no trouble in getting all the measurements and proportions of a good whistle. As I slid down from the roof and started to leave the yard at once I was intercepted by the watchman, as if I were a common thief. I did not hide my papers, as what I did was done openly; I had nothing to fear. In our contention the workmen were coming in the gate to go to work. They saw and heard the argument; some in passing spoke in my favor; others thought otherwise. It was agreed to wait for the arrival of the superintendent. He heard the watchman's story. I have never forgotten the pleasant smile that passed over the good man's face. He said, "Young man, come with me." He took me to the draughting room and showed me his drawings of the construction of the whistle I wanted. He let me take all correct measurements, and he saw at once that I could draw and read drawings rapidly. He asked me how I had learned it, and had made such headway. I frankly told him. The name of this superintendent, I think, was Weth-

eral. He walked with me through the office and to the outer door and told me to call any time and see him; that he would be more than pleased to give all the information in his power. I thanked him most sincerely and regretted that I could not repay him for the valuable information that he had given me, but I would always remember him with the kindest of feeling. Then I went away, thinking what valuable information I had on paper, as well as the full explanation given me. I really felt rich in the knowledge that I acquired this morning. I quietly slipped in to my work an hour late. Every one wanted to know where I had been and why so late.

The most of the help was now under me, so everything went along all right. I did not relate my experience to any of them. When Mr. C. C. Walworth came in, I went to the office and told him the whole story about my experience in the morning, and how well I had succeeded, and that I wanted to make a steam whistle that would whistle and have no mistake. He laughed and took my experience as a good joke.

I set to work to make a steam whistle, much to the surprise of the other foreman. I plainly told him that I was going to make a steam whistle that would make noise enough to raise the dead. He said in a sarcastic way he would like to see one beat his. I went right on with the work and finally satisfied myself that I had made a good whistle, but it was not tested. So I arranged to have mine ready to whistle when the other foreman had his ready. When ready, I sent for Mr. Walworth to act as referee, which he willingly did. There was more or less nervous excitement. I relied on scientific construction, while the other depended on his "know how." The old foreman was ordered to blow his whistle. He let on the steam, but no whistle. It was choked with water, — great humiliation for the old boss. Then my

whistle was ordered to be blown, and it did make the greatest whistling noise that possibly could be made with seventy pounds of steam. The success was marvelous. As yet nobody but Mr. Walworth knew how I learned to make whistles. The old boss thought he knew all about them. Finally he asked to be relieved from making any more whistles, and this was cheerfully assented to by Mr. Walworth. Then all put heads together to find out how I made the whistle sound so. At this time I did not tell them, but promised to tell them later on; perhaps when the next lot would be made. This whistle blowing attracted attention in the vicinity of the factory.

One morning while Mr. Walworth was sitting in his office at the factory, a tall, fine-looking man stepped into the office and bowed to Mr. Walworth and said, "You had some good whistle blowing the other day. I called to see who made your whistles." So Mr. Walworth explained matters to him, and told him that his men competed on the question. Then Mr. Walworth told him about the experience that the young man had at a neighboring factory in trying to find out how to make a whistle, and that he was going over to thank the superintendent for the valuable information given to one of his boys. Then Mr. Wetheral told him that he was the superintendent, and further when he heard the whistle sound he knew that the whistle was made on the lines that he had given me. I was sent for to meet Mr. Wetheral and thanked him once more. After some pleasant conversation I went back to my work and left the two distinguished mechanics to talk things over. Later in the day Mr. Walworth saw me and told me that at the end of my apprenticeship I would be paid in bulk for services as foreman. Of course I felt flattered at these things, one success rapidly following the other. On my arrival home, telling my mother the success of the day, she thought every

one was good to me, because I told the truth and was an honest young man.

Mr. Walworth reminded me that I would reach the age of twenty-one in December next, and wanted soon to be a free man; in fact I was always free. I forged right ahead, as I wanted to learn all I could while young.

CHAPTER XXVII

AT NIGHT SCHOOL

THE summer is passing along finely for us. The air is so much better here, and with ample room to move about, we really do more work and show more energy than ever. I am now at work making a model with others of a tapping machine for the Patent Office, of Mr. C. C. Walworth's invention. This machine has attracted a great deal of attention throughout the country among steam heating and gas engineers. This machine successfully turned out very accurate work in large quantities, and at much lower figures, which shows that it did all that was expected of it. When it tapped a cross fitting, it had four taps working at the same time. This principle was applied to other machines, making them multiple drilling and tapping machines. Of course I felt very proud to be identified with helping to make it.

There was quite a demand for this patent machine all over the country, and in after years was a good source of income to the inventor.

October is a fine month, cool and crisp. Monday, the 15th, I am at night school once more. This is the best for me. I am still at mathematics (as I am starving for information in this science). Three evenings in the week and one evening also in mechanical drawing. It takes only one hour and a half each evening from half past seven until nine o'clock, so the studies do not take so much time. I study at home and at work; in fact I am always busy, trying to

learn what some young men at school would spurn. All through the fall and up to Thanksgiving I took little time for pleasure, outside of home and my studies. I continued this way at work until I reached the age of twenty-one; then I had a final settlement with the company, and further, I was to continue with the company as foreman at a salary every way satisfactory. Our relations were always very pleasant, and continued so in after years.

December 26, 1855. I am now twenty-one years old, a free man with a good trade, with a fair knowledge of figures, and can make a fair drawing for fine work, and have a much broader view on work than ever before. I am catching up on many things that I could not quite reach when younger.

This Christmas and birthday I spent in New York with my sister, as she and her husband were in New York after one of their trips to China. I had grown from the boy to the young man. Of course my sister and her husband when they learned how I got along were surprised, but well pleased. On my return from this trip my sister came to Boston with me. We were united once more at home and sat at the same table. Later the captain came on and joined us for a few days. Those were happy days and were enjoyed by us all. Mother always showed her Indian work and told some of her life among the Canadians.

Tuesday, January 1, 1856, found me once more in the shop, in charge, now a man (and no longer a boy). I found that everything was moving along without me for the few days I was away, but all were glad to see me back, none more so than the old boss.

They now have drawings from me showing plainly and in detail the shape and form of their work when finished. This took with the younger men. So the work went on until we had a large stock on hand and the orders were falling off, times being dull, and as a consequence many

of the help had to be laid off. Times began to look as if we were going to have a dull summer. On account of the trade parade being talked of and that we were to be in it, after a careful consideration of the subject the company decided to participate. After plans were fully matured by the company, we were then set to work to carry them out, which we did with a will and a cheerfulness that encouraged us all.

Winter has now passed, one of the mildest in years, so we are having an early spring.

Preparations are now in full swing at the shop getting ready a fine display of goods to show in the parade, as we take part in the inauguration of the Franklin statue on Wednesday, the 17th of September, 1856. It is being planned to make a great show and display of our manufactured and finished goods.

There is a great spirit of activity in every department; great interest is taken by all of us. Everything is being beautifully finished and polished, and is now nearly ready. A few changes and additions are made nearly every day, so as to complete things to show to the public to the best advantage. All parts have been carefully inspected and passed as in every way satisfactory and as planned.

Some of the older workmen were selected to ride on the team, and they seemed to enjoy the assignment to this duty. When the time arrived, these men were nicely dressed in new working clothes. They made a fine appearance and added much honor and credit to the house of J. J. Walworth & Co.

In connection with this parade, there were preparations going on to give all employees a good afternoon dinner.

The time having now arrived to start, the morning of the 17th of September, 1856, opened with beautiful sunshine, which made every one cheerful and happy, and all were

ready when the word was given to start for our position in line.

I remember how our team was cheered as it left the factory door; four horses (our own) with nice harness and general equipment, with a good driver holding them well in hand. Even the horses pranced as if entering into the spirit of the occasion. Cheer after cheer followed them until they were out of sight. Later on, when seen in the procession, the horses, driver, men, and the display of valve goods made one of the greatest and most attractive features of this parade, and were a great credit to J. J. Walworth & Co.

After participating in the public dedication of the now famous Franklin statue, the music, the oration, and the grand display of national colors and various patriotic emblems, all in itself wonderfully entertaining, was greatly enjoyed by the young as well as the older citizens. Many ladies showed great interest in this affair, and their presence added largely to the occasion.

At the conclusion of the dedication the bands played national airs. All concluded that the day was a great success and long to be remembered. Immediately after the dedication the employees of the Walworth Co. began to assemble at "Milliken's Restaurant" to enjoy the hospitality of the company, which they so generously placed before us.

When all were assembled in the huge dining hall, Mr. Walworth rapped for order, and silence at once prevailed. He addressed us briefly in a very complimentary way for the unusual interest we had taken in order to make a good showing in the parade.

He also complimented us on our appearance, and said that he was proud of us, and wished us all a successful and prosperous life. Then there was prolonged applause, after which Mr. Walworth took his departure. A man from the office then took charge.

They all were seated to enjoy a most delicious dinner — no wines — but plenty of everything that one could desire. The old boss sat near the chairman, while I was placed at the other end of the table. So all were enjoying themselves, eating and telling stories until they could not eat any more. Some were bulging already, and some had never eaten so much at one meal before. Some smoked, others told stories to one another. Finally the chairman called on the old boss to say a word to the boys. After some protesting he stood up, and being a plain man, he could say but little, but spoke in a kindly way. He called us all his boys and wished us all success in life, and after a few more pleasant words he sat down. The boys applauded him, as we had agreed to do. Some other mechanics were then called upon. The Barretts of Malden were called upon, they being a number of years in the shop. In turn they had something to say about the young men and their aggressiveness and desire to learn in haste, and so on; this was the general tone of all remarks, all very pleasant to hear. These men were well liked by us all, as they never hesitated to answer any question when asked by any of the young men. At a slight lull in the proceedings a quiet man asked the chair, in a very dignified way, if I could be induced to tell them how I made my whistle. Such a stamping and clapping of hands! Finally the chair stated that there evidently was a great desire to have me tell what I knew about steam whistles. I arose, quite cool and easy, though the boys around me kept twitting me, just for the fun of it. I told them frankly and honestly about my venture for information, about daybreak, and how I was interfered with by the faithful watchman, and my first meeting of Mr. Wetheral, who showed me what I wanted to know, for which I always felt grateful. The information I collected that morning and the instructions given by Mr. Wetheral caused me to make the whistle they

heard blown on the test. I then sat down and the boys showered applause upon me, even the old boss came along and shook hands with me. Then there was more applause, after which we began to break away and leave for our homes, all being fully satisfied with everything connected with the day; but before going, all stood up and gave three cheers for the house of J. J. Walworth & Co.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BOSTON HARBOR FROZEN

AFTER the dedication of the Franklin statue and for some weeks, work went on as usual. Thanksgiving was a most enjoyable day; football being played by the boys as well as the exercise of skating, as all water in small places was frozen over.

As Christmas was approaching, it created quite a split among the workmen, the young against the older men, in regard to favoring it as a holiday. The house took the matter up, and ordered that Christmas Day hereafter should be a holiday for all time. This decision gave general satisfaction.

The weather is now quite cold; many are suffering from it. It looks as if we were going to have a cold winter. Christmas this year came on Thursday, so many of the workmen did not come back until Monday, the 29th. I spent Christmas in New York, but came home Sunday night, as I had my duties as foreman to perform; and besides, I was determined to stick to my drawing lessons and other studies.

So on New Year's Day we were all on hand, whereas in New York they have a general holiday for New Year's calls.

We are now beginning the year of 1857 with the setting in of a rigid, cold winter. January is a very cold month at best. People are keeping within doors, on account of the cold, while I have to walk to South Boston (no cars then) to take lessons in drawing (mechanical) from a first-class man, Mr. Langley, head draughtsman for Harrison-Loring

Iron Shipbuilding and general machine work. I found several young men at this place studying on the same lines as I, every one of whom made his mark in life afterwards; some became admirals in the United States Navy, though they all went into the service as assistant engineers.

Thus we met many evenings, and many of us became good friends of the most loyal kind. This friendship continued through life, and we were of great assistance to one another in the naval service in after years.

We continued our studies faithfully, and also worked at our trades every day. Many men developed as good draughtsmen, and found ready employment in after years.

Now, the middle of January, the weather continues cold, and increasing so every day and hour. The small inlets are already closed with ice and growing more so. Ice is extending out into the harbor. Great precaution is now being taken to protect the shipping from being nipped in the ice. All small boats are being taken out of the water. There is a great chill all over New England; already great damage has been done by the formation of ice along the harbor line. Last night the East Boston Ferry could hardly cut her way through the thick, quick-forming ice to her berth; they are not running to-day. The large ocean steamers are frozen in and cannot proceed to sea until there is an abatement of the cold spell.

Boston Harbor was frozen solid January 25, 1857, and vessels of all kinds were held in the ice. The ice in the harbor, by survey, extended seven miles out towards the open sea. The East Boston and Chelsea ferries were also ice-bound and could not continue their trips. Already light teams are carrying many articles of freight to the steamers, and also the regular express wagons are very busy taking goods back and forth. The ice is very thick, consequently it can bear heavy loads.

The city of Boston spent two thousand dollars to help in keeping the channel clear. They finally had to give it up, as the thickening of the ice continued. The merchants of Boston (on Monday, the 26th of January) held a meeting to take measures and devise a plan to provide the means for opening the channel. At this meeting it was resolved that the undertaking be commenced at once, in order that a free passage be had, not only for our own shipping to enter and depart without delay, but also that there should be no detention in the departure of the British steamer at her appointed hour for sailing on Wednesday, the 28th instant.

Work was commenced at five o'clock on Tuesday evening at the outer edge of the ice (seven miles from the city) and Thursday the channel was clear. The steamer backed out from the dock, but the cleared space was not large enough. The ice not having been cut out to allow her to turn around, she was obliged to put back to her dock, to permit the cutting of more ice for the clearing. The following Friday morning, the British steamer "America" proceeded to sea at eleven o'clock.

As soon as the "America" went out, the "Arabia," waiting outside, steamed into the ice channel and reached her dock. An immense throng of people being on the ice to see the unusual conditions, cheered the "America" going out, and also gave many cheers to the "Arabia" for the courage shown in coming in.

The workmen who were cutting the ice were also cheered. Another channel was cut so the ferry boats could make occasional trips. The ice was already covered with booths; food to eat, hot coffee, and many other things not so good. This ice formed quickly and thick.

Horse racing was also on, and there were bowling alleys. It seemed as if every one was on skates, as they could easily skate from one island to the other. Young men and young

women were there in great force to enjoy and participate in this great ice carnival, which bid fair to continue for several days.

Many funny things happen on the ice, — at least to those who were fishing through it. The person generally had an improvised screen placed behind him, which would often blow over and cover the fisherman, and at such a time advantage would be taken of him, as the boys would steal his fish and get away. It was useless to get mad, so he would light his pipe and resume his fishing in a contented manner.

All at once a rush would be heard. A horse with a team or carriage attached would be on a rampage, and many booths of happy and contented people would be thrown over in the chase to stop the horse. On one of these occasions a dog seized a string of sausages. The owner chased the dog; the dog led his pursuer on thin ice and he fell through, the dog being lighter than his pursuer, so he successfully crossed the ice and enjoyed his frankfurts. The dog appeared to understand the trick, for he knew he could not be reached, so ate away in contentment, and then would wag his tail. This wagging of the dog's tail is what provoked the owner of the sausages, and he said in broken English, "I will kill him some day!"

Washington's Birthday, 22d of February, 1857, falling on Sunday, it was celebrated the following Monday, the 23d; and it being a fine, cool day, all had a chance to enjoy themselves by sleighing or skating, and in many other ways.

The ice in the harbor has nearly all disappeared, — at any rate the harbor was clear so that the vessels could get in and out.

I am still at my studies, working hard to get ahead and be somebody if possible. My mother and sister felt that unless I rested I might break down. I assured them that the care they took of me and the sleep that I enjoyed helped

to keep me all right. The studies were not hard. They came natural to me, and I took things as they came along.

Now, in the middle of March, it is still quite cold. We are only fairly busy in the shop, as business usually falls off at this season. New buildings have not advanced in construction enough to commence work on; then, besides, the times are considered quite hard, and there is no business anywhere. The outlook at our place is not encouraging and many of the men have been laid off on account of it.

We are now in the month of May; bad news from the office, and no work to speak of. We are still hoping for something.

I have given up school on account of the season and the warm weather, as we now have reached the end of the month of June, about the 20th. I have decided to take a vacation on account of the dull business, so will spend a few days in New York, as it is a great city, and there are many things to see. I also have relatives there who are always delighted to see me.

I started for New York Thursday, June 25, and arrived the next day (went by the Fall River Line). I visited the Brooklyn Navy Yard and saw their way of doing things, which is on a large and expensive scale. I took my time and spent most of the day there. I met one of the early boys there who started to learn the trade with me, but had run away. He showed me around and gave me considerable information, and introduced me to others. He then told me that he had also studied draughting and it helped him wonderfully. He seemed to be pleased to give me credit for the idea, as he followed it up, and now really held his position on account of that knowledge.

I visited the dry docks, and the next day I came again to see the place. Their way of doing things pleased me very much. This young man I met afterwards as an engineer

in the United States Navy, so I am sure he must have been successful.

I went down the harbor for a sail on an excursion steamer. There were many things to see, great fortifications to be seen all around, a great amount of shipping was going on, and steamers everywhere; ferry boats running back and forth, — in fact, the Hudson River was alive with them. Tug boats at call everywhere, all busy, and even cars on lighters. The hustle and bustle that I saw I will never forget. The East River was the same way.

At this time there were no bridges to Brooklyn, all ferry crossings. The river was full of great clipper ships, — another sight; all or nearly all in the tea trade between China and New York. The great clipper ship "Wild Pigeon" was commanded by my brother-in-law, Capt. Presbury Norton Mayhew of Martha's Vineyard. His brother Osander commanded and owned the "Dashing Wave," a great vessel. So I could go on and show the great commercial strides that are being made in and around New York.

The European sailing vessels were numerous. The magnificent passenger steamers for Europe with variegated painted smoke-pipes were all a great show passing each other, but rarely in a collision. One striking feature of these steamers was the way everything was lashed and made taut, as if all ready, or about to enter a great storm at sea. They moved gracefully out of the harbor, but it could easily be seen that they also had great power to move them on to sea.

The Fourth of July in New York is about the same as in Boston. I think the boys were not interfered with by the police as in Boston. Everything seems to be rougher in New York. I suppose they have a good time, and that is all that is in it for them. They are all Americans, and showed it in their fearlessness and independence.

After bidding my people good-by I took my departure

for Boston, where I arrived Wednesday, July 8, well pleased with my outing.

In a few days everything was running all right in the shop, though work was still hanging off, and not much of anything to do. The foundry shut down for want of orders. Through the month of August the same dulness prevailed, so more men were let go. We are now down to horses and teams and little to do. I had everything put in condition, odds and ends put together, and the tools cleaned.

CHAPTER XXIX

AT HEATING BUSINESS

ON Monday, the 5th of October, I went out to see what was being done in other shops. I found that the Eben Hoyt Low Water Detector and Gauge Co. had considerable to do, and that they wanted a good man to come in to work on gauges and on their general patent devices. Mr. Pevear, the treasurer, whom I knew, offered me good pay, — far more than I was receiving from the Walworth Co.

I concluded to take the position, so I saw the Walworths and told them that this was the best thing to do, as they had no work and it would lessen the expenses. After a pleasant interview it was decided to let me off only for a short time. I then secured the situation, and on Monday, October 10, I commenced to work for the Eben Hoyt Co. My drawing board and scale were called into use at once. My friend Mr. Pevear found me of more use than he anticipated, as fine drawings had to be made for various templates to have dials cut to scale. The low water detectors were in demand then, but they proved a failure; some other gauges also proved of little value. The rubber used in connection with these gauges was very poor, and in those days this was the cause of their failure, as they had to be re-rubbered.

The scale on which they were cut would not indicate correctly when repacked. This failure to make good indicators caused lots of trouble, as many of them were thrown back on the makers' hands. About the last of November Mr.

Hoyt was taken ill and died. The company stopped doing business, and everything was sold out.

Once more I am looking around for something to do. A good friend of mine gave me a letter to the Carlton Chandelier Co. on Beach Street. This letter flattered me much.

I saw the superintendent, Mr. Whitney, who at once said he was quite busy with work and could give me something to do, and also stated the pay that he would give me. It seemed to be all right.

On Monday, December 7, I went to work. Of course at that time it was ten hours per day. The help in this place were nearly all Germans, some two hundred in all, and only six Americans. The articles set for me to make were simple, and there were old-fashioned ways of doing it. I explained to Mr. Whitney that things could be improved, and in what way, and he assented. The changes were made, not only in my room, but in all the other rooms. Ever after Mr. Whitney was a dear good friend to me. He was Mr. Carlton's son-in-law, and he knew very little in mechanical lines, so this is why he looked with favor at any suggestion. The Carlton Chandelier Company was very wealthy. They did fine work, and they had high-priced German artists to design these artistic fixtures, such as angels, cupids, dancing girls, cherubs — thin and fat. All such ideas were developed in connection with the above, and there was also designed crystal glass pendant chandeliers, all glass, and they looked wonderfully brilliant.

At this time there was quite a demand for such fixtures, though rarely seen in more modern times. This class of goods was very expensive and was soon dropped as being old-fashioned. In fact all the above-described designs had to be abandoned as being too expensive. I saw and learned a great deal about this work. The artists that could talk English were very nice to me, so I had access to their little

secret studios. They liked my way of sketching on the blackboard in order to get at things quickly. They worked in clay, but it took too much time to do this.

All through the spring and summer of 1858 I worked here and until the following May. I learned many things connected with this business, but I never liked it. I could not advance in it, as it was too small and narrow. I managed to get along with all concerned here until May, 1859. Some of the Germans thought they were related to me in some way. It was funny, but so queer!

A steam heating company had formed, known as the Mass. Steam Heating Co.; my old friend Mr. J. J. Walworth was president. I was hunted up and offered the foremanship. This I gladly accepted for fifteen dollars per week. (This was regular foreman's pay at that time.) I agreed to take the position on the terms proposed, and gave notice to the Carlton Co. accordingly. Then there was trouble. Mr. Whitney chased me up and said he would give me the same pay. This was very nice of him, and I thanked him very much. I told him I was educated as a steam engineer and I could grow up in the steam business and be successful some day, but there was no chance in their place. I clung to the Walworths; this was fortunate for me, as Mr. Carlton died shortly afterwards, and their house gradually went out of the business.

In May, 1859, I commenced with the Mass. Steam Heating Co. I took great interest in their work, the best I knew. There was a manager over me who had very little experience in the business, but he was my boss and manager for the corporation. I was in my element in steam engineering. This manager was a good man and tried to make the business pay. After one year and a half the corporation failed, and badly.

The manager with others bought the company out and went on without much change for about eight months; then

the concern was reorganized once more and continued until May, 1861. At this time many good contracts were made and it looked as if some profits were in sight.

The Civil War had begun, and now interested the whole country. There was a great lull in all branches of business on account of this war, and no very bright prospects for the future.

The troops passing by every day inspired me to offer my services to my country as an engineer in the United States Navy. This idea grew upon me, so I wrote to the Secretary of the Navy making application, stating my experience in the machine shops, my ability to make and read drawings, how I had studied, and so on. This I did without saying anything to anybody.

In a few days I received an answer from the Secretary of the Navy, who sent me a circular calling for answers as set forth, such as age and experience, which I promptly complied with. I was obliged to get two distinguished citizens to endorse me, the Hon. J. M. Wightman, mayor of Boston, and Hon. John B. Alley, a member of Congress. I called at the office to have them sign. I wish to state here how Congressman Alley balked at the signing of my papers. He was a little lame and nervous, and carried a stiff cane. He said, "No, sir; I sign no papers." I said, "Is it possible, the country at war and in need of men, and you, a distinguished member of Congress, refuse to aid the government?" He halted in his walk and brought his heavy stick down on the floor with great force. "Yes," he said, "I will sign your application because I have come to the conclusion that you are the right kind of a man to go to the war, on account of your persistency and force." He signed it, wished me good luck and good-by.

When I returned, after fifteen months away, I called on Congressman Alley to thank him once more for his endorse-

ment. He looked at me very much surprised. I had my uniform on; he did not know me. I had grown much larger. He remembered the incident very well and he laughed very heartily. Ever after we were good friends, as well as Mayor Wightman and I.

A few days after sending my answers as requested, I was ordered to report at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for examination before a board of naval engineers. This order I obeyed. After three days of waiting, my turn to be examined came, as many others were there for the same purpose. I was delighted to think I had at last reached the threshold of the room in which I was to be examined, and I wondered if I would pass a successful examination. It was noticed that some applicants were rejected by the surgeons. They went off with a disappointed look; others again seemed only in the examination room a few minutes, then suddenly came out wearing an angry look. Others, like myself, were detained a long time; then the outsiders would complain at waiting so long. When a candidate did come out, he would be quizzed as to pointers in the examinations. There was little information to be given. A slovenly man was dropped at once as not being neat in appearance; another for the language used; another having the appearance of a drinking man. The ill-tempered man had no place with the examining engineers. I was dressed neatly, but not gaudy by any means, and looked clean, neat, and in earnest.

When I entered the examination room I was in the presence of three great chief engineers of the United States Navy. They at once by their actions made me feel at ease. They told me not to be disturbed, if I could not answer to say so, but try to answer so that the explanation would lead to something that would be highly satisfactory to them. I thanked them for trying to make me feel at home with them.

The examinations began, in all things, by starting with

simple questions and would follow on that line until exhausted; then they would take another tack with me, easily and nicely. I would be asked questions from various parts of the room, as these gentlemen walked around the room, smoking and whispering to each other. They would question me on these things until they got me into deep water; then a new subject would be brought up. I would be questioned to the limit on the subject, and so on to the end.

This examination lasted part of an afternoon and nearly all the next forenoon. I always felt the hardest blow for me in the whole examination was on the coal question. I was all right until they asked what kind of coal was that, pointing to charcoal. I replied, "That's charcoal." I was then asked if that was all I knew about it. I asked to withdraw my answer. They said no, but will hear any explanation that I might make, which they did. The chairman said gruffly, "Why did you not say that before?" I was requested to take a seat for a few minutes. The chiefs had a brief consultation, after which I was informed by one of them that they would present my name in favor of an appointment as an assistant engineer. One of the chiefs took me one side and told me to order my uniform right away, as there were several ships waiting for engineers. On my arrival home I ordered my uniform, but kept right on working in the machine shop until I received my appointment from Washington, dated June 20, 1862.

While looking after things in the shop, the letter carrier came in and walked up to me and said, "Uncle Sam wants you." All hands were glad that I got the appointment and were loud in praise of my success. Others in the shop also enlisted and went into the army. I closed my affairs in the shop at once, and began getting such things as were required in the service.

I went immediately to Portsmouth, N. H., as the double

ender the "Conemaugh" was there, — the vessel I was ordered to. I presented my papers to the commander. He took them, read them over, and then asked if I was ever at sea. I said, "No, sir," and he seemed disappointed. I saw he was a man that would be hard to please. It turned out so afterwards in the case of others whom he punished in his own way, removing several officers for slight misdemeanors. I always got along with him. He was evidently disliked by many of the crew as well as the officers. Later on when he was taken ill, and was being taken to the hospital, in going over the side of the vessel he was hissed. I was sorry for this, as it was really mutiny. He finally recovered and came back to the ship and everything went along smoothly for a while.

It took some time to get the vessel ready for sea. The vessel being new, many details had to be seen to, for once at sea without everything being in good order, we would be in a bad fix. This delay gave me a chance to run back and forth to my home. On one of these occasions my old shopmates gave me a dinner. A good dinner at the American House on Thursday evening, July 10. We had a most enjoyable time of it. No wines at this dinner and no music, just a plain dinner, though the best. Able men were present, some were well educated and were good speakers. They all, when speaking, made reference to my studying when it looked as if there was no special reason for it.

When I was called upon to say a word, not being much of a speaker (although I did pretty well at school) I talked very plainly to them, and I did not mince matters. I told them that just ten years this very week I commenced with other boys to learn my trade. They were much surprised, and furthermore none of the other boys could be found; we all took different paths in life.

I then told them about my examination at the Brooklyn

Navy Yard, and after it was over how I was convinced that I was ignorant of many things and had made up my mind to still continue to study. This resolution I kept, and I advised them all to study a little every day and they would be surprised at the fund of information they would and could store up for future use. My remarks seemed to please them. The chairman told those around the table many things about me that made me wonder how he found such things out. The guests of the evening were generous in their applause to all the speakers. There seemed to be a most friendly feeling among them, for each other, as well as that shown to me. After the speaking ceased and a few more remarks by the chair of a flattering and complimentary nature, the dinner was declared a success and one long to be remembered. I shook hands with all and bade them good-by, and wished them all success in life. I understand that this little body of men became close and dear friends ever after.

Later on some of those at the dinner enlisted for the war. The patriotic spirit that embued everybody was seemingly irresistible, and they flocked to the ranks in large numbers; also hundreds of sailors left the merchant marine and went into the naval service. For this act they are honored and helped to this late day, for their sacrifice and patriotic services rendered.

My mother and sister are now very busy with the finishing touches on shirts, etc., that are so essential in the warm climate of the sunny South. My folks all worked and acted as if they would never see me again.

Monday, the 22d of July, I received final orders to report for duty that same day, as all were ready to proceed to sea. I bade my mother and sister a final good-by. I was promptly on hand to report for duty, and my things were to be sent by express. In this there was some delay on the part of the express company, and my things, after all my trouble,

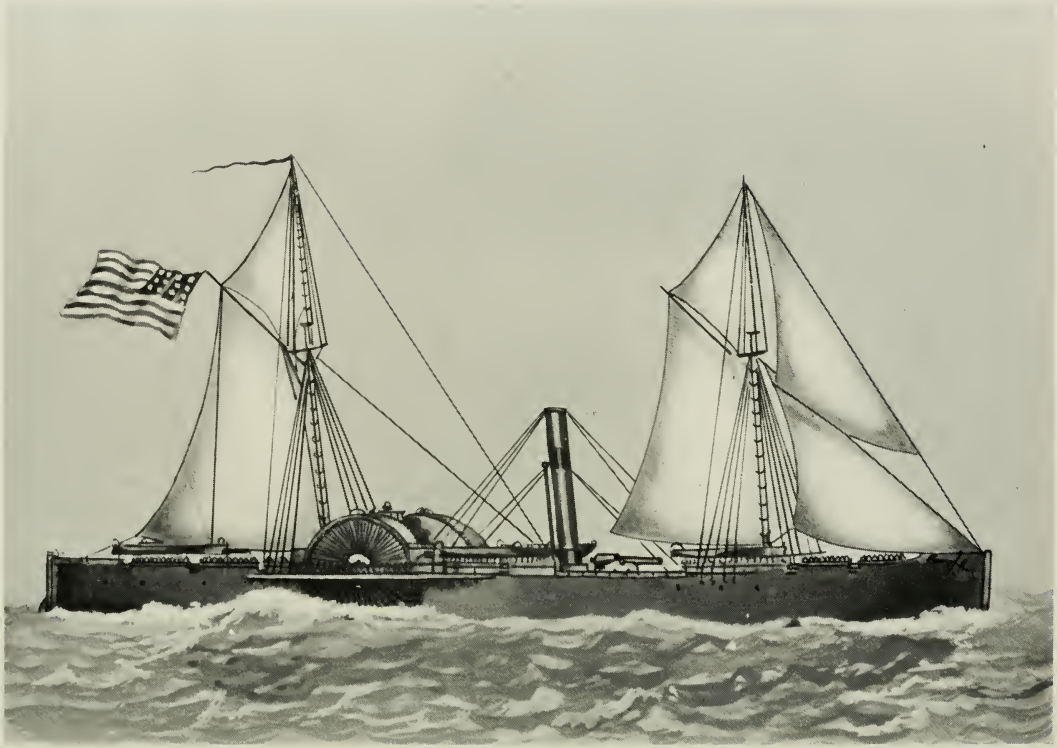
came near being left behind. At this season of the year the weather at the wharf is intensely hot. We moved out into the middle of the harbor in the morning and started the fires and worked the engines in order to limber them up.

CHAPTER XXX

VOYAGE TO PORT ROYAL

WEDNESDAY, July 22, 1862, we weighed anchor about eleven o'clock. Just as we were ready to move, the captain and the last express packages came on board. Among them were my things, much to my delight and comfort. Orders were given at once to proceed to sea. Without any ceremony the gong struck the signal to start engines, which was cleverly done. We moved slowly away from our anchorage. There were many soldiers, citizens, and ladies on the Navy Yard dock and other places, among whom were many relatives, sweethearts, and friends of the officers and crew.

Portsmouth finally faded from our view, and we safely sailed out of its intricate harbor, by the fortifications into the open sea. Now raining and very disagreeable on the vessel. All the engineers have been in the engine room, and are now there learning to perform their duty to the satisfaction of our chief engineer. The chief engineer had already picked his engineers for the various watches. He gave me the midnight watch, much to my disgust. Later on I found it was to my credit that the selection was made, as the chief decided to sit up late and watch the others. When I came on he was to return and get some sleep and then be up at four in the morning, at the change of the watch. I heard that the captain held this same view, as one of safety. This was a wise decision, as one of the engineers was found under the influence of liquor on watch. The other engineers were



UNITED STATES STEAMER "CONEMAUGH"

not reliable, as one of them was very young, the other was frivolous and indifferent. I saw plainly that he was going to have trouble with these men.

The junior engineer had charge of the engineer's log, which showed how much coal and oil was consumed; the condition of the water in the boilers, the temperature of water in the condenser, and the pressure of steam carried, direction of the wind, the condition of the engines at the change of the watch, all had to be noted as well as anything unusual that might have taken place, even to the stopping of the engines to take soundings. To keep the engineer's department up to a high state of efficiency all such things must be noted.

Previous to our leaving the dock at Portsmouth, and during our short stay of three days, I had a drawing board made, but had it painted black on one side, so that it could be used as a blackboard as well. To show how a little thing will cling to a man, right or wrong, I will say that a messenger carried this blackboard on board the vessel for me, and at once there was a bet between some of the officers that I was a schoolmaster, or I would never think of taking a blackboard on a man-of-war. Well, the wager took place; the question then was, How could they find out? There was considerable mirth over it; the frivolous engineer joined in the joke, as it appeared to be. Even my superiors were inclined to question me about it; finally it was left to me to answer. I hung the blackboard up; on it I sketched a Judson Jack, and asked the question, "How can you lower the load?" None could answer. I kept the sketch before them for some days before I told them how the load was lowered. The executive officer said, "I guess he can take care of himself." Still the nickname "Schoolmaster" stuck to me.

The fourth day at sea and on the ocean wide; the vessel of one thousand tons drawing eight and a half feet of water,

was easily tossed about. The vessel was carefully navigated at no high rate of speed, as everything was new; even the officers and crew hardly knew how far to trust each other in emergency, but they were gradually getting acquainted and on the best of terms.

We are having good weather day after day. We are now approaching Hatteras, where even in mild weather the sea is apt to be quite rough.

Several of the crew and some of the officers are already seasick, some of whom are in a precarious condition. I have always been fortunate in not being seasick. Some old sailors are always sick when stormy or out on a new voyage; others, again, have just a little nausea for a while, yet others again are sick all the time. Generally speaking most all are seasick for a day or two, sometimes a little longer. There is no remedy. Looking at the rolling water makes many seasick, and the rolling of the vessel makes others, and so on.

No wonder that sharks followed the ship when starting out. They know that many are to be sick, so they follow and get all the nice food that is thrown into the sea, it being to them a great luxury.

We passed Hatteras during the night with fairly good luck, a moderate sea, and only a stiff breeze that gave a choppy sea or a long roll.

The meals are cooked regularly and served to the crew, all like clockwork. This food is sampled every day at twelve o'clock, — in ship parlance at eight bells. This is struck at high noon every day. The dinner is never cooked until the officers on the bridge say so. This is a good restraint on the ship's cook. The officers have their meals about the same time. All have three meals a day. The officers have their own cooks and steward as well as pantry boys. With plenty of help, everything runs along all right. There is

always plenty of food as "Uncle Sam" is a good quartermaster.

We are now off Charleston, S. C., and can see the distant shore of the State. We are now heading straight for Port Royal, but moving along slowly, saving coal. We are also using some of the vessel's sails to help along. This aids in saving coal, as it is now very precious. Our crew are all on the mend. We all look better after this long voyage. We expect to drop anchor at Port Royal in the morning.

We are passing many vessels that are going north. They all scrutinize us as if we were a dangerous-looking craft, with our projecting cannons, and truly we are, and have been, keeping a sharp lookout for blockade runners, and we also fire signals from our vessel. We are now in shallow water and are constantly heaving the lead and announcing the fathoms of water under our vessel. The sands here are shifty, and great care must be taken as to the fathoms of water, so as to be perfectly safe. All lights are out at night; windows are screened also. The officer of the deck as well as other officers and all the lookouts are peering into darkness to see where we are going and also to watch the enemy.

Port Royal, July 30, 1862. We arrived here this morning in good condition and the crew all well. This run of nine hundred miles limbered us all up. The vessel's boilers and engines are in good condition, and are now ready for any duty that may be assigned us. Our commander has caused two engineers to be detached and sent off to the receiving ship "Vermont." We are now waiting for two more to take their place; in the meantime the engines are carefully examined (also the boilers) by naval experts and are found to be all right.

We are now all out of fresh water; we are making our own drinking water from condensed steam, at best not very palatable or healthful, as it contains some sulphite of lime.

The mess stewards are getting some fresh provisions from the shore, and many things that will certainly be needed. Here they have a market-place called "Robbers Row." It is run by sutlers, who charge about what they please for the very things you want to buy. Hence the place is so nicknamed. It is all sandy around here, farther in shore all marshy; not much of a place to live in, in the good summer time.

The two new engineer officers came on board this forenoon, and we like their appearance very much. They have had the experience of being on the blockade for nearly six months, which no doubt will be of valuable assistance to us.

August 1, 1862. We have just received orders from Admiral DuPont to go and report at Fort Pulaski on the Savannah River and to blockade the entrance to that river, to anchor in Calibogue Sound. This order was complied with at once. We steamed down the coast until we reached the mouth of the Savannah River, then came to anchor. So here we are on our first station, doing blockade duty. We have a good ship, a regular double ender and a fairly fast vessel; our guns are good, some smooth bore, four nine inches and one eleven inches, one seven-inch rifled Parrott gun. With these guns and a good crew we think that we will give a good account of ourselves if necessary.

A close watch is kept day and night, particularly at night. All lights are out, no noise. We peer into darkness to see what can be seen; we listen for sounds on the water and use good night glasses, to aid us in detecting the incoming or outgoing blockade runners. These are our daily duties, watching with sharp lookouts on the crosstrees, and looking for a sail or black smoke. The fuel used by the blockade runners is soft coal, which gives a very large amount of black smoke.

On August 23 the vessel was ordered from this station

to Ossabaw Sound, about fifteen miles farther south, and there assume command of all the forces, as there is danger that the "Nashville," loaded with cotton, might escape. We were on the station in less than two hours from the time we received orders. Ogeechee River and the sound have been blockaded and in any attempt to run the blockade here, they would certainly be captured.

Ossabaw Sound. We continued blockading here until September 4, when we received orders from the admiral to proceed to Stone River and relieve the "Paul Jones," Commander Stetson. This order was promptly obeyed, and we started the next morning. The other vessels were informed by signal where we were going. Stone River is about eighty miles from Ossabaw Sound. We are now under way. At noon the crew are having their dinner, while the vessel is moving right along. We can see a little of the shore, but being obliged to keep out in deep water, we cannot see all we would wish to. After carefully approaching the coast, the pilot has taken charge to take us over the bar and keep in the channel. We have passed all right and are now at anchor at our new station. The other vessel has received her orders and is now on her way to sea.

We have to keep a sharp lookout here, as we are within a few miles of Charleston, S. C., of course not far from Fort Sumter. Lookouts are placed in the most advantageous parts of the vessel. We send a boat up the river every night so as not to be surprised or sunk by the enemies' torpedo boat during the night. At daybreak the boat returns to the ship. This we do every night for safety; otherwise we would be sunk by torpedoes. During the daytime the crew is drilled in many things, such as, "The ship is on fire!" All hands to fire quarters to put the fire out, one from each part of the ship, so as not to leave any weak place. The gun practice, that is, with cannons, then fencing with sticks

instead of swords; then the noon-day meal, after which those off watch have little to do. They sew, paint, prick in India ink, embroider stars for their garments, and similar things. Others are playing checkers, reading, or sleeping.

The crew must all have plenty of sleep, so that they can stand watch without falling asleep. A little fishing is done every day by some of those off watch, so it goes on about the same every day. We have wash day on a ship; the washing is done early in the morning. The clothes are then hung up to dry, and they stay there until late in the afternoon. Then the rope is lowered; every one takes his own garments, and everything is then cleaned up quickly. The mess cloths are then spread; all the crew to have their supper. Day after day this is the routine, except of course the washing. That portion of the crew that is not on watch is busy cleaning and repairing anything that is out of order. The doctor makes his rounds punctually every morning, no patient neglected. The paymaster has a little store where about everything can be found, and his assistant keeps an account of everything; nothing is lost.

CHAPTER XXXI

ON THE BLOCKADE

STONE RIVER, October 18, 1862. We have just received orders to proceed to Port Royal, to coal there and to report to Commander Steedman for duty, to join the army in a joint attack on Pocotaligo Bridge. This we did and took on troops, three hundred and fifty in number. When the fleet was ready some ships advanced, while others fouled each other. The vessel I was on ran aground. All in all it was a bad mess of things. We did not have a proper understanding. After being driven off by the rebels on account of overpowering numbers, a retreat was made. Some four hundred were wounded, forty were killed in the battle. Many of the others must have died from wounds. We took our share of the troops back to Port Royal. The whole affair was poorly maneuvered; and if well planned, we would have undoubtedly been defeated by superior numbers. Great bravery was shown by our men. This unfortunate affair took place Monday, 22d of October, 1862.

On Wednesday, October 30, we received orders to proceed to Wassaw Sound to our old station.

Our vessel was considered one of the best double enders, powerful and quick in action, and the officers were young, smart, and courageous. The crew took great pride in handling the guns, which they did with great rapidity. The response to the call of "All hands to quarters!" was prompt, and such obedience was a wonder. We had no trouble with boilers or engines, as we all understood our duty and feared

neither shot or shell. The fireman and coal passers, poor fellows! were worked to the last. We, the engineers, vowed we would stand by our post until every coal passer was out of the bunkers, in case of accident. These hard working, strong young men knew they could trust us, and they never flinched when shots were hitting us and shells exploding over us and continually banging away at us, as in front of Sumter and Fort Wagner, as well as at many other forts, such as Morgan at Mobile Bay and Fort Gaines, and Fort Powell in Grant's Pass.

When the ram "Tennessee" was captured, the 5th of August, 1864, the heat of the boilers and furnaces, the steam-pipes (although covered with felt), with the lack of fresh air in the bunkers, caused these men to actually wilt, and some died. Even the deck was intensely hot, as the sun's rays played right on the deck and side of the vessel. Some men never recovered their health. It is also well known that many have died while performing the duty of coal passer. Without them, what could we have done? There were heroes in the bunkers as well as in other parts of the vessel, performing a patriotic duty in which many passed away, doing their duty for their country. Honor their memory!

Saturday, November 15, 1862. We are once more on blockade in Wassaw Sound, ordered here after the Pocotaligo Bridge attack.

January 1. We are celebrating the new year here in Wassaw Sound, and for six weeks we have been here doing blockade duty. We chase suspicious-looking vessels whenever seen. We are under steam all the time, same as a ferry boat, waiting for the bell, then we are off on the chase. When we return we make a slight change in our anchorage, so as to avoid grinding the bones we have thrown overboard in the past, our keel being very near the bottom.

The long stay in this sound has given me an excellent chance to review my studies and advance in others. In fact, the other engineers are following the same lines, and in the general discussion we are able to learn a great deal from each other. At first it was uphill work to get them to take any interest in these subjects, but finally they woke up to the occasion and began to study in earnest.

Wassaw Sound, January 11. It was reported to Admiral DuPont that two men from the "Conemaugh" were found in a starving and dying condition, sticking in the marsh near the south end of little Wassaw Island. One of them is in a fair way of recovery, the state of the other is doubtful. They cannot as yet be aroused. The officers of the boat's crew think they intended to desert. Two days or more they were crazed with hunger and thirst; they gave little account of themselves as they are bewildered. They say they saw our vessel, but were so confused they did not know what direction to take and were found in a helpless, dying condition. When found, one of the men was up to his armpits, and gradually sinking lower. They took or stole a boat to go ashore to get some wood for the ship's galley. They evidently meant to desert, when they found themselves in the soft marsh. On further investigation they were found to be worthless men. They were sent North and dismissed from the service January 15, 1863.

We are still in Wassaw Sound doing blockade duty. Only for fever of some kind on this coast we would be all right and feel fine; but there is fever in all places here, and our men are laid up with some kind of illness. My body, face, and hands are all swollen. I have been examined by the fleet surgeons and they have ordered me North; if I stay here, I will surely die. My face was so swollen that I could not see; otherwise I seemed all right. "Ordered North to die!" not me. I begged my ship's surgeon to ask

a respite of thirty days; but, no, the decree was to go North. Then I begged of the surgeons for delay of thirty days of their order; they looked at me, shook their heads. Before they could refuse, I said at once, "I will report in thirty days on the 'Vermont.' " The surgeons were astonished at my boldness. Then my surgeon interposed, and said he hoped my request would be granted. One of these good men shook my hand and said "Request granted."

Shortly after my interview with the surgeon I began to thin down, — oh, very thin, but very strong; I was the color of an Indian. The surgeon searched his books and asked me many questions about myself. He saw me changing color from the fat, sickly looking white to a deep mahogany color. He again was frightened that I would suddenly pass away; but when I grasped his hand and squeezed it, he found I had great strength, and he was amazed. I began to eat and get well, but fearfully thin; I wanted mostly raw meat. The surgeon could see the blood in my veins. On my reporting in thirty days, they were surprised at my thin appearance and strength and strong voice. They withdrew their order to go North. The coast fever broke out with other fevers, the "breakbone" among the rest.

A bad condition of things existed. I was on duty, and I slept on bags in the engine room, so as to help out on engine-room watches, as the other engineers were stricken with fever of some kind. After this fever had passed away I seemed to be immune from all fevers, as I was never sick in the service again. However, I was of great assistance to those that were, and I retained the mahogany color for some three years after I left the service. My peculiar sickness was a study for many surgeons for months afterwards, and is yet.

While in Wassaw Sound the life on the ship was cheerful, nearly everybody good-natured, and had a desire to be

agreeable. Shipmates all good-hearted and in the service for duty to be performed, and willingly so.

When evening was approaching and before and after the sun went down (but still leaving its rosy shadow on the sky) the colored boys would get together and give some nice music; really, at times, good and sweet. In the early days of the blockade the old songs used to be sung. These boys had instruments bought by the officers. When they sang "Do They miss Me at Home?" and all such songs every pleasant evening, it produced a cheery feeling.

The 22d of January, 1863, we received orders to proceed to Port Royal for coal to fill the coal bunkers, and replenish the paymaster's stores and the officers' requirements as far as possible. We made short work of coaling ship. In the meantime all supplies were put on board; for once on a blockade station, it would be hard to get anything additional.

One thing must be remembered. We have many rainy days, and it rains and pours; and it is such a "wet" rain, and sticks to you, on account of the warm weather. We have many such spells of weather which are very disagreeable. This rain keeps us between decks while it lasts. We have fogs also. They are dangerous down here. Besides, the blockade runners sail by us, as they sail by compass and soundings; and although we hear the noise, we cannot fire at them, as we might fire into our own vessels.

We are still at anchor at Port Royal. Our commander, Reed Werden, was taken on board the "Vermont," as being very ill. Commander T. H. Eastman is now in command. We are awaiting further orders to proceed to some station on the blockade.

At last we are ordered to Georgetown Entrance. We are to start Wednesday, February 11, 1863, at daybreak, about one hundred and twenty miles from Port Royal to the north, and relieve the "Sebago."

It took all day to reach Georgetown Entrance or Winyaw Bay. We are also to look after the wrecked schooner "Lotus," as we have on board a member of the American Express Co., who will take charge of the wreck. This sutler's schooner was driven ashore in a high wind, it being quite stormy along the coast at this season of the year. The passengers and crew were all saved and put on another vessel. We rendered all the assistance possible, but the schooner is a total wreck. A large amount of the sutler's and express company's stores were destroyed by water.

February 12, 1863, Georgetown Entrance. We are now on the blockade up the coast. This is an important station. Commander T. H. Eastman is in command.

We are expected to keep a sharp lookout for blockade runners at this place, as Winyaw Bay is a favorite place for them to run in and out. At the entrance to this bay there is a fine lighthouse fifty feet high, one of the few not destroyed. There is no light kept here for months, so we use it in the daytime as a lookout tower, as the country around us is rather flat for miles inland and sparingly wooded. We can see a great distance on land as well as out to sea. This permits us to see the enemy approach from either way. We can see the black smoke long before the vessel is in sight, and this gives us a chance to watch them approaching under the shades of evening. When fairly near, we slip our cable and are off on the chase. We seldom win, but often lose.

On the morning of February 24 a steamer was discovered lying at anchor outside the bar. We were unable to go out in the "Conemaugh," and tide being low, we could not cross the bar. About eight o'clock the steamer got under way and stood in slowly for the North Santee River and ran ashore on the mouth of the river. Next morning we got out over the bar, went down and examined her. She proved to be the English steamer "Queen of the Wave" with an

assorted cargo of material for the government. Her crew had deserted her and set her on fire. Some passengers had remained on board, so we took them off in small boats and sent them North.

Valuable instruments were there,— stationery, lots of fine articles, tin, quinine, morphine, opium, a vast amount of printing paper, and one powerful marine engine. We destroyed it. We took a few of the parts on a later visit to the wreck, when it was found that the vessel was breaking up. Then we went back to our station inside of the bar.

On March 6 we made one more attempt to get the steamer "Queen of the Wave" off, but found it impossible as the late storm had broken her in two. We took from the wreck what was of any value, and as the continued bad weather completely wrecked her and the surf prevented us from getting nearer, we blew her up. This destroyed her entirely, and then we returned to anchorage once more.

This blockade runner "Queen of the Wave" was one of the best that was ever built for running the blockade. To avoid letting her get into our hands she was run ashore and then set on fire by the crew. At least it was thought that this would cause her destruction, but the coast storms and the shifting sands did the work nearly, until we blew her up, so that the rebels could get nothing of value from her. A large number of these blockade runners were run ashore to avoid capture, in this way.

March 15. We are once more at Port Royal. Commander Eastman is detached and our old commander Reed Werden, having recovered from his illness, has returned to this vessel and assumes command. We have been here coaling ship, cleaning boilers, and making small repairs on machinery and are waiting orders. Here the ship's stores are replenished; and the officers' larder also needs attention when here.

March 24 we are ordered back to Winyaw Bay, to our

old station. This, like all the others, is a lonesome place. There are many colored persons here, who have run away from slavery, but they will be sent away soon.

We arrived here about six o'clock in the afternoon, as we ran over the bar before it got too dark. With coal on board, we set rather low in the water.

We had a nice run from Port Royal to this place. These waters are busy with so many vessels passing, and the salute by dipping the flag to other vessels is very impressive.

CHAPTER XXXII

AT NORTH ISLAND

MAY DAY, 1863. May Day at sea is so different from that at home. We pass all days about the same, although to-day we made a colored man (formerly a slave) the King of North Island. North Island is on the right-hand entrance to Georgetown, and on this point stands the lighthouse referred to in a previous chapter. This "King" is a very large man, very tall, and of immense strength. We gave him the lighthouse for his castle. He was master, no mistake. We had many contrabands to take care of, so we put him in control of them, with a large tin crown on his head and a tin necklace around his neck and some huge medals on his chest made out of blacking box covers. This, with something similar on his wrist and ankles, and plenty of red, white, and blue dangling from his huge chest, made him in appearance a person of authority. He has his sword also, but was to use it only in self-defense. He was really a wonderfully large man, and looked as if invested with royal authority.

We then had all the contrabands stand up in line; this great man stood a little in front. The colored people were then addressed, telling them how to behave and to mind the king or they would be punished by being sent to slavery. One little nigger, very cunning and mischievous, kept grinning as if he understood the joke. The king did not like his antics and he admonished him; but still the little nigger kept on, until all at once the king grabbed him, as he would

a pup, with one hand and threw him over the heads of the others with ease, not seeming to be disturbed. This stopped all nonsense. Our colors were held at each end of the file, and the king in the center with a small flag in one hand and his sword in the other, he promised faithfully to protect the flag and his country. Then three guns were fired from the ship, thus confirming his authority anew over the contrabands. This held good during our stay, much to the amusement of us all.

After this we never wanted for wood for our picket boat that we sent up the river nights; previous to the creation of the king we could get little done.

One night we had a surprise drill, when two or three shots were fired from the ship as if it were in action. The poor contrabands were frightened badly. The king was brave, and he threw away his sword, in place of which he wielded a big stick. He had the contrabands supplied with sticks, then surrounded the lighthouse to protect the king. They were loyal unto death, if need be, as they were free now. The king was sent for by our commander and asked to explain the cause of all the trouble on shore last night. The truth was greatly strained in the king's story. He stated that they drove back a large party of men that was going to capture the ship and all, and then send us back to slavery. Long live the king of North Island!

On May 12, 1863, we had just passed through an exciting event. For some time vessels have been running the blockade at Morrell's Inlet. By request of our commander, the admiral ordered three other vessels to join with the "Conemaugh" in an effort to destroy everything possible at this inlet on the arrival of these vessels. We jointly succeeded in destroying schooners laden with cotton ready for transportation.

The "Paul Jones," "Monticello," and "Flambeau" did

some good shooting. The draft of the vessels prevented us from going up the inlet as far as was desired, but we got the range, and after that the little fleet soon destroyed this place. All the cotton of the beach was set on fire. Several small vessels had their masts and spars shot away. This is not a pleasant duty, but blockade running must be stopped at this inlet.

During the month of May we were kept active in looking after blockade runners. In the latter part of the month our commander was detached, and Commander R. W. Shufeldt took his place. Commander Shufeldt is admired by all throughout the fleet, and he is a worthy successor to Commander Reed Werden. He has kept all hands very active since he took command.

June 14. We are coaling ship to-day, taking coal from a schooner instead of going to Port Royal, so this makes it easy for us all. It is slow work, as we stop coaling early in the evening and resume early in the morning, and continue until we have all the coal desired. The sutler's schooners are around selling beer at one dollar per bottle. Apples are nearly as high in price; potatoes also — and you cannot reduce the price. They are sea robbers, charging poor Jack such high prices. Sometimes these sutlers are driven away for fear they have strong drink to sell. If the sailors should get angry, they would rush the schooner and clean her out.

July 6. We were just ordered to join the fleet off Charleston, as we have responsible duties to perform there. We were to participate in the attack on Fort Sumter and Fort Wagner, and although a wooden vessel, we could be of great service to the monitors. We arrived off Charleston about five o'clock in the afternoon of July 7, 1863.

CHAPTER XXXIII

OFF CHARLESTON, S. C.

ON July 8 the gunboats assembled, in order to be in readiness the next morning. Early on the morning of the 9th we were ready to take a hand when the signal would be given for us to advance and fire where directed. Admiral Dahlgren went on board the monitor "Catskill" at four o'clock in the morning.

On the morning of July 10 the first attack was on Morris Island; concentrated fire was directed against Fort Wagner. This continued all day. It was terribly hot, and the crews were all tired. The monitor fleet came out over the bar with the other vessels. The monitors suffered much from shot and shell, and the crews from smoke and heat.

The bombardment was continued the next day. The result of the second day's fight was about the same as the first. All vessels are now outside the bar. We also failed in our dash up Folly River.

The next day, July 12, the gunboats went in over the bar, the "Conemaugh" leading, and we made a terrible attack on Fort Wagner, from nine to twelve, and until four in the afternoon; then returned over the bar.

The two days' fight in this hot weather was terrible for the firemen and coal passers, as well as the engineers. Some fainted, others lost their minds, while many others weakened from the heat. The officers on the monitors, as well as the crews, suffered the most of all. These monitors are hot beyond all reason. The air is foul; the officers and

crew are black from head to foot with smoke and ashes carried in the confined air, and there is no way to get fresh air; in fact they were nearly all smothered.

Another attack on forts Wagner and Sumter is contemplated, and every preparation is being made for it. A continual daily attack of forts Wagner, Gregg, and Sumter is our duty now. We, the engineers, are kept busy day and night, — no rest and little sleep. I have slept in the engine room on gunny bags, so as to be within call of the engineers of the watch, if needed. I tried hard to do my duty and also to help others. This I did cheerfully, effectually, and continuously for ten days, during a large part of the siege of these forts. Of course all the firemen and coal passers were worked very hard during this time in the coal bunkers, and in the fireroom, where the thermometer must have been at 140° to 160°. No air to breathe, only ashes and dust, and warm water to drink. These men when working were nearly nude, because the heat was so intense. But they were young, and with a little care they soon recuperated.

July 30 we were ordered to tow the monitor "Weehawken" to Wassaw Sound, as it was expected that the rebel ironclads were coming down the Savannah River, and we were to intercept the blockade runner "Sumter," as she was expected any night now. The "Conemaugh" was also ordered to stay in Wassaw Sound, as we could run and chase any vessel that might appear early in the morning. Besides, we had good and effective guns. We could also tow any monitor or convey it to any other station if desired. There is another monitor here in tow with a gunboat like the "Conemaugh," the monitor "Nahant."

We are kept busy doing effective work and constantly on the lookout for the enemy. We have several rain storms at night, and they are very heavy, but soon clear away from the heat of the sun. We are all thinning down from the

excessive heat, not being used to it. Our health is generally good.

The monitors are at anchor near the shore, the gunboats a mile or so farther out to sea.

August 10 we received orders to take the "Weehawken" to Port Royal, which we did. She was ordered to Charleston with other monitors. We are ordered to take coal from the vessel "Stillin" (one hundred and twenty tons), as soon as possible and go back to Wassaw. There was a hustle to get this coal on board, and in a few hours it was all done. We then steamed for Wassaw Sound, and we were there by daybreak, keeping a sharp lookout for vessels coming in from sea or any vessels slipping out loaded with cotton. Cotton is king; sometimes it paid many bills of the Confederacy in Europe. We are also watching the coming of the ironclads in Savannah River, as our own safety is also at stake.

Our participation in the bombardment of forts Wagner and Gregg commenced on the morning of August 17, at eight o'clock. We were ordered to follow the monitors; our vessel with several other wooden ships waded right into the action, regardless of consequences, as we commenced firing from our seven-inch Parrott gun, then the eleven-inch, and our four nine-inch guns. The vessel kept backing and filling until noon, then backed out for dinner. On this advance Commander G. W. Rodgers and Paymaster Woodbury were killed on the monitor "Catskill." Many others were wounded, some on every ship. The death of Commander Rodgers depressed the fleet, as he was liked by all, and our admiral placed great confidence in him. The whole fleet hauled out for the day. These brave officers were killed by bolts which were struck by shot on the outside and driven in. Many officers and men were injured in this way.

August 18, at nine o'clock, we repeated our firing, and

all the ships kept it up. Pivot guns were being fired very often, with terrible results on the land. We are battering away at Wagner and Gregg to reduce them to pulp. All are ordered to attack Fort Sumter.

August 19 we were in the fight doing just about the same fierce work. The land batteries did great work to-day jointly with the fleet.

August 20 was a repetition of yesterday. Wagner and Gregg must have done considerable repairing during the night, as they opened fiercely on us this morning.

August 21. There was a desperate effort to-day to smash these two forts. One pivot gun burst thirty inches from the nozzle. We ceased firing at twenty minutes past six, all hands being tired out. The engineers were kept busy backing the engines or going ahead moving them. The tide would take us out of range a little, so we worked the engines all the time, no let-up. We did it bravely and cheerfully.

August 22. From four in the morning until eight in the evening the fleet gave a terrible shaking up to the forts. The ironsides as well as the monitors were in this attack. The weather was terribly hot, so we did not work the men in the middle of the day. We made great havoc of the forts, as many explosions indicated.

August 23. Our batteries on shore commenced firing at three in the morning; the fleet joined them as before. The rebel forts fired tons of shot at our vessels to destroy or disable them. They did both, I am sorry to say. We finally hauled off by the admiral's orders.

A full description of the great fight can be found in Vol. 14, pages 480 and 481 (also the reports of the various monitor commanders) in the records of the Union and Confederate navies. The exact work done by each vessel is there set forth, all of which is very interesting.

An interesting incident occurred during the attack of Fort

Wagner. The day was like some others, intensely hot, and in the midst of the bombardment, when the air was full of passing shot, the hissing noise was peculiar and somewhat frightful, and produced a very dangerous feeling on all of us. I was in the engine room with the senior engineer, and we could hear these passing shots as well as others. Our hatches were open for light and air, and of course if a shell dropped down on us, we would be out of business for good. Just at this time the engineer at the bell on deck fainted (he never was very strong), and having dropped, had to be taken aside and out. The next junior engineer was I, who was ordered on deck to take his place. I obeyed promptly, shook hands with the only engineer below. We agreed thus: if five bells were struck, he would fly for his life, also the firemen and I would stand by him to the last. All this took only a few seconds. I rushed to my station by the bell at the bridge and obeyed orders as to what bells to strike. At once I was rebuked by the officer of the deck for not being in uniform. My answer to him was rather profane. I told him that they did not wear uniforms in hell, and added that we might both be there soon. I was very angry with him; he then said he would report me to the commander for using such language. I had on a white shirt and collar and tie, trousers and shoes, no cap; just ready for a fight. The ship's surgeon and Paymaster Lawrence said they would see me justified at the end. They then took off their coats, as it was terribly hot on deck. The bombardment continued, and after a short time this very officer was nearly prostrated with the heat. I said to him, "Take off your coat and vest and throw your hat away or you will be sunstruck." He did it and then shook hands with me, and withdrew his former remarks. We worked hard this day to win; but, like many other days, after a fierce fight we had to withdraw. The junior engineer recovered sufficient to be of some help, but shortly resigned.

CHAPTER XXXIV

OFF TO PORT ROYAL

AUGUST 23. On this evening we started for Port Royal for coal. We arrived all right and coaled ship at night, as we were to be off the next morning for our station as ordered. In starting the engine on the morning of the 24th the senior engineer was at the starting bar. In some manner too much water had accumulated in the large steam cylinder and could not escape, and as the piston came down and struck the water, this resulted in cracking the lower cylinder head. There we were, broken down and in a sad plight. After some delay we had an investigation which did no good, only caused much delay, as the mistakes were made by those in authority or higher up. Finally the cylinder was repaired so that we were able to go to Philadelphia under our own steam. This I took great pride in, as I felt that it would be disgraceful to us all to be towed to that city. I did my best to assist in repairing the broken cylinder.

Repairs on our cylinder head kept us at Port Royal for some weeks, as a great mistake was made in ordering the proper parts of the disabled engine. It was finally decided to repair the broken cylinder and not wait any longer for another one. Our new commander, R. W. Shufeldt, took this same view of it. I stated that the cylinder could be repaired. Others said "No." Our commander ordered the repairs made, and in one week we were ready for a trial. We ran out and back on this trial, and we were satisfied that we could steam to Philadelphia with safety. We were

ordered to get ready for sea the following morning, Saturday, October 10.

Early on the morning of the 10th anchor was weighed; when the bell struck to start up there was more or less excitement, as it was known that there was a difference of opinion among the engineers about our ability to make successful repairs. Even the ship's crew were delighted when our engine moved and continued to move until we reached Philadelphia or Delaware Breakwater.

By steaming slowly and with care, we had no hitch until we reached the Delaware Breakwater. Just here an unforeseen accident occurred; a steam pipe blew out of its socket. The sudden escape of steam made a great explosive noise, and caused some excitement; for a second we were all stunned by it. I was walking back and forth on the deck with others when this happened. I knew this pipe could be shut off if a certain valve could be reached. As quick as a flash I threw off my uniform, cap and vest, took a coil of rope from the deck, fastened one end around my waist, and told a fireman standing near to lower me down through the manhole that led to a narrow passage between the boilers. He tried to persuade me not to go. I told him when I jerked the rope twice to pull me out. (This fireman's name was Mitchell.) I dropped through the manhole, crawled along and reached the valve and closed it. When the great noise ceased I gave orders from where I was to fire up, that everything was all right. Then I jerked the rope twice, and was carefully hoisted on deck. I was so covered with ashes that I could not be recognized; you would think I was painted yellow; in fact, I was a sight to be seen. A great crowd gathered around the manhole to see me come out. Our commander walked around to me and said, "When you get fixed up, I would like to see you aft." It did not seem possible that a spray of steam and ash dust would smudge a man

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as it did me. I looked smooth and evenly covered with it. It took two days at least to get the ash dust out of my hair. The fireman and crew gave me a great shout when they saw me pulled out. I gave this incident little thought; in fact, I felt it a duty incumbent on me to do just what I did. I figured the risk only after I came out.

When I approached the captain to explain about the accident, we were on our way up the Delaware River, to the Navy Yard. The captain's clerk made a note of what I said. The commander thanked me then and there for what I had done.

Every one thought we would be here in the river at anchor all night, instead of which we were snugly berthed at the Navy Yard and all safe at the city of Philadelphia after being fifteen months on the blockade.

During these fifteen months I never neglected to keep studying and discussing matters in connection with steam engineering.

Many of the officers were detached, and among them all of the engineers except myself. I remained to look after repairs while the ship was at the yard. After being at the Navy Yard some two weeks I received my appointment as acting second assistant engineer, United States Navy, dated November 6, 1863. I waited that morning for my commander; and when he arrived about ten o'clock, I approached him with my papers and told him I had not been examined by the board of engineers; that I thought there was some mistake. The answer to me was, "I examined you and sent my brief to Washington. I sincerely wish I could do more for you, as you deserve it. You never murmured under the most trying circumstances." I thanked him most sincerely and I told him I would endeavor to do my best while in the service. I saw this commander only a few times after this. In later years when appointed rear admiral I

wrote him a letter congratulating him on his well-earned advancement.

It is now the last of November. Our good Commander Shufeldt is now detached. Before going he gave me two weeks' leave of absence, concurred in by the commodore of the Navy Yard, to whom I must report on my return. So I forthwith packed off to Boston to spend Thanksgiving and two weeks with my people.

There was my good mother and sister with whom I had traveled and sailed the St. Lawrence River and back again when we were children. Here I was telling them where I had been and what I did and how I fared. The reunion among us lasted for my two weeks' vacation, and I saw all my friends, young and old.

I was delighted to have the opportunity to tread the good old streets of Boston once more. Many were glad to see me and to hear of my promotion and my general success as a naval officer among my associates. I had many friendly calls from neighbors. My copper color amused them all, as I used to be very pale. The dark copper color changed my appearance very much. I looked now like the Indians of the St. Lawrence Valley, and my health and spirits were of the best.

I called to see my old friend Hon. John B. Alley, the man whom I had such hard work to persuade to indorse my application to be examined as an engineer for the service of the United States Navy. He remembered me from the circumstances, and he appeared to be pleased to see me and to learn how well I succeeded. I wore my new uniform, as all officers wore theirs at that time; and when I told him of my promotion, he seemed as if ready to do most anything for me. He said, "You have changed very much in color; you look like leather." That being his business, this idea of color is what he thought of. I assented. He appeared

interested in me. He said he knew "darned well" I would get along and make out. This interview was amusing to me, as he seemed to be proud of the fact that he had something to do with my getting into the naval service. I had to tell him about the war. "Down there" as he expressed it. So I told him what I knew, and our meeting was agreeable.

I called to see my good old friend, Mayor Wightman, but found out he had not been elected mayor the next year. I found him at his office, and he welcomed me back as if I were his son. I had to tell him lots of things; some he made note of. He was greatly pleased to see me, and on leaving made me promise to call on him some time, so that he could talk things over with me. I enjoyed this short visit very much. In after years I had the pleasure of meeting him on several occasions.

I have a few days more at home with my people. I found my time getting short, and I must be at the Navy Yard for duty by December 4.

CHAPTER XXXV

CHRISTMAS AT HOME

I STARTED on my journey to Philadelphia, and was on time to report to the commandant of the Yard. On reporting I met my new commander, Lieutenant Commander J. C. P. DeCraft. He seemed to be glad to see me, and said he had heard of me, but imagined I was a much older man. He appeared to me to be a very exacting person.

I made up my mind to just attend to my own business and strictly to my duty, and furthermore to make myself as useful as possible.

The machinery of the vessel was disconnected to get the old cylinder out. This I had nothing to do with, but my duty was to make note of the progress of the work. I was the only engineer at this time attached to the vessel; and there was no other officer assigned for duty.

I made my daily morning's report, on arrival of the commander, and he passed it to the commandant, and from thence to the Navy Department at Washington. The constructing engineer during the repairs was very slow, but this we could not help. I spent two or three hours a day around the vessel, or in the Navy Yard, and loitered in the commandant's office. There were several officers around that were attached to other vessels waiting to be repaired, while others were going out. There was always a friendly recognition between the officers passing in and out of the Navy Yard

Christmas time was about here. My commander asked

me if I would like to spend Christmas and New Year's at home. I told him I would be delighted. He then gave me ten days' leave and followed it by saying, "You have attended closely to your duties; I can trust you." I tried hard to please him by not annoying him, but attending to my duties whether he was absent or present. I was very glad when I had permission to go home for a few days, and all of course were glad to have me at home during the Christmas season. I enjoyed this visit home better than the last one. Then I visited many; now I stay wholly with my people, and as things are quiet, I am having a real good rest. There was, however, some little amusement at home nearly every night. My sister always had something in mind with which to entertain me, but we were always at home. I visited our Navy Yard, saw many officers that were there, and like myself, some were in the Fort Sumter fight when I was. Consequently there were many things in common to talk about.

After bidding good-by to my folks and many happy New Years to all, I took my leave.

Monday, January 4, 1864, I arrived at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and on Tuesday morning was ready for duty once more. On my arrival I found that my commander had also gone to spend the holiday with his family. I made a good report on the condition of the repairs on the vessel up to date, so that when he arrived he was much pleased to see me on hand, and that the report on the progress of repairs was ready to hand in. Although from appearance he seemed to be stern, at times he appeared to be reasonable and just. That one thing, seeing me on the ground with the reports ready for inspection, seemed to please him very much. He softened very much to me afterwards; he would tell me when going away to look out for things in his absence, and on these lines we approached each other slowly and

surely. Later on this man proved himself a good friend to me by holding me on his ship instead of allowing me to be transferred to one of the monitors then off Charleston, S. C.

We are still at this Navy Yard (Philadelphia) and our steam cylinder is now in place and gradually we are getting into shape, though we are dreadfully slow. After my morning's inspection and a call at the commandant's office, I would spend the day going to see things that were new to me. The United States Mint on Chestnut Street was then a place of unusual interest for young and old. You can see our money made here from start to finish, and also counted. All visitors are conducted through the mint in a very intelligent and instructive way. The rolling of the bars of gold until they reach the desired thickness, then through other processes until they reach the stamp, where it receives the desired imprint (the eagle, with its fine American head and noble features), and is turned out and finished in good style with the motto "In God we Trust." Besides, the many rare coins that were made in the early days are well worthy of a visit to see.

A sail up the Schuylkill on a small steamer that was well fitted for river recreation and sight seeing. After sailing a few miles up the river this way, a person can get out at most any landing and take the cars back to town. There were many places also in other directions that were of interest.

Even in those early days there were some fine places of amusement as well as the old Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was first proclaimed to the world. This ancient building is worth a visit, as it contains the pictures of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the same chairs in which the great men sat, also the rail and desks. Everything looked as if the occupants had just stepped out. The grand old bell is also there that announced by its tones liberty to the world.

Not far from here the first American flag was made and thrown to the breeze, with its thirteen stars and stripes. The Girard College with its numerous buildings and spacious grounds is a great educational group of buildings, and a walk around the buildings and around the flower beds, so numerously spread out, is very pleasant. All these things help to make the place very desirable. The great college itself is a most magnificent work of art, admired by all who see it, and one of the most interesting sights of the city. Philadelphia lies between two rivers, one being the Delaware on the east, a fine sheet of water and navigable for large vessels from the ocean to the city. Farther inland is the point Washington crossed on the ever memorial passage in winter. The quaint market-places too, where the small and thrifty farmer brings his garden truck to find always a ready market. Many Quakers live in this city, and we all found that they were pleasant to meet, kindly and inoffensive.

A trip to Washington from here is of great interest, and the distance is not very great. Several of the officers took a trip on to see the Capitol of the country. It could be easily seen that Washington was destined to be a great city, as it has proved to be, and there are many wonderful attractions there all the time. Baltimore, on the way, is also worth seeing. From the city through Chesapeake, one can go to Europe. There is a magnificent inland stream terminating in the bay, on the banks of which stands the Annapolis Naval Academy. So in coming back the Delaware on the right can easily be seen from the car windows. Vessels are numerous on this river, mostly light craft, although many heavy ships enter here. The great public and fine bridges spanning the river, make, in the summer time, a most magnificent picture.

Tuesday, January 19. Everything has taken on new life; officers are reporting for duty, new decks are laid, and there

is new rigging and sails. Ship and boats are painted and all are secured in position. The gun tracks are laid and appear to be stronger than formerly, and everything seems to be put in first-class condition. All the officers must be on board by Tuesday noon next. This is the order as we haul out in the stream, to be recommissioned and to be ready to receive the crew, as all the stores are now on board. We have our full quota of engineers and navigating officers; we are also coaled so that we can start for the South at once. I am inclined to think that we have good men as engineers; they look well and have moderate speech and gentlemanly demeanor, and I am sure we will work together. Two of them outrank me, the chief and one other. I am satisfied that our staterooms are arranged accordingly. I advised the chief engineer to make his engineers work the engines slowly at the wharf. I told him that if agreeable when ready, I would start and stop the engines so they could see what should be done, then slowly run the engine a little (the boat being tied up) and a watch kept, that the wheels would be clear of boats.

The chief asked permission to move the engine for practice of the engineers, and this was granted. So I started the engine as of old. They all knew I was on the vessel before and had a good knowledge of the engine and the boilers. This one thing made them all feel easy. I explained everything to them so that they would have a full knowledge of the running of the engine. Strange to say our captain struck the gong to stop and then struck the gong to back. The perspiration ran down their backs, so the chief told me to take the bar. I took it and was ordered away by the commander, as his bells were struck for the new engineers to work the engines, as he wanted to see them do it. I stood by prompting. "Keep cool, you are at the wharf," I would say. The gong was large and strong, and when first struck,

it almost took them off their feet. They were young men with courage, although moderate experience.

January 21. We moved out from the wharf this morning early and received our crew of fine young fellows, our firemen, water tenders, and oilers. Our surgeon was also on hand, and the paymaster ready for disbursement.

We are now in commission, the regular watch bells are struck and regular watch set. Our ammunition came early; nearly all was on board yesterday, and the powder came to-day, with great care. Our water tanks are full, the flag flying. We are now a full-fledged man-of-war, ready for sea. Everything done on the ship is put on the log book, so in the engineer's department we can tell the amount of coal that we burn each day. Many visitors are calling during the day, wives and sweethearts in plenty, with many sweet things to be remembered by that gave good cheer, and consequently lively spirits prevailed all day. We have just heard that we sail to-morrow forenoon, as soon as the captain's clerk and papers are received. This afternoon being pleasant, the sun getting much higher; the day seems to be longer, as if it were bidding us good-by.

CHAPTER XXXVI

OFF TO THE GULF OF MEXICO

SUNDAY, January 24, 1864. We sail to-day, as everything seems to be in readiness, the early callers are now going ashore, the final good-by is being said, and promises of all kinds made; some were kept, others were broken by bad faith, others by death. Many of these bidding good-by will never meet again, as war and fever will thin their ranks.

The mother's only boy going away wearing the blue at his country's call. The mother's kiss of good-by, her picture in his bosom, as if a charm against harm or fevers of all kinds. Many of these young men, afloat and ashore, to their honor be it said, were found either dead or dying, with their mother's picture in their hand, certifying to their love of home and kindred and their faith in God. Many also died at sea. There was no friendly port to enter where the dying could be nursed in quiet; no, their peace of mind was to make their peace with God; their love of home and people and the sacrifice of their life for their country.

At eleven in the morning we started off down the Delaware River, going with the current out to sea. We will be out to sea early this evening. It is getting cold on deck, we will now go below, turn in and get some sleep and be ready to be called for our watch.

Next morning I find we are heading south. We are away out at sea, and out of sight of land, a little rough at this season of the year. We are getting along slowly, not over

eight knots an hour. We see many vessels and ocean steamships moving with great force.

'Third day. We are pretty well down the coast; the weather is getting warmer, and many of the crew are seasick, much to the delight of the old tars, who tell them to go home to their mother and get milk. There is very little sympathy for those that are seasick. The sea is getting quite rough and will continue so. We are having quite a high wind just now; the roll of the vessel is considerable. We change the course a little so that the vessel will not roll so much.

Our orders are to sail straight to the city of New Orleans. We are to steam fairly well on the way without racing in the least. We must save coal at all hazards, for we have a long run. Our upper deck is covered with coal bags filled with coal, as our bunker capacity is limited.

Tuesday, the 28th. We are off for Charleston, and are out to sea. The wind sometimes blows pretty stiff, and a good sea is on; many of the crew and officers are seasick. It is a terrible feeling to have, and rapid moving is the safest cure, or get into a wordy quarrel with somebody; get quite angry, make believe you have been insulted, talk loud and strong, call strong names, if nobody hears you. Be resentful; just keep your mind busy and you will soon get over it, and don't look at the waves. I never was seasick, and there are many who never get seasick. I never heard it explained in a satisfactory way. You may eat or fast, but some will always be seasick.

We had a professor on board this trip, who was explaining how to avoid seasickness. In the midst of his discourse he suddenly put his hand to his mouth and rushed to the rail to give the fishes some dinner. This action on his part caused a good continuous laugh. I understood that he had no desire to continue the subject.

On my first voyage, in 1862, we had a young man as

paymaster's assistant, and after three days out he was taken ill (seasick), oh, deathly sick. Like others, he was joked a bit, but it was soon discovered he was seriously ill. Our surgeon, a good, kind, and attentive man, was by him nearly all the time. He would cry for home, for his people, he would squeeze my hand, and ask me to help him get home. We all would make promises to assist him, thinking he would soon be well, but no, poor fellow, he died from homesickness, — nothing else. We could not cheer him in any way; his mind was on his people, and he died from a broken heart. We all liked him very much. He was buried at daybreak in a sand bank, back from the shore.

This was the first death on the ship, and I could see it was very depressing to the crew and all hands.

Monday, February 1, at Key West. We arrived here at noon to-day, came to anchor. The gunboat "Metacomet" ran into our wheelhouse, and it will take some days to repair. This gave us a good chance to go ashore and look the island over, which we did. The bananas at this season of the year (as well as lemons) were in abundance on the trees. There are fine roads, rather woody, but nevertheless were really so rustic it was pleasant to walk on them, they felt so soft to the feet. I was a little nervous while rambling around; I did not like the big cocoanuts, as they only seemed to be held by a slender cord of a twisted vine. Having seen none fall, after my first walk among the trees, I felt quite secure from them afterwards.

On the island of Key West there are a few stores where many odd things are for sale. Curiosities of the sea; they are rare. Some like seashells, monsters, and coral with life on it, glistening in the sun, sponges of the choicest kind, and at what appeared to be very low prices. Many of these articles are bought and sent North.

We found all the inhabitants of a gentle disposition, with

Indian traits in their make-up, and also in appearance. They are quite expert with their canoes, rather a rough contrivance called a "dug-out."

The whole bed of the ocean seems to be white with coral substance everywhere. Throw a stick overboard and sink it, and in a short while it will begin to get white, and in addition to pink spots a continuous white, slightly tinted, which gives it a very pleasant color to look at.

The people that live here appear to be poor. They fish, barter in trade a little, and eke out a poor existence.

There is hardly any rise or fall of the tide here.

Saturday, February 11. After ten days here, repairing the wheelhouse, we are now off to New Orleans, some six hundred and fifty miles across the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi.

We are having a long run in the Gulf Stream.

The Gulf of Mexico is a lonesome place, not many ships moving at this season of the year. That great indigo blue stream called the "Gulf Stream" always seems to have some mystery about it. It is stated that the western winds cause this color of the waters. I wish some professors who would have you think they know all about it, would visit the gulf and take a bottle of water from near the bottom and explain how that gets blue, before the winds can touch it; also its great heat at that depth, and furthermore the well-defined blue green of the gulf. There is some mystery here that should be scientifically cleared up.

Monday, February 13. We are now entering the Southwest Pass, and are moving up the Mississippi River on to New Orleans, one hundred and ten miles away. During this passage we have the crew drilled in different kinds of work, all very interesting, such as large gun drill, bayonet, sword and fire drill, and the call to leave ship, as the ship is sinking, plug shot holes, and all the various things that are liable to

happen. Even the surgeon's table is at hand, some stretchers near; life-lines in case a man is overboard; also repel boarders, a storm, reef for your life, hold on with your teeth, and all such. The fresh water is guarded, so is the powder magazine; everything is under guard. With all this caution on ship, we have a great many crimes committed. Robberies at night are a common occurrence, when the lights are out. The robber is never caught, because when the lights are produced, the men being all dressed alike, nobody can swear who it was that committed the robbery, and so later on the same thing is repeated.

We are now at New Orleans, at the Navy Yard wharf. We remained here one month for repairs to our rudder and wheelhouse and the strengthening of the deck under the big gun, also for coaling ship. During this time I went to a French teacher of mechanical drawing. I went quite often; the commander favored me. I changed watches with the other engineers, so that I could spend two hours every day.

All of a sudden we were ordered up the river to Baton Rouge, where we stayed for a few days, and then returned to New Orleans.

During my absence the smallpox broke out with great violence, and the man who was teaching me died from it and nearly all his family; also I lost all my instruments and drawings and I was forced to hasten away from the place for fear I might catch the disease, or cause it to break out on the ship. I was somewhat frightened at the epidemic prevailing at that time.

March 15. We are now under the shears, taking ordnance on board for the fleet at Mobile Bay.

We are off down the Mississippi River and are hurrying to the fleet off Mobile.

March 17. Delivering stores to the fleet as directed.

March 21. We are now off for Pensacola.

March 26. We are back and now on blockade off Mobile.

April 23. Ordered to Pensacola on special duty; remained here three days.

On April 28 we were ordered back to our station on the blockade off Mobile.

April 30. Early in the morning discovered a vessel sneaking out, gave chase and captured her. She proved to be the schooner "Judson," loaded with cotton and turpentine and some other stores. We took the prize in tow and anchored alongside of the flagship. This vessel was taken to New Orleans for adjudication. The whole crew received some prize money, as well as the officers.

May 1 to May 19 on active blockade duty, cruising and chasing false alarms.

May 19. Went to Pensacola. On May 20 started for New Orleans on special business for the admiral, where we remained ten days. We made some slight repairs to the vessel and took on some coal.

June 1. We are off to Mobile, and down the river we go at great speed. We always have a pilot. After reporting to the admiral, we are ordered once more to our station and to be in readiness to move at once. This order was obeyed to the letter.

We are now out at sea with the fleet on picket duty. Yesterday we received orders to enter the Mississippi for guard and picket duty. We would send out boats at night up the bayous on picket duty, and they would return at daybreak. Our main duty was to watch the movements of rebel vessels or torpedo boats that might be sent down to destroy our vessels on blockade. This duty was very dangerous as the rebels had sharpshooters picking our men off. They were in the bush, while our men were in the open boats or on deck.

CHAPTER XXXVII

BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY

JULY, 1864. We remained all this month in Mississippi Sound, keeping a sharp lookout. Once in a while we would be ordered on some dispatch duty, and after that duty was performed we would return to this station. We had some small vessels assisting us while on duty in the sound. We had plenty of leisure time to enjoy ourselves; small games were played every day, but no cards were allowed. Checkers was the game of all games; everybody played it. When tired playing with one, then change and play with another, and so on day after day. I played some, not much, just a friendship game or two, rather than to be odd. I studied just enough to keep me busy and in the lead.

The weather was very hot, terribly hot, still a cool breeze would come and cool us a bit.

I found by making comparison with others that I was making little headway all the time in my studies. I soon found out who was the best mathematician; I then sought information from the right source. Such people I always found were willing to impart the desired information without any flourish.

Among the many things we do during part of the day is to fish; many of the officers like to fish, and they do, especially in rainy weather. There seems to be an impression that fish bite better on a rainy day. Whether the absence of the sunlight and the pattering of the raindrops on the surface of the water has anything to do with it, is a question. It is

well known that some men will only fish on a wet day because they are more successful. Others again trail for sharks with a great hook and a big piece of pork on it. Sharks are shy and hard to catch.

The catching of gulls is another pastime. A piece of board with corn or bread on it and held with a strong line; a few small fish-hooks are secured to the board and the hooks fastened to the corn, so that when the corn is swallowed you have the gull; then you pull in and take the gull in hand, and you may get the hook out if you have luck. These gulls look at you as if they knew you. Strange and wild is this look and not easily forgotten. You never hurt the gull you catch; he wins your kindness, and you let him go.

The last of the month of July I noticed that the blockading fleet inside with us was being increased in number, and off Mobile entrance a large number are assembling, while our commander has frequent interviews with Admiral Farragut.

This morning we saw from our deck the arrival of two monitors and coal schooners. It appears that there is every expectation of the early appearance of the rebel ram "Tennessee." The plan is now being put in shape how to attack this great engine of war with her ironclad inclined sides and steel prow and powerful English rifled cannons. When the time comes, there will be a terrible loss of life in the unequal battle, — the ironclad ram against the poor wooden ships; but they are manned with hearts of oak, so when the struggle comes, the alacrity of the crew of these wooden ships, I am sure, will cause us to win the battle of the gulf, and we did.

It is noticeable that there is great activity among the ships of the fleet; topmasts are lowered, and the square yards are also taken down. This great change in the appearance of the ships makes one feel that they are stripped for war, which afterwards proved to be so. They are now nearly ready for battle.

On account of the swiftness of our ship, the "Conemaugh," and the energy shown by her commander and officers, Admiral Farragut used us as a dispatch boat and we were often sent on special missions, when so selected and our orders received. We were off like hounds on our always serious mission, where often hundreds of lives were at stake; and if we failed to perform the duty we were ordered to, we would be humiliated. It looked fine to see us ploughing through the water to reach our destination. We had heavy cannon on board and good gun crews, so woe betide any vessel that should try to obstruct our path. On, on, surging on, to deliver written orders from the admiral to those for whom they were intended.

A number of vessels have been sent into Mississippi Sound to form a flotilla to attack Fort Powell and open Grant's Pass, so that a passage can be taken from Mobile Bay to New Orleans without going outside.

The "Conemaugh" has been selected as the flagship of this flotilla and all vessels in Mississippi Sound. We are practicing already by signals, as if rehearsing for a drama.

Vessels are moving in and around each other, learning to avoid collisions when in battle array. We fired our guns (no shot) to get the desired practice, as our commander means business when we get into action. Signals are now being given to see if orders are quickly and properly understood, and when this is done and the order given to advance on Fort Powell, there will be no misunderstanding. The interest and alacrity shown by this little fleet was really wonderful; all signals were understood. Boats were lowered in drill, vessels passed each other sailing in a circle so that a broadside could be fired. This feature of practice was well done.

August 1. At a conference between Admiral Farragut and General Canby; and at the suggestion of Admiral Farragut it was decided that Fort Gaines should be the first in-

vested. For this purpose the flagship "Conemaugh" was to have many small boats or cutters to take soldiers from the steamers and land them.

August 3. In the afternoon the steamers arrived with the troops. The signal was given to call away all the large cutters, to take the troops ashore. There were no wharves for landing purposes. These troops were all landed on Dauphine Island. The cutters made a rush for the steamers, and in less than three hours eighteen hundred troops were landed on the beach and were ready to march on towards Fort Gaines when ordered, now being nearly ten miles away. This work of landing the troops was done with dispatch. Tents were also taken ashore and many articles; then all boats returned to their respective ships and the whole work was good exercise.

Friday, August 5, 1864. This is the morning of the beginning of the famous Battle of Mobile Bay, in which the ram "Tennessee," after a great fight, was captured.

A beautiful morning, a smooth sea, and the sky without a cloud, as if nature was observing an ominous silence and waiting to hear the firing of the first gun in battle and be shaken into life by its echoes.

Drums answering drums from front to rear, in hoarse summons to the officers and men of each ship to assemble at their quarters. This was at four o'clock in the morning.

The wooden ships began to take their position as directed in columns of twos, lashed together, so if one should be disabled the other could render assistance. This plan was a wise one, as it proved afterwards. After all vessels were lashed together, the order to advance was given, the four monitors leading. In this advance, in a few minutes, we lost one of the best monitors, "Tecumseh," by a torpedo.

The fleet moved on to victory under the lead of the great Admiral Farragut. Onward the monitors and fleet moved, pouring forth fire from all starboard guns, from stem to

stern; and the grand old admiral in the starboard main rigging of the "Hartford," lashed secure, in such a manner that he could use his hands, one hand grasping the rigging and the other holding a marine glass. In this dangerous position he could turn easily in every direction and see all that was passing below him on the water and on the land.

The history of the famous battle should be read by every man, North and South; and remember, all on both sides were Americans.

While the naval battle was going on in Mobile Bay, the "Conemaugh," flagship of the sound flotilla, had already sailed to their station and was already bombarding Fort Powell at Grant's Pass. These vessels were in the form of a crescent. They moved on as close as they could to the fort, the water being very shallow.

Commander DeKraft was also in the crosstrees watching not only his own fleet, but also the Mobile Bay fleet. He described the advance of the main fleet as very stately in appearance and moving in compact order. He noticed also that a light breeze was springing up from the westward, which must certainly blow the smoke from our guns as soon as they are opened full upon the forts and batteries.

At seven o'clock in the morning the battle is on, on both sides, on sea and land.

The scene from the deck of the "Conemaugh" was grand beyond description; the forts, batteries, and monitors, also the army in this desperate fight, nearly all enveloped in smoke. The rapid flashes of the continuous and repeatedly fired guns helped to illuminate the sky, and brought the wooden vessels into plain view. The cautious advance of the army to invest Fort Gaines against a heavy fire was bravely and successfully done.

The flotilla fleet in Mississippi Sound, the "Conemaugh" being the flagship.

On the morning of the 5th of August the little fleet of six ships was held as if by a leash, anchor chains closely hauled, waiting the order by signal from the admiral to move into action. At last the order came. It was given to cast loose and take our position and begin to fire at Fort Powell without further orders.

The rush to battle by the flotilla was wonderful; shot and shell was poured into Fort Powell until it was made untenable. At first the fort resisted the attack with rifled cannons, but it was evacuated at about ten-thirty at night. The guns were spiked by the rebels. Shortly after evacuating the fort a bright light was seen to burn for a few seconds, then a dark column rose suddenly to a great height, and with a heavy report and bright flash told the story that Fort Powell had been blown up. At daybreak next morning, by order of our Commander DeKraft, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Pomery, commanding the "Estrella," once more hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the ruins of Fort Powell. No lives were lost. Then the crews of the various ships were set to work removing all the obstructions in Grant's Pass or channels; and after this was done a clear passage could be had from Mobile Bay through Grant's Pass to New Orleans.

Our admiral commended us for doing our work well. The crushing blow and vigorous firing of DeKraft's flotilla was applauded throughout the fleet. Many distinguished commanders visited our ship.

Our engines and boilers are in fine condition and are now ready for any immediate duty. The health of the engineers is fairly good.

August 6, Fort Gaines surrendered; good work for two days.

The surrender of the ram "Tennessee."

The surrender of Fort Powell.

August 6, the surrender of Fort Gaines.

August 23, the surrender of Fort Morgan.

It is a gratifying sight to see once more the Stars and Stripes floating from the ramparts of Fort Gaines and Fort Powell, and also from the flag-staff of the ram "Tennessee."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

FALL OF FORT MORGAN

WE were actively engaged in the bombardment of Fort Morgan from August 7 until the surrender of the same on the morning of August 23, 1864. The commander of the fort bravely held out until, at six-thirty, he was surrounded by the dead and dying; some of the magazines were on fire; terrible explosions took place, and the interior of the fort was on fire. Then, and not till then, was the white flag run up. Wonderful was the resistance offered by the defenders of Fort Morgan. The last shot was fired and not enough men were left to man any of the guns. There lay the dead and dying, the terribly wounded and the wounded that could crawl; this being their condition, and the continuous shower of shot and shell dropping in their midst. Under conditions of this kind it was a brave act to surrender. One of their number bravely stepped on the rampart with the white flag amidst the iron hail poured from the guns of our Union ships. Instantly, as if by magic, firing ceased out of respect for the flag of truce. Once more our glorious flag floats over Fort Morgan.

After the surrender of Fort Gaines and Fort Powell the "Conemaugh," with other vessels of the fleet, was ordered to various stations on the blockade.

The "Conemaugh," being well equipped with heavy guns, was ordered to participate in the bombardment of Fort Morgan. This was our duty every day since the 6th of August. There were many vessels firing at this fort, not only from the gulf side, but also from Mobile Bay, the Union forces

having complete possession of the bay. The inside fleet as well as the outside fleet fired an immense amount of iron in the form of shot and shell into the fort. Occasionally we would be fired at, as the fort was well supplied with shot and shell. They kept us busy defending ourselves. The rebels fought desperately to avoid surrender, but our grip was tightening on them all the time, until the surrender came.

August 23, 1864. The surrender of Fort Morgan came early in the morning, — a great relief to the blockading fleet. Vessels of the fleet closed up near each other to get the news. At six-thirty o'clock in the morning a white flag was displayed on the parapet of the fort, when all firing ceased. Immediately after the fall of Fort Morgan, the "Conemaugh" was selected to carry the news to New Orleans. When the admiral's dispatches came on board, we were off as if a hound of the sea. The sea we kicked up in starting almost swamped the admiral's dispatch boat.

We gave scant ceremony, pending waiting for and receiving dispatches. Our fires under the boilers were all new and clean, so we were waiting and ready when the gong struck. I was at the starting bar, slow, strong, and steady until we got a little headway; then we gradually opened up. All the engineers were on hand to render assistance if required. It would never do to break down now from any undue haste. We went steadily and swiftly on with the news of the victory.

The steamers "Bienville" and "Tennessee" took the dead and wounded up to New Orleans in great haste, so as to bury the dead and succor the wounded in the hospitals.

Early in the afternoon of the 23d of August final arrangements of surrender were made and agreed to.

The "Conemaugh" arrived at New Orleans early in the morning of the 24th. We are now lying in the stream, arranging to have certain repairs made to the hull and steering

gear. The boilers are now being scaled, as we are in fresh water.

The 29th we are at the Navy Yard wharf, taking stores on board as well as making repairs. We coal ship to-morrow.

October 1. We are held in readiness for some special work. Our commander, officers, and crew are allowed to go on shore, subject to immediate call to duty, — a short leave to go ashore.

October 15. No change in the situation. We are at anchor in the river. This keeps the men together and ready to work ship.

October 22. We are off to Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, located on the banks of the Mississippi. There is some trouble here to be adjusted. There are several other ships here, among them are some ironclads. It looks now as if the show of great force made by the assembled ships has already overawed the disturbing element. The State capitol here is in ruins from some former attack. It is believed that they do not want another. We returned to New Orleans October 27, 1864.

As formerly, we are here at anchor and awaiting orders. While waiting here it has been discovered that our vessel has been driven very hard and the ship requires strengthening in several ways. It cannot be done here.

November 5. We are off for Mobile Bay. We arrived on the morning of the 6th, and are now at anchor in Mobile Bay. While here we had a good chance to look at the forts we captured. Fort Morgan and the lighthouses are a wonderful sight, so are the other forts. We spent four days here looking around.

November 10. We are ordered North for repairs. We are now starting out to sea and heading for Key West. We are in the gulf once more sailing along in an ordinary way, and expect to make Key West to-morrow afternoon. We find

some other vessels going North for repairs; in fact, there are only a few vessels required down here now. Many of them are relieved and ordered elsewhere where needed, as the war is not over yet by any means.

We have no fever among the crew, and there is considerable sickness here at this season of the year. Our ship is kept in good condition by the executive officer's watchfulness. We are now passing the Dry Tortugas, and we round about for Key West. At noon we sighted Key West, but we are only to call, to leave letters and packages for officers and men. We are now entering Key West. I find we have signaled for coal. Dinner is over, decks are cleared. We are steaming up alongside of the coal wharf. The commander has already stepped ashore with dispatches, accompanied by an orderly.

November 13. Breakfast being over we are now finishing coaling ship. At eleven o'clock we cast loose and are now moving out of the channel. The vessel is in charge of a pilot, as usual. In all our movements we have pilots, and they are on the lookout for us. We signal from some distance for them, and we are hardly ever delayed by them.

I have been in and out of Key West before. We are nearly out of the channel, the engines are now stopped to let the pilot off; he is not long on a ship, but it is dangerous without him. We are now out to sea, heading for Beaufort, N. C. The third day out we discovered ahead of us a good-sized boat adrift; nobody in it, no oars. This boat is well filled with cigars in boxes, a very large number of boxes piled on each other. The boat was secured, all the boxes taken on board in good condition. The boat was towed astern and left somewhere on the coast. The cigars were divided among the officers and crew, the commander reserving his share.

On this passage we stood well out at sea, thus avoiding shoal places. We struck a high wind this morning, and we are moving along carefully in quite a heavy sea. We came near

losing one of our best cutters and life-boat; the heavy thumping of the waves caused its fastenings to snap. It was quickly discovered and checked, just as the rope was leaving the block that held the hook, but was finally secured. The lurching and pitching of the vessel caused the breeching of our eleven-inch gun to work loose. The gun rolled across and made a terrible thump, then returned and gave another thump, when a messenger boy's quick wit caused him to check it with a hammock which he took from the netting. This boy's name was Yeaton. It was lucky that these accidents happened in the daytime, as many of the crew were walking around, talking the situation over and lending a hand where necessary, as the sun went down.

We passed Cape Fear Light early this morning, and we are moving along in a steady way. We are well out of water, as our coal has very much diminished, and we must coal at Beaufort. We are now heading for Cape Lookout, this being the entrance to Beaufort Harbor. The high sea of last night has expended itself in its fury. One of the firemen died last night in the height of the storm, and we will bury him at Beaufort. He was a good man and well liked.

Cape Lookout has been reported, but the crew has ample time for dinner before reaching this place.

We have a signal up for a pilot to go with us over the dangerous bar, which has to be crossed to reach the bay. We have stopped for our pilot. He rang the bell to back, much to the surprise of everybody. We backed a good way to escape a reef. Then we stopped the engines; then he rang the bell to go ahead, which we did. To our surprise he took us into the true channel, when we thought we were in the right one. We nearly ran ashore.

Saturday, November 19. We are now entering Beaufort Harbor, N. C. At four-thirty we dropped anchor and trimmed

everything for safety, as they have many heavy blows across this harbor without much notice.

Sunday. Our dead fireman was buried. To-day many sailors went on shore with the body. Firemen also acted as pall bearers. When we reached the shore a crowd soon gathered about us. Among them were many colored people. The whites and the blacks showed much respect for the dead, and many of these also walked to the grave to witness the burial. Our paymaster acted as chaplain. He read from the Episcopal service, and it was nicely and reverently done. Sailors and officers were lined up, and stood uncovered and at attention. This sad duty being performed, we formed in order and marched back to the ship. All felt that they did their duty to their departed shipmate.

The crew in relays went on shore for a short walk to see the town. They were going and coming until dark. All enjoyed Sunday at Beaufort, although the sad duty of burial interfered somewhat with the pleasure of the day.

We are coaling ship to-day from a schooner. It is slow work, but we do not want much coal, only enough to carry us to Philadelphia. There is some liberty on shore for those who did not go before. Some small stores are going on board to-day, — just enough to last, not over four days. It is stated that bluefish are here in abundance, but have to be caught in a peculiar way. The fishermen have fair-sized sloops with much sail, and they bait the hook with a white cotton rag, then the fish go for it and are easily caught. No time is lost baiting hooks, as the rag is seldom lost or swallowed by the fish. Each man has two or three lines out, and he is kept busy hauling in the fish.

At this season of the year the days are very short. The crew are now through with their supper, the decks cleared, some little amusement going on. Later in the evening there will be singing of old-time songs. The bones and the banjos

will be called into use, as they have had only a little chance to use them on this trip, we were kept so busy.

Tuesday, November 22. After breakfast we start for Philadelphia. The decks are now cleared, the ship's boats are finally secured by lashing, as we have to go well out to sea to escape Cape Hatteras. The pilot has just come on board. He is a short, stout man, as dark as the ace of spades, but not a negro. He will not talk, and he is of great consequence in his own estimation. He does not try to make friends, for he knows he may never see us again; but there is one thing he does know, and that is, if he gets the vessel ashore, he will be put under arrest and punished and his license taken away from him, so he attends strictly to business, and everybody always obeys his orders while on the bridge in command. The anchor has just been weighed, the engine is moving and we are cautiously creeping out, as the bar here shifts. These pilots can tell at a glance where it is. We are now over the bar and letting the pilot drop into his boat. It is short work. We are now heading out to sea for a few miles for safety. We will pass Cape Hatteras during the night.

We are well out to sea and heading north. The weather, one feels, is getting cooler, and we have to be a little careful. We have had a very pleasant sailing day, as we saw many sailing vessels as well as steamers. At sunset to-night everything went on quite pleasantly, as we are in much smoother water. The colored boys are entertaining us by singing some good old songs, such as "I am going Home," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Loved Ones at Home," "I'm Going to see My Mamie," and with jokes furnished much mirth; then "Auld Lang Syne" and a few songs that were called for.

It pleased many to see our captain listening to the singing, for to-morrow we part, this being our last night at sea. Every one was in good humor, which made a wonderful fellow-feeling among shipmates. The officers were more than de-

lighted at the entertainment given by these colored boys, for which many thanks were given, as all enjoyed the evening. These colored boys made no trouble during the voyage, every one of them doing his duty.

An extra watch is set to-night, as it is dark and we are nearing the shore and many vessels are passing. We must keep a good lookout to avoid collision.

November 25, 1864. At daybreak Cape May was sighted. We steered for it, and made good headway, as the sea was quite smooth. The crew are having breakfast while we are passing the cape and entering Delaware Bay. This bay is large and spacious. They have a heavy sea at times here, which called for a breakwater. The decks being cleared, the crew are much interested with the scenery along the banks of the Delaware. Our commander lives at Wilmington on the banks of the river. He is quite interested, looking steadily through his powerful marine glass at his home, to see if some member of his family is about, but without success, as they were not expecting him. Eight bells has struck, and mess cloths are spread and the crew has settled down to their last dinner on the ship. The river now is getting somewhat narrow, although still over a mile wide. We seem to be going along quite fast.

Just a year ago on this river, on this same vessel, the accident occurred to the steam pipe. For services rendered I was promoted, but with another good and able commander.

CHAPTER XXXIX

PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD

WE can now see the city of Philadelphia from the bridge. Being clear sailing, we got along without a pilot. We are now moving slower, as there are many vessels moving about and they bother us somewhat. Our signals are up, telling who we are; these signals are seen for quite a distance, which gives ample time for orders to be made out, and received on arrival. We attracted considerable attention as we had a weather-beaten look. No wonder! for we have sailed nearly two thousand miles since we left New Orleans and Key West.

Well, here we are, off the city of Philadelphia. We have let go our anchor in the middle of the stream at four o'clock, Friday, November 5, 1864.

Our commander has just gone ashore in his gig to see the commandant of the Navy Yard for full instruction as to the disposition of the crew and ship. We are to stay here all night, nobody to go ashore until to-morrow. The crew is now at supper, — the last supper on the ship, as they will be sent on board the "Guarde" to-morrow, either to be discharged or shipped on some other vessel.

Saturday morning, after the crew are through breakfast, they are to be marched over to the "Guarde." The officers have received their orders and are prepared to obey them. We are all detached and placed on waiting orders. After breakfast we steamed up to the Navy Yard wharf, on which there was a squad of marines to take charge of the crew and

conduct them to and on the "Guarde." Fires were hauled from under the boilers and the boilers were blown off. The engines and boilers are now in charge of the officers connected with the Yard. The officers bade each other good-by. Our commander took me one side and gave me good advice, to stay in the service, and that I would get along. This was the first time that he had much to say to me in this way. I remained at theYard until Friday, December 1, when I received my order detaching me from the "Conemaugh" and placing me on waiting orders. After bidding our commander and Commodore Hull of the Yard good-by, I started at once for Boston.

I arrived in Boston on Saturday, December 2, 1864, after being away about eleven months. I remained on waiting orders until the 9th of January, 1865. I then received orders from the Department to report to Admiral Stringham at the Charlestown Navy Yard for duty on board the U.S.S. "Circassian."

I waited five weeks for orders. To be at home after being away about eleven months was a boon of great comfort to me, as I spent it with my family; especially on account of the fall of Mobile Bay, 5th of August, 1864, and as the papers were full of it, much to the honor of those who participated in it, though it was well known many lives were lost.

Saddest of all was the sinking of the monitor "Tecumseh," a monitor of great power and manned by a great and noble commander as well as his officers and the men who stood by their guns, and went down with their heroic Commander Craven. Sad, indeed, were the thoughts of every one, although we won, and the victory was ours. We conquered the formidable rebel ram "Tennessee" and all the rebel gunboats, as well as Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, and Fort Powell; but all were saddened by the loss of the "Tecumseh" and crew by a treacherous torpedo.

UNITED STATES STEAMER "CIRCASSIAN"

All my young friends gathered around me and made my stay very pleasant.

January 9, 1865, I received orders to report for duty on board the U.S.S. "Circassian" at the Charlestown Navy Yard. This order was promptly obeyed, and I was on duty January 10. My services were required as the ship was nearly ready to go to sea, or on her journey. This vessel was a supply steamer, furnishing supplies for the several squadrons. She was a large iron steamship of two thousand tons capacity, an English-built blockade runner and bark rigged. She had plenty of sail; if anything happened to the engine or boilers, the vessel could sail fairly well without power, and she did so when we ran into favorable winds. The engines of this vessel were of the beam engine pattern and placed athwartship in the vessel, and were of great power. The power was applied to a screw propeller, this being the type of propulsion. The screw propeller was a strong and unique type built in Scotland. We had twenty furnaces, ten furnaces in each boiler. This vessel was an iron ship and substantially built. I always thought the engines were easily managed; others thought differently.

Supplies were being rapidly put on board; these supplies were of all kinds, — hardware, beef, plenty of ice, medicinal supplies. Many relief officers were to be dropped off at the different stations of ships as we went along.

We were nearly ready for sea when I reported on board. The officers were all strangers, but they had me down nicely, for somebody gave me away as the "schoolmaster." I want to state right here that the engineers of this vessel, as a whole, were the best I have met yet, excepting one of the number who was too nervous to be of any use. When we reached Port Royal he was given a position on a tug, but he found he was in the wrong business and pined daily to get home.

We were finally laden, as short work was made of our

loading. We started right off from the wharf, swung around, and away we went, kicking up quite a foam in our wake. This was Wednesday, January 18, 1865, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The sky for this season of the year was mild and blue; no sun, but the heavens were pleasant to look at. We ploughed along, reached the outer Boston Light and, making for the open sea, passed Minot's Ledge Light, and shortly afterwards we were heading for the South.

Engine-room watches were set for the night, and it was singular that I was given the midnight watch, being the last one to come. The chief gave me this watch for safety, because I studied the engines at the dock and worked them, while the others concluded they would catch on at sea. This proved to some a great mistake, as afterwards they were humiliated for want of this very practice.

I found myself in good standing with my superior officers, simply because I could handle the engines with care and ease, and always kept one eye on the boilers.

We are now moving along at quite a clip. It is daybreak, out of sight of land, in plenty of deep water, and heading south all the time. Now our fourth day out; there is very little sickness among the firemen or crew. Some of the officers are seasick, — nearly always the case.

We are now at Hampton Roads to leave some dispatches and ice. Part of our army can be seen on shore; everything is military and in earnest.

None of the officers is allowed on shore, our stay is so brief. A great hustle by the crew to swing things on the run, then on to the wharf. This work being done, the gank-plank is shoved ashore, our engines are started, we are off; our flag is dipped. We are allowed to pass Fortress Monroe. We are now nearing Hatteras, a very rough portion of the southern coast, on account of the meetings of the waters. We are keeping well out at sea, as we draw some twenty-four feet of water.

The night watches are now being kept with great caution for fear of being run into, or our running into others, as many of our vessels run down here without lights because they don't want to be seen by the blockade runners, while the lights on the blockade runners give them away.

We are now heading for Charleston, S. C. We will head for the "Ironsides" when we reach that place, the "Ironsides" being the flagship or the headquarters at this station, one of the busiest of the southern coast.

We are now south of Hatteras, sailing along with a desire to reach Charleston as early as possible to give supplies to ships on this station. Many articles are now being hoisted on deck ready for immediate delivery.

Early this morning, February 1, signals were hoisted announcing who we were, so that the mail and supplies for the various vessels on blockade should be sent for at once. As we approached the fleet we could see great activity on the decks of the various vessels. A signal from the flagship to come to anchor, two hundred yards astern. The whole fleet was signaled to send boats. I had a great chance to look for old landmarks, and I could only recognize a few, as we were well outside the bar and at anchor in the zone of safety. It took until dark to deliver all the goods and ice that they were entitled to here.

February 1. As the sun goes down the word is passed, "All hands up anchor!" and at one run of the cable by the crew the anchor is weighed, the engines are moving, signal is up, and we are off for Port Royal, eighty miles away. We are heading now for deep water in the South Atlantic; and then with the vessel headed for the southwest, if we have no storms during the night, with moderate sailing we will be in Port Royal for breakfast. Watches are set, and extra ones are set for the night, a double watch on the lookout. We are now entering the water celebrated for blockade running, as

there are so many rivers and inlets for these light-draught vessels to run into, and very often this is done. The blockade runners are painted a gray color resembling the fog, and early in the morning they can hardly be discerned from the shore, on account of this color. Our own vessels are painted nearly the same shade.

Morning. As expected, we are now entering the long channel to Port Royal (eighteen miles long). Our stately ship stands up finely, and as we pass the other vessels a generous welcome is always extended to us, our mission being one of peace. We have food, ice, wines, and general stores, — something for every ship. The mail is what hundreds of men (mostly the crew) are waiting for; to hear from those at home, — such a wonderful feeling of love and affection for those at home. We were nearly all young men; some were stout boys, who can always be relied on in all kinds of emergencies. They grew to be good men, good and true. When their term of service is up, many of them do not reenlist. This is to be regretted.

We are coming to anchor at Hilton Head, Port Royal, the station being one of the oldest. The U. S. ship "Vermont" is the headquarters for the admiral of the South Atlantic Squadron. From here all orders emanate for the fleet, and all orders from the Secretary of the Navy are received and promulgated.

Port Royal. While here at anchor our boilers are carefully examined, the engines carefully looked over, the gibs and keys felt of and set up and the several pumps also looked at. We are having one of the fleet engineers look us over to see what care we are giving the engines, boilers, and pumps, as they can tell quickly if proper care is given to the same, a glance at some of the parts and some questions asked. This we expect and invite; and if we want any additional parts or help, we get it. These engineers are gentlemen, no tricks about them;

they are all big men in their profession, and they will always praise if they can, but rarely condemn unless inefficiency or gross ignorance is manifested, or neglect of duty. Then changes are made right away, by transfer or dismissal. It is astonishing the number of boats that are alongside; among them are officers that were formerly on the "Conemaugh," but were detached during the long repairs of last year. We were glad to see each other, and hear of each other's promotion.

The evening of our second day here, we are now about to get under way, as we have to sail through the main channel before dark and then drop our pilot.

We are off; not much time to spare before it gets dark, and we are going out once more in the South Atlantic Ocean.

February 10. We are now off for Key West, some five hundred and fifty miles away. This part of the trip will take some time, as we have a long streak of a sandy coast with coral reefs occasionally. We ran into one of these reefs on a fine, clear, sunny afternoon. Things looked bad for us for some time. On this occasion we were blessed with a head wind; and by setting all sail to catch the wind, with the assistance of the engine by backing and filling, we succeeded in backing out of what was almost the ship's grave. There was some excitement, fault finding, and recrimination, but to say the least the sailing master and the men at the wheel were negligent in their duties.

The sails are all furled as the wind is dead ahead and we are not running very fast. We are very careful of our coal also, as we cannot get any until we reach Pensacola, after leaving Key West, — eight days' sail.

We made Key West this morning, and we will be at the wharf at noon. The many islands are a sight, and the salt water here is as clear as crystal. The sponge gatherers are at work collecting sponges. They have a small boat and two

or three long poles or a folding pole like a spy-glass. These men can see sponges at a great depth and catch them with their pronged-hook pole. They also pick up conch-shells; some dive down and bring these up with their feet. It's a great sight to see these men working this way day after day.

The water each side of the channel is very shallow, so much so that the fishermen can be seen walking in the water, miles from shore. The piles here that support the wharf are coppered like the ship's bottom; otherwise the worms known as the "boreos" would have cut them off in a short time. To protect them they have to be coppered.

Singularly this vessel—the "Circassian,"a blockade runner, — was captured entering this port, the captain not knowing that the Union forces were in possession of the place. The English commander expressed himself rather profanely when he said if he were captured by an American man-of-war, there would be some honor in it, but being captured by a ferry boat, a damned old crab, it was simply disgraceful. This is just the way the "Circassian" was captured. So far she has done good service for the government as a transport, on account of her great tonnage.

One day when ashore at Key West we saw some bananas, lemons, and cocoanuts growing on the trees, — a great sight for a northern man. The first time when walking the streets you feel that the cocoanuts may fall and give your "cocoanut" a good rap; you keep watch just the same. We all get a few bananas and lemons; the lemons for some reason get moldy right away.

Having transacted all our business at this place, we are now off for Pensacola, Fla., and are now entering the Gulf of Mexico. We are to steam six hundred miles across the gulf. We received some coal at Key West, but we must be very careful with it, as we are a little short.

CHAPTER XL

CROSSING THE GULF OF MEXICO

AN incident happened on the ship during the passage from Port Royal to Key West. As we ran into very warm weather, the firemen asked for ice water with oatmeal in it. I sent the water tender, who was a good man, but rather a rough, ill-tempered fellow, although I managed him all right. I was told about him before the watch was made up. I said, "All right, I will take him on my watch." The weather was terribly hot in the boiler room and in the coal bunkers. I saw all this, so I sent this man to the junior engineer's room to get the ice and meal, as he had charge of it with other things. When the engineer was aroused for this purpose, he was furious. He ordered the man back to his post or watch. The water tender then threw the bucket down and said, "I knew he would not get up, he was mad." After I made up my mind what to do, I said, "Go back and tell the engineer that unless he obeys my orders to get the ice and meal, I will have him put under arrest at once." He knew, as I was engineer of the watch, I had this power, so he got up, gave the ice and meal, and said he knew damned well that I was crazy when he saw me coming on board, and that he knew I would make trouble. However, had it not been for his promptness I would have had him under arrest at once. He found this out. My chief heard of it, and received the story from me. He replied that he was glad he had one man that was not afraid of him. For the rest of the trip the men had all the meal and ice they wanted; indeed, it

was often sent before asked for. The water tender and firemen were delighted to think and to learn that he had to obey orders. This young engineer ever afterwards manifested the greatest friendship for me, and when we parted it was as the best of friends.

The storms in the Gulf of Mexico are frequent. We had a big blow last night; it was a wild night. We have a head wind now that will keep us from making much headway until it changes; our ship being large and strong, we stand the heavy sea in good shape. As the night approaches we expect the high wind to abate somewhat. When on another vessel in the gulf during a storm, we came very near being lost. This I will explain later on in my narrative.

This is our fourth day in the gulf. We expect to make Pensacola early in the morning. We have been running a little slowly to this place, the adverse winds keeping us back, and also a desire to save our short allowance of coal. We have no sickness on board, although the passage to this place has been very rough; but then it is always rough at sea at this season of the year.

February 22, Washington's Birthday. The sun rising with the indications of a pleasant day. We can see Pensacola in the distance, situated on the long slope of a moderate-sized hill. The harbor is in the form of a horseshoe. We are quite near the sandy coast of Pensacola.

We have just slowed down to take on a pilot who has a good knowledge of the winding channel. We are now heading into Pensacola Harbor; we are now inside, and have come to anchor, and all hands to dinner in peace and quietness. The pitching, rolling, and lurching of the ship crossing the gulf prevented all hands from having a square meal for four days. All are at it now. There has been considerable signaling to us from the flagship before we entered the harbor. The effect of the blow last night or the last

three days drove many small boats ashore, and some all stove to pieces. We are now surrounded by many boats that have articles to sell, such as shells, sponges, fruits, and many odd things.

The flagship has many flags flying in honor of the day. Boats from the flagship have been alongside for some time. Our commander has reported in person to the admiral, and is now in conference with him.

It looks now as if we would be able to commence to coal ship in the morning.

After the passing of Washington's Birthday all boats are hoisted, some extra chain paid out, and watches set for the night. Everybody has turned in to get a much-needed rest.

After a good night's rest the crew enjoyed a good breakfast, and then we hauled up alongside of the wharf to coal ship. A great gang of colored men is on the wharf ready to coal ship as soon as the order is given. Now there is lively work; the gang-plank is run on, the hatches and chutes are open, away go the wheelbarrows loaded with coal to be dumped into the chutes.

These colored men do not seem to feel the heat, and they joke each other on the run. Some chant shanty songs, they keep step, and are good-natured. The trimmers in the bunkers are also colored, so that the coal dust does not change their color.

It looks now as if we could not get coaled up before to-morrow noon. The heavens have darkened; we are in hopes that the weather will be such that we can continue coaling in the morning.

This morning, clearing weather, an early breakfast is the order, so that we began to coal up to the finish, decks being cleared; we are coaling ship now, and expect to get through at noon. Eight bells are struck. "Stop coaling" is the order. The gang-planks are pushed ashore. We moved

away from the wharf and came to anchor ready to proceed to sea, immediately after dinner. Our commander and pilot are coming on board now. We are off for New Orleans.

Friday, February 24, 1865. "All hands up anchor!" is the order. Every officer at his post to work ship out through the channel and over the bar. We saluted our admiral as we passed the flagship, also Fort Barancas. We are now outside in the gulf once more. We have just slowed up the engines to let the pilot off, and in his frail boat. We wait a little to let him sail out of the wash caused by our propeller. We are parting, the pilot going back into the harbor, while we are heading for Mobile Bay. We only touched this place to leave the mail.

Mobile Bay is about sixty miles away; we will get there about dark. We are using more power now and running much faster, as we want to reach Mobile entrance before dark. We are running along finely just now with sail and steam, and the crew are having supper. I sailed in this gulf one year ago, when the great fleet was gathering there for the contemplated attack on Mobile Bay, where one of the most notable naval victories of the Civil War occurred.

Fort Morgan Light is now reported on the starboard bow; we are making for it fast, anticipating our arrival from signals displayed. Many boats are resting on their oars, waiting our arrival. We did not keep them waiting long, as we were soon in their midst. We did not come to anchor, but the mail and two officers went over the side, while many packages from relatives and friends were delivered to be taken to their destination. Plenty of ice was supplied to the fleet, the paymaster in turn distributed it to those in waiting, as it was needed in the hospitals. All this business was expedited so as to let us pursue our journey.

The gong was struck to go ahead slowly, so as not to wash the boats that are pretty well loaded with many good and

desirable articles for the benefit of soldiers and sailors. We were visited by officers to get the news, which is always welcome and appreciated.

We are now heading out on our course for the Northeast Pass, the entrance to the mouth of the Mississippi River, about one hundred and twenty-five miles away. We expect to reach the pass about seven o'clock in the morning, thereby giving us an early start up the river to the city of New Orleans, which is about one hundred and ten miles away. This place we expect to reach by dark to-morrow night. Now, about seven o'clock, we are forging our way along through the gulf. The watches are set for the night with admonition to keep a sharp lookout. Lights are all subdued, so that we could see clear ahead. With the officer of the deck on the bridge and the men at the wheel keen and sharp, to change the moment the order is given. Thus we have settled down for the night. The colored water of the Gulf Stream attracted a great deal of attention yesterday and the day before, the color being indigo blue, while the water both sides of the stream was the ocean, greenish blue.

The break of day. The quartermaster has sighted the Pass à Loutre Light. The land is low or flat for miles, as if nearly covered with water. As we approach, we have run a signal up for a river pilot. Here comes a man in a small boat, and we are now waiting for him. The current of the river is in his favor; he is steering towards us out of the shallow water. These men are keen to business, and as he comes alongside his boat is hoisted on deck and taken with us. He takes the bridge, is in command, and gives his orders. We are entering the Mississippi under his guidance, as he is really the commander. He pays little attention to anybody; nobody can engage him in conversation.

This river has winding bends, and the current at these bends is such that if great care is not taken it would

quickly carry us ashore on the opposite bank of the river. We have an unusual head of steam on now, as we have the current of the river against us and its irregular movements. We are obliged to move the engines promptly in response to the signals given on the gong.

Saturday, February 25. We are steaming up the Mississippi River all the morning. We are now passing Forts St. Philip and Jackson, one on each side of the river. They are on an ugly bend of the river, and are situated so as to sink any advancing vessel going either way. These forts are about one third of the distance from the mouth of the river. The crew are enjoying this sail, as it is all done by steam power. The crew are now about to go to dinner, eight bells being struck, and the officer of the deck has approved of the cooking. It takes about three quarters of an hour for meals, then everything is cleaned up quickly.

We have been going along fairly well now, and we have made very good headway this afternoon by going along steadily. The narrow courses that have to be taken at every bend tire the men at the wheel, so they are changed every two hours. The crew are now preparing for supper, and supper is generally between four-thirty and five-thirty, so things can be cleaned away before darkness sets in.

Just at four bells the crew have their smoke and songs, officers walking back and forth, although the crew must stay forward of a certain marked line. The officers when off duty never go forward; they must remain on the line marked out for them.

We are now going through the English bend which nearly doubles itself.

Music is heard near the quarter deck, where certain singers are allowed to play and sing for the officers in pleasant weather. This was the condition of things this evening when the quartermaster in the crosstrees reported that

New Orleans could be easily seen. This stopped the music and negro dancing, as all felt relieved at the thought that we were near our journey's end. We can now see the lights of the city, and we will soon be there. Hammocks are being hung on the berth deck, and some of the crew have already turned in. We are getting along nicely, carefully leading up to the Navy Yard wharf. We have slowed down our engines, and we have just grazed the pier; hawsers are being run out and looped on to the strong bullard posts, so we are at New Orleans at last after a long run without accident. To-morrow is Sunday.

CHAPTER XLI

OFF TO HAMPTON ROADS

NEW ORLEANS, Sunday, February 26. Early this morning considerable ice was sent on shore, and many packages for troops and others, besides valuable papers and orders to the several officers. Our fires are now banked for the day and many are going on shore. We will all have a good rest to-day, as we coal ship to-morrow and take off some freight.

Monday. A rush is now going on coaling ship. This work at the coal wharf is done with wheelbarrows; they run in on one gang-plank and out on the other. They don't seem to get tired at this hard work; they make very little dust. These colored men are always singing shanty songs and are really in tune with some rhythm, soft and sweet, being suppressed in tone. Many persons on the ship came to listen to this gentle music.

We have much deck room; there is no interference with the spreading of mess cloths for the crew, so they have meals regularly. Many of the crew and officers are on shore to-day, as our captain is giving considerable liberty to the crew as well as to the officers, relying on their honor to get back by sundown. The men rarely break their word, no matter where they are as the sun goes down; the liberty men are walking toward the ships. Once in a while a poor fellow falls into bad hands, is drugged and robbed, and of course is late to the ship.

Tuesday we are still coaling ship; the ship's bunker capacity

is large, and as we are bound to Boston from this place we are obliged to take on plenty of coal so as not to take any from the blockading fleet on the passage back. While coaling some repairs are being made on the ship.

It appears we are to take many soldiers back, their time having expired; also some insane men, who were enlisted under the bounty inducement. Some scoundrel got the bounty, cheating the government out of the money and throwing an unfortunate man on the hands of the government. Later some of these men were caught and severely punished.

The weather here is excellent. I took a long ride to-day with other officers. We went over to Lake Ponchatrain, and had a good lunch there.

March 1. We expect to finish coaling ship to-day. The carpenters have much more work to do. The stalls and bunks are numerous and are put up everywhere, where we formerly stood freight. A good deck is here, large and spacious and directly under the hatches, where there is plenty of light and air in stormy weather, and in fine weather they have a great portion of the upper deck.

Every provision is made for the comfort of the returning soldiers. Of course, at best, the quarters were rough, but comfortable. They had their own cooks, who looked after them. Some soldiers eat with the sailors. The army officers of rank messed in the ward room with the ship's officers.

We have been ready to go to sea for two or three days; but for some reason it is hard to get the returning soldiers together. We learned to-day that they will march on board on Monday, March 6.

Monday afternoon the troops came on board. We are to start at daybreak. The same pilot that guided us up the river pilots us back. We are all pleased at this, as he is an able, competent man.

Tuesday, March 7, daybreak. The rushing feet can be heard on deck over our heads. Cast loose and swing out into the river, the stream has already caught the bow, the engines are moving slowly. The current is three knots an hour, and on account of the many bends in the river the engines will have to be run slowly so that they can be quickly stopped and reversed to check the headway, thereby keeping us from running on to shoal places. The crew are having breakfast, after which the decks will be cleared, then the passenger soldiers will have their meal in their own way.

On account of our early start this morning we expect to reach and be out of the Northeast Pass and out in the gulf by sundown. The current of the river will help us very much with our steam power. Wherever the river broadens, we apply our engine power to advantage.

Going down the river the soldiers enjoy the outlook very much. The flat banks on both sides of the river surprise them. They are all dead lands, all bog, no houses here, only tall, wild reed poles. No sloping hillsides to beautify the place, and the decaying vegetable matter of millions of years compose the banks of our great Mississippi River.

Nearly sundown. Our pilot has just taken us through the Northeast Pass, and our engines are stopped to allow the pilot to leave. This good pilot is on his feet all day, his eyes constantly on the river banks; his meals were handed to him; his silence was wonderful and seemed to make him a strong man. He acted like a bandmaster with his hands. He drilled the men at the wheel in what he meant by certain motions, and without noise. He would whisper to the engineer at the bell what to do. All orders were willingly and cheerfully obeyed. As quickly as the ship was stopped, he had already bade good-by to our commander and bowed to the officer of the deck, thus announcing his departure. He was over the side in a flash, and in his rowboat pulling both

oars to get out the way of the screw wash. A cheer went up for the bronzed veteran of the sea, both from crew and soldiers. There was something about this man that commanded your respect and admiration. He would not talk; when heard talking, you would think he had little voice.

We are now heading straight for Mobile Bay, and we will be there in the morning. The crew have finished supper. Some soldiers intermingle with the crew at this time, as they have also finished, and nearly all are on the upper deck swapping yarns in the twilight, and they are happy in each other's company. Talk about sailors spinning yarns — well, they do, we all admit; but when a soldier tells you he can put a bullet through an eye of a needle and not break it, then poor Jack had better take a back seat.

Eight bells, all lights out; watches are set for the night, the soldiers are also to keep strict watch. No smoking, no noise; sleep — that's all. The watches have been changed during the night, on deck and between decks just the same. This order was obeyed to the letter. The returning troops were still soldiers until mustered out. We are to take on more troops from Mobile and Pensacola and Key West. We have ample room for a large number yet.

The morning watch reports that Fort Morgan Light can be seen. Our signals are now flying. We are ordered inside the bar; the pilot is approaching us, and we have stopped the engines waiting for him to get on board. He is a lively chap, has little ceremony, touches his hat to the officer of the deck, then jumps to the bridge and takes command. He takes us through the channel and over the grave of the monitor "Tecumseh" that was sunk by a torpedo last August with nearly all on board.

We are now safely anchored inside the bar; the crew are having breakfast as well as the soldiers. Our commander has just been rowed over to the flagship. The breakfast

being over, we are now waiting for the troops to come on board, some from Fort Gaines as well as from Fort Morgan. There are not so many after all. Our commander will not allow any dogs or pet animals on board. Everything is being done to preserve the health of the crew. There seems to be some delay in getting the troops together. The boats are waiting for them. We cannot leave now until to-morrow morning, as our commander will take no chance in trying to go over the bar in the dark.

March 9, seven o'clock in the morning. All hands at breakfast and the pilot on board ready for a start when we are ordered. It is now eight o'clock; the order "All hands up anchor!" is given. The anchor off the bottom, the bell rings to start, and we are now moving under orders from the pilot. Not being on watch, I had a good chance to see the perforated brick lighthouse that I saw battered and torn on the 5th of August, 1864, in one of the greatest naval battles of the Civil War.

We are now outside of the bar; our pilot is leaving; his boat is lowered. He quickly gets into it; is quick at his two oars, and pulls back. We watch him getting away from us until he is a mere speck on the water. We, too, are under way, heading for Pensacola, where we dropped anchor until we were signaled that a boat would be sent out with a small number of soldiers, and for us to be sure and put in the boat all the ice we could spare. So we waited patiently until the boat came alongside, the soldiers stepped on board, and the ice was at once put into the boats.

Our good-by signal was run up and answered from the flagship. We are now off for Key West, — a long, hot run of over five hundred miles. We are in no hurry as we want to save coal, but yet get along. We have had a fair wind the last two days; we have all sails set, and by doing this we make great headway and save coal.

It is strange how the animal develops in men. The second day out a sailor and soldier had a regular ring fight on the ship just to see which one was boss. When the watch was about to change, these men had everything fixed according to the rules of the prize ring. The officer in charge was led away on some false scent, while the men with their seconds and referee were on hand. At a signal the men flew at each other in the most furious manner; pummeled each other regardless of all rules; they were strong men as well as animals. After a few minutes they both were all tired out. The referee called it a draw; the men shook hands and became friends. In fact by this time the officer on whose watch it happened appeared and noted the facts and circumstances that led up to it. Both men were ordered to be put in irons, and they were. Next morning on approaching Key West their case was heard; our commander said he would dismiss them both, because neither had won the fight, and were told if they went at it again they would be left at the Norfolk Navy Yard. We had no more trouble on this score. The sailor was cheered by his shipmates because he still held the belt; the soldiers on the other hand cheered their companion, because he had not been whipped. So both parties had no grievance, and all were good friends for the rest of the cruise. A rough set; it was hard to keep them in order; their fear was that they would be put in irons and kept on bread and water until we reached Norfolk and be detained there for thirty days. This is what really helped to maintain order.

CHAPTER XLII

MAN OVERBOARD

WE are now entering Key West Harbor, such as it is,—hardly any protection from the rough sea. We must stay until to-morrow. For some reason it appears that insane soldiers are coming on board to go North. We will have to wait until all the records are made out, to conform to law. These unfortunates were a sad sight as they approached the ship.

We are further detained on account of fever on board.

On the 16th we were ordered off, after everything was whitewashed. At two o'clock we cast loose, the pilot in charge. We crept along until we got into deep water. We saw the same sponge gatherers and conch-shell collectors. We are now letting the pilot off; and as the evening is setting in, we go well out before heading North, as we don't want to get into the same scrape going North that we got into coming South; that is, we must avoid the coral reefs, which we are now doing. After supper the sailors and soldiers are having a good breakdown forward, while the colored boys are entertaining aft.

Lights all out for the night, a double watch set, as blockade runners are frequent in these waters. We are now off to Port Royal. This will take at least four days, as our speed is not forced. The officer of the deck is assisted in every way.

There is a small light reflected on the compass, so the men at the wheel can see how to steer and obey quickly the orders of the sailing master. Our nights at times are

very dark, and the officers on duty are always peering into the darkness, thus avoiding collisions. So day after day and night after night, we go through this same duty; otherwise we might be captured by a rebel privateer or sunk by torpedoes.

At noon to-day it was predicted that we would be in Port Royal to-morrow by three o'clock. At about two o'clock to-day there was great excitement on the vessel. The cry "A man overboard!" was heard. The boatswain's whistle blew the call, "Away there, second cutter, away!" The crew of that boat which was scattered over the deck in various places rushed to its boat, and the young officer already in the stern of the boat gave orders. The ship's headway had been stopped, the engines reversed; the life-buoys dropped into the sea near the man, but he failed to notice them. The quartermaster went to the crosstrees, waved his red flag showing the men in the boat the direction to go; there being a choppy sea on, it was hard to see where the man had drifted to. The big ship is still backing slowly on to the rescue boat, it having picked up the man in a lifeless condition. The boat was hoisted on deck with its crew and the man in one haul, and such cheers as the crew received were never heard before. They were lauded by the other boat's crew, who had secured the life-buoys which are now in position once more, ready for immediate use. In a case of this kind we never stop to call the roll, every nerve is strained to save the man overboard, no matter who he is. In this case the man rescued was one of the unfortunate insane men returning home. He was cared for and lived, but he did not recover his senses.

We are now on our course once more, although we have lost some time from the above delay, but saved the man in mid ocean. We have occasional drills with the life-saving crew, in cases at night, as well as the day.

The sun is setting red in the west to-night. In these regions it means a hard blow. The barometer is falling also. Hurried preparations are being made to protect ourselves when the blow comes. Our sails are now nearly close reefed; the sea is getting quite rough. There goes the first strong whistling wind through the rigging. Our life-boats are also secured. Many of the soldiers are seasick, and their moanings and the whistling winds made a weird sound. The men are now lashed to the wheel, and the commander is on the bridge with the other officers. The engines are running on half speed, so as to be very careful, as the screw when raised by the lurching of the ship out of the water may be easily broken off. We are moving cautiously. "Steady!" is the cry, and watches are changed as if on a sunny day, with every man at his post and assistance quite near.

By early morning the small hurricane spent its fury, or we had sailed through it.

We are now nearing Port Royal; all hands are through with dinner. The sharks must have been well fed the last day or so.

Signals are announcing our name, and we received an answer from the flagship where to come to anchor, at some distance astern of the flagship. Our commander has gone on board to receive orders. We will have to stay here three days at least, and we will be obliged to coal from schooners, which is a very slow process, and if the water is rough, as is often the case, we cannot coal ship.

March 20. No coal schooner is here at present. The coal intended for us was delivered to the "Ironsides," so we shall have to wait. One can afford to wait and to rest; we have had a long run without accident. We are getting stores on board for the men, as a large quantity is consumed every day; besides, the medical stores are exhausted, and we are going to have an additional surgeon on board.

March 22, and no coal schooner yet. At sundown a large one hove in sight, so we will have to begin coaling in the morning.

Early in the morning of the 23d we moved alongside of a coal schooner, a number of slings were put up on both vessels, so as to hurry up the coaling.

The schooner was well equipped for this work, although at sea it is very unreliable. Coaling cannot be carried on from one ship to another when the sea is rough. We are all ready now, when the crew and soldiers will have finished their breakfast. The coaling crew from the shore is now hard at work. Coal is being tallied on our end to see that we get our share, as we must get six hundred tons on board; that is the order, and this will carry us to Boston. We have been very lucky so far in getting it on board, but will have to work all day to-morrow to get the balance.

We have just moved off from the coal schooner for the night. The working crew are sent ashore during our stay here.

We gave our boilers a good cleaning; our engines are also in good running order.

The sunset at Port Royal at this season of the year is just perfect; the sky is clear, and the atmosphere quite mild. The crew and the passengers are taking this fine view all in, and passing complimentary remarks on it. While this view is being enjoyed, there is good singing aft. We do not often have these conditions, so to-night everybody is delighted with the enjoyment of a beautiful sunset at sea.

Now eight o'clock (eight bells); watches are changed; lights are suspended from various parts of the ship so as to be seen, thus avoiding being run into. All the crew, except the watch, are turning in; the soldiers sit up quite late relating war experiences. There are some warm discussions at times among them, but the American soldiers were always

the best and most fearless, was the opinion of the most of them; and when it was expressed otherwise, then trouble began to brew. If he were an Englishman, he stood little show, as they would always remind him of '76 and Bunker Hill, and throw in a rub about 1812, when they were whipped on both land and sea. This discussion would go on all night. The master-at-arms would tell them, "You are all the best soldiers in the world. Now go to bed."

We are now well on our way to the city of Charleston without hurrying. We will be there about five o'clock Saturday morning. We had a strong wind during the night which made the sea a little rough. At Charleston we have to stand well out, as our vessel draws too much water. We arrived a little later than we figured, and are at anchor near the "Ironsides," the flagship of this squadron. We are delivering more ice, as we do not wish to bring any of it back to Boston. We stay here all night.

To-day being Sunday it will be impossible to have other troops come on board until Monday. We were all pleased at this order, and many of us went on shore and walked around the city. There were many things to see and to think of, in the destruction wrought by war. The rowboat that took us into port rowed us by the ruins of Fort Wagner and Fort Sumter. My, what havoc was caused by shot and shell two years ago when the monitors first made their presence felt! The tottering church spires are in just the same position now as then, as peace is not yet declared.

For various reasons we have been obliged to wait here by orders of the admiral. It was expected that the ship might have to take away the wounded in a contemplated attack. We were ordered to sail on Friday, and were all ready to sail, but were delayed until night. We then started for Chesapeake Bay to report with our troops at Fortress Monroe, where most of them would be landed, as well as

the insane man who jumped overboard. He is now going to the hospital on our arrival at Fortress Monroe, which is some six hundred miles from here. We are off at last, and are keeping well out to sea, so as to clear Cape Fear and Cape Lookout. Cape Hatteras is also to be avoided.

April 2. We are well out at sea.

CHAPTER XLIII

ARRIVED AT BOSTON NAVY YARD

TO-DAY April 3. We will make Cape Fear Light unless we are a little too far out at sea. The weather has been very rough, so we are running in shore a little. The wind is high just now, and we have made out the light on Cape Lookout. We must keep farther out, to avoid the storm and wind prevailing always at Cape Hatteras, so we are about fifty miles away, and well out.

April 4. We have just changed our course for Norfolk, Va., where we expect to arrive in the morning, if nothing interferes. We are out of the stormy influences of Cape Hatteras, and are peering along in the darkness of night. We are now heading a little west of north, heaving the lead occasionally.

Near morning the men on the bridge are keeping a sharp lookout, and a light is reported on the port bow. After running a few miles and the day dawning, we can just make out the light on Cape Henry at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay. We do not need any pilot here, as the water is very deep, and it is only a short run to it.

April 5. We are at the wharf, disembarking some troops and taking on others, and this takes time.

We are ordered to cast off and come to anchor in the stream and await orders.

The next morning, after breakfast, there appears to be considerable signaling going on, and evidently there is a large amount of freight to come on board that we are to take to

Boston Navy Yard. Some guns, it is believed, that require repairs, or are to be exchanged for others, are to be taken back on our return.

On Friday, April 7, while swinging the heavy guns, there was a serious breakdown of a powerful derrick. This is a great drawback to all of us, as we expected to be on our way North this morning.

Repairs were made and the guns put on board.

On Tuesday, April 11, we started North for the Boston Navy Yard, where we arrived on the morning of April 15, 1865, after a long and hard working cruise, all with a high degree of success and a great credit to the officers and crew of the U. S. Supply Steamer "Circassian."

We are now at the Charlestown Navy Yard, awaiting orders.

I was detached from the U. S. S. "Circassian" April 29 and received orders to report for duty on the monitor "Nausett," then building at Donald McKay's famous shipyard at East Boston. I reported on Monday, May 1, in obedience to orders. I began at once to make myself familiar with this class of war vessel. The "Nausett" was one of the light-draught monitors ordered by the government for river duty. Many of these monitors were built, but some serious mistake was made in the calculations of displacement, and therefore they were not fitted for the duty that was originally intended for them. They were well built and had good engines in them, and they were carefully put together by good mechanics, furnished by the builders. There was no cheap work allowed. There was an engineer over me, and I had some under me. We all got along together in a harmonious manner.

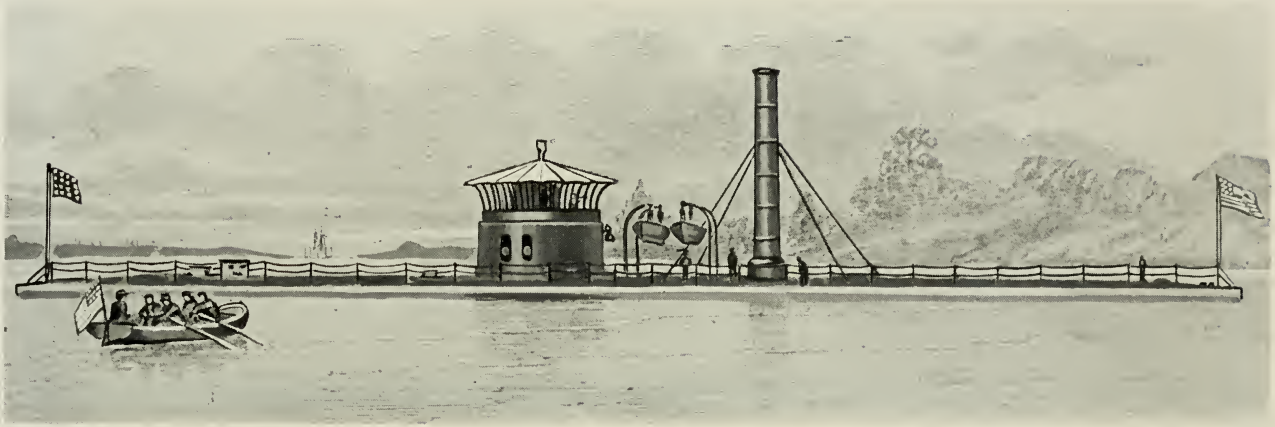
At the dock, hitched to the wharf, was the hull of this monitor. Day after day and from early morning the engineers were all present attending to duty, which was chiefly one

of inspection. All details were carefully looked into and any imperfections that were discovered were at once corrected. We had no trouble. The contractor, McKay, invited scrutiny, for he would rather find out at an early stage of the work than later on, thus avoiding expensive alterations and delay in getting the monitor ready to go to sea.

There were other engineers doing the same kind of duty on other vessels that were being constructed at this shipyard. We would visit the other vessels and discuss the different types of engines. In this way we were really at school, for we gathered a great deal of information from each other. Our days, of course, were short, and we could easily see from day to day the progress of the work and could easily detect any part that was not a good fit, or not properly finished. We were all studying in a way.

These monitors were not liked by officers or crew, as all quarters were contracted and everything out of joint for convenience. The toilet conveniences were awful for those that were ill, and those that were well, also. Of course any odor would remain below for a long time, as everything was below the surface of the water. The small monitors were nothing but metal caskets, and they had a depressing effect on the minds of all. In case of accident there was no escape; at sea no hatches could be taken off. For this reason, even with boilers fired up and the blowers working at the wharf, the air below was stifling, the thermometer below ranging from 140° to 170° or upwards. There was a great dread and dislike to go to sea in one of these light-draught monitors. It was very fortunate the war was nearly over when this class of monitor was built, consequently only a few of them saw any service.

June 1, 1865. The weather is getting quite warm; we steadily look after construction. The month of May was



UNITED STATES MONITOR "NAUSETT"

generally rather cool, so we did not feel the heat very much. Now entering the month of June, we find it much warmer, and at the dock the air is very hot and close, and there is also the reflected heat from the water. Our faces look as if we had been on a long fishing cruise, and had just returned. We are now making our day much shorter on account of this heat. We report daily, as if all depended on us. The fact is, are we are here in a conscientious manner in obedience to orders. We ask to be off from the chief engineer, and he generally lets us off, and sometimes goes with us.

It is the middle of June. The heat right here on the wharf is intense indeed. We look after things early in the morning and late in the afternoon. We are of little use anyway, now; nothing for us to do.

With steam on, the boilers and the engines working, it gives us all an excellent chance to learn how to manage them and also their outs, in starting, stopping, and running them. All of us having, of course, a good knowledge of the steam engine, we would play with the engines like toys, take indicator cards, and discuss the ins and outs of them.

On the 17th of June that year we enjoyed ourselves looking at the celebration of this day, it being a great Charlestown holiday. The city government officials were in it. The procession was much to their credit. The marching of the young men was good, although they had a chance to go to the front, but declined to go for some reason. The music was excellent, showing that all the bands did not have an engagement to go to the front. Perhaps they feared that their big drum might be riddled with bullets, as they are flying around down South with great freedom, and had very little respect for anybody (they hit anybody and they are sure to hit, otherwise don't waste the powder), so they concluded, and perhaps wisely, to stay at home and beat the drum.

We are now entering the month of July. The fires are hauled from under the boilers, as they are to be cleaned and a few leaks stopped, and the brass journals of the engines have to be lined a little, and there are several other points to be attended to. We watch to see what the mechanics are doing, and have them do it satisfactorily. They always welcome us, so this is pleasant for us; for if our presence were disagreeable to them, matters would not run very smoothly. The contracting engineer, a man of rare ability, took great pains to instruct us young men in the handling of the engines in rough and stormy weather, and the firing of the boilers in the same kind of weather. The short, jerky action of these monitors at sea throws the water around in the boilers with great freedom, and it is very hard at times to tell where it is in the boilers. The slowing up of the engines, thus settling the water, is our only safe way and only hope under such conditions.

The Fourth of July coming on Tuesday, there will be little for us to do this week, as there will be no work on Monday, the day preceding the Fourth. Nearly all of the officers are off for the week to spend their Fourth at their homes in other cities, so I volunteered to keep a sharp lookout, if occasion required it, as my home is here in Boston. This I was glad to do. I was a guest of the City Government of Boston; my brass buttons helped me through. Everybody wanted to do something to please and entertain me, simply because I was a naval officer and in the service of the government during the war.

During the absence of my associate officers I did my best to see that everything went along all right.

Monday, July 10, all officers were present some time during the day.

On Tuesday, the 11th, all the officers were back, much to the satisfaction of the commandant of the Yard.

CHAPTER XLIV

DETACHED FROM MONITOR "NAUSETT"

AFTER the return of all the officers (after the Fourth of July) there was great rejoicing, because most all had spent the Fourth at home. Many of them had been away for two years, so they had a most enjoyable time. Just for the week while away, and on their return, they found there was much done; in fact we were nearly ready for sea. They all felt grateful to me because I looked after things so sharply while they were away. We are now in good trim and almost ready for sea. The engines are running nearly all the time to wear the journals down, so as to run easily. It takes some time to do this; if the journals are not right at the start, a little fitting of the keys and gibs is done, and we are in good shape to go to sea. As yet we have no guns on board, coal, or crew. The builders have to run the engines to see if they are all well regulated before acceptance. To-day the rudder is not quite true, and the boat cannot be steered just right. Then there is no draught to the boilers, and so on.

The coal is not yet on board and the painters are still touching up. There is something wrong with the revolving turret, and the water gets in easily. These defects must be corrected before thinking of going to sea. The pilot house has been reported as unreliable, as it retards the movements of the turret, although as yet there are no guns there. The turret engine works well, the turret revolves without any trouble, but the question is, Will it be all right

when the heavy guns are in place and the bunkers full of coal? This will change things very much.

We meet every day at the ship-builder's office and compare notes to see what headway we are making. Nobody cares if the work is all right. I know I am all right, for I give my whole attention to the construction and erection of the engine, boilers, and pumps. The condensing apparatus leaked to-day, so there is something wrong with it. This is serious, as the water of condensation is what we have to drink. If the condenser leaks, the ship's surgeon takes exceptions to the use of the condensed water and declares it unfit to use, so there is a hustle to get it in good order before we start.

There is some talk of getting our guns in position now right away. We are to get coal on board and steam over to the Navy Yard under the shears and get our guns on board, and also our coal.

Tuesday, July 18. We are ordered to move over to the Navy Yard.

This morning in the mail I received orders detaching me from the monitor "Nausett" and ordering me to proceed to Philadelphia and take passage on the U. S. transport steamer "Massachusetts" for Port Royal, for duty on board the U. S. S. "Conemaugh," J. C. P. DeKraft, commander. I was delighted as well as surprised on receiving this order. After conferring with my superior officers as well as the admiral, and bidding all a good-by, I closed up my affairs at home, and started for the Philadelphia Navy Yard as promptly as possible in obedience to orders.

When the "Massachusetts" (going South) had reached Charleston, S. C., I saw the "Conemaugh" there on blockade duty. A boat was sent for me, and with bag and baggage I went over the side into the boat and reported according to orders on board the U. S. S. "Conemaugh."

My old commander was glad to see me; I was also pleased to see him.

On Wednesday, July 26, 1865, I find myself once more as executive engineer on board the U. S. S. "Conemaugh," then at Charleston, S. C. This is my third time on board of this ship. Sent for by my old commander, of course I feel quite proud of it, — to think that I had given him satisfaction in the past.

After four days on board and after a careful examination of things in engine and boiler rooms, I find evidences of lack of interest. Things are not clean or tidy; everything is rusting. The chief engineer, very ill in bed, was delighted when he saw me. He told me how he had to fight to get things done properly. I saw some of the old firemen on the ship, and they gave me some points on the trouble they were having. I went into the coal bunkers to see and examine things.

I told the commander I would like to go to Port Royal to haul fires and examine the boilers to see if they were free from scale. This request was granted. The engineers on board were a little balky to my orders, so I sent them to the commander to explain. I would have none of it. This staggered them and frightened the sick chief. I told him as he was very sick to just keep quiet and not interfere with my orders or I would have him sent on shore to the hospital, and this I did not want to do. He then said get clear of the other engineers, as they were utterly useless.

On my request we started for Port Royal, after being here at this station some five weeks. This was on August 31, 1865.

On the evening of August 31 we dropped anchor in Port Royal Harbor. I had the boilers examined and found them in rather bad condition, and they had to be scaled at once. I knew the vessel should go faster than she did with the

steam we carried. The boilers were salted quite badly. This scaling was quickly done, and in about four days we were ready for sea once more.

Two new engineers came on board early on the morning of September 5, and they proved to be very good and careful men.

On the morning of September 6 we started for Charleston, S. C., but kept out to sea until we reached New Inlet, Millington River.

September 10. We are anchored in Beaufort Harbor, under orders to watch vessels going out and coming in. This was the easiest duty that we had to perform during the voyage. We had a queer incident happen here, as follows: A large schooner left the railroad wharf at Moorhead City, with little freight on board. The commissary would not give the schooner the contraband property that she wanted. This made the captain of the schooner rather grumpy, so coming down the bay they ran into us purposely, no doubt, the river or harbor being one mile wide. He was ordered to come to anchor until we could examine the vessel and see what was the amount of damage. He started with full sail to get away from us, but we fired a shot at him, and he stopped pretty quickly. When it was seen that this captain meant to run us down we made him stay several days, until our commander concluded that he had punished him enough. This rebel captain finally concluded that he had made a mistake on account of his temper, and regretted it.

For some days we have been putting stores on board as well as coal, as we are going farther north. We have taken on board guns and other military stores for the Norfolk Navy Yard.

While here at Beaufort we have had considerable liberty on shore; we also fished for bluefish every day. This is great fun and enjoyed by all.

Somehow I have not felt so well lately, so when the party is made up to go fishing, I am always in it by general consent. I have a little fever of some kind. I think this bay must be very damp, just from evaporation, and it doesn't agree with me. I cannot eat. I am glad we will soon be out of this place, although the other officers are well. Our surgeon says I got poisoned by drinking soda water. I always felt this was so, strange to say; since then I have only drank sparingly of soda water. I always felt that I had better let it alone.

While at this station we saw a fine steamer leaving the harbor when a high wind was blowing, and she struck a reef of sand and swung around on the bar. It was a great sight to see the angry waves dash over her; she was soon rolled over and pounded so she settled in the sand, a total loss. It took only a few hours to pound her to pieces. Many boats went to assist in saving life, so nobody was lost. It was all quick work. We learned later that the captain tried to get out without a pilot. When we came in and went out, we had no trouble. We buried a fireman at this place about one year ago; then we had no trouble getting in or out. We received the last of our stores to-day, and we are off to-morrow for Norfolk, Va.

On November 21 we weighed anchor, and with a pilot we started out to go over the bar before dark. This we did successfully. We are now standing well out to sea, heading north, well out from Cape Hatteras, and heading for Hampton Roads, Va. Fair weather, a good sea.

After dinner to-day we sighted Cape Henry and Cape Charles; we are now heading for Hampton Roads.

This morning, about nine o'clock, the lookout discerned a signal of distress, and so reported; we turned quite short and made for the boat. As we neared it, the sea being a little rough and the strange boat being very frail, the ship's

cutter was lowered and ran alongside of the strange boat. With a good crew we quickly ran up to the stern and made fast. There were four men, a woman, a boy, and a girl, — the captain and his wife, two children, and three seamen. They had no food or water, and they belonged to a schooner loaded with hay and brick. The vessel was too frail to stand the rough sea; she took water and was settling. It was decided to take to the boat. It appears they had to hurry about it, for when only half a mile away she was seen to settle gradually, and then disappear.

Cautiously the strangers were passed over the stern of their boat and into the bow of ours. This action took place quickly, and our ship kept near the boats and saved the crew from a severe, long pull. The people had been in the open boat since yesterday afternoon, and were pretty well used up. The fact of being rescued and saved caused the women to collapse, and one of the crew also. After a while, under our surgeon's care they began to revive. It was rather a severe experience to be in an open boat all night as well as all day. Of course they felt grateful to the captain and crew for rescuing them. After we secured the ship's cutter, we about ship, and were soon nearing the capes.

Now, about four o'clock, we have come to anchor near the "Rip Raps." The ship's cutter is lowered and the rescued passengers are being sent on shore, to be turned over to those in authority.

Mess cloths are spread, and the crew is at dinner. The captain has gone ashore for further orders.

During this long stay in Hampton Roads we were allowed to go ashore quite often. We would stroll along the beach, also among the colored people who gather there in great numbers. They lived in slab shanties, and the place was nicknamed "Slab Town." There were a number of very handsome colored women here — not black. They were

quadroons and octoroons. All were classified as to caste. The octoroon, very haughty, would say, "Why is that black nigger following this white woman?" She was mighty in her own estimation. "His father used to black my father's shoes." All agreed that this might be so, because she was nearly white. These people, although gathered together in this way, gave little trouble to the government, and conducted themselves in a proper manner. They feared they would not be allowed to go North unless they obeyed all rules. This fear helped to keep the boisterous young men and women in check. This threat worked well, and they were allowed to enjoy themselves within reason, but must be in at dark.

CHAPTER XLV

RESIGNED FROM UNITED STATES NAVY

SATURDAY, November 25. We are now at the Norfolk Navy Yard delivering some ammunition that we took away from New Orleans, also some heavy guns that are intended for use elsewhere.

We remained here a few days for some reason; a few repairs were made; some painting was done to the ship's sides, the painters standing on a catamaran, from which they could reach and do their work easily.

Putting more coal on board and fresh water, also many small stores. We strolled around the city of Norfolk, — a quaint old city. It reminded me of the city of Salem, Mass., only Salem is on high ground, while Norfolk is on flat land. Across the river is Portsmouth. A small ferry boat carries passengers and freight from one side of the river to the other, so great care is taken to trim ship before starting. The distance across is very short. It is surprising the number of colored people about here. They take a hand to help at most anything. They will serve you, from the shell, the nicest oysters ever tasted, — served right from the oyster boat; also, they give you pepper, salt, and vinegar with them.

All passengers going or coming on the Norfolk steamers always try to get a few of these delicious oysters.

January 3, 1866. We are ordered to take a position in Hampton Roads beyond the outer end of the Rip Raps, to watch vessels going in and out.

The war being over, we all thought we were there to prevent smuggling and help the revenue officers, and, I suspect, also to do a little police duty by keeping order, as there was quite a rush of business going on all the time, up and down the river and its tributaries. We remained here for nearly three months with hardly anything to do. We would go ashore frequently, and on Sunday went to church services in Fortress Monroe. These services were well attended. It seemed singular to us all that the gospel should be preached in a fortification, the listeners leaning on the guns, sitting around on gun carriages, surrounded with engines of war that caused such destruction of life and made many homes desolate, — the gospel in one hand, and leaning for support on the cannon with the other.

January 20, 1866. Hampton Roads was frozen over badly clear up to Norfolk and well down to the Rip Raps. Chesapeake Bay was also frozen over. When the ice broke up and came down from the Potomac River and the bay, it caused the breaking up of the ice in the James River and Rappahannock. The ice moving down these four rivers to this place made a bad ice jam, which had to be blown up to start the ice-floes out to sea. In a few days the Roads were nearly free from ice. The ferry boat to Portsmouth began her trips.

We, the officers of the "Conemaugh," would go up to Norfolk on the northern steamers just for an outing. Other steamers going north would take us back to Fortress Monroe, as all steamers stopped and reported to the commandant of the fort. In this way we had some recreation. We also came in contact with other officers, and thus extended our acquaintance.

On April 24, 1866, our vessel went up to Norfolk for coal and small stores, also for fresh water.

On the 24th we moved down to the Rip Raps again and anchored at our old station. The weather is now getting

warmer. Life on shipboard was getting monotonous; in fact we were getting a little lazy, and I did not like it; and on account of the war being over, promotions were stopped. This was discouraging to me. I wanted to advance and was prepared for it. So I was in doubt what to do. Some officers had already resigned. This left us short handed, and we who remained had to stand extra watches until other officers arrived; in regard to this there appeared to be no haste.

Day after day we were suffering from inactivity, and after four years of active life on shipboard, we could see ourselves getting fat from this enforced idleness, waiting from day to day for orders to a more active duty. Some of the older officers, good men, were more satisfied with their lot, while the younger men were not. We wanted advancement and more pay. After many days of reflection and seeing no hope of advancement, I concluded to resign and take my chances in the commercial world. On Wednesday, May 1, 1866, I sent my resignation as acting second assistant engineer in the United States Navy to the Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the United States Navy. On Monday, May 7, I received a communication from the Secretary of the Navy, dated May 3, that, instead of accepting my resignation, I was granted four months' leave of absence, at the end of which time, if my services were not required, I would receive an honorable discharge. When the time arrived I received an honorable discharge, which gave me the thanks of the government. I prize it very much.

I remained on the ship until my relief reported for duty, which was on May 9. On the afternoon of the 10th of May I took passage on the Baltimore steamer for Baltimore.

During the long period of my naval service I was always associated with charming men, and I always considered it an honor to be in such distinguished company.

During my term of service I believe I always had the

confidence of my superior officers, as the letters from many of them in my possession bear testimony. When the time came for me to leave the "Conemaugh," in the afternoon, all the officers were on deck to bid me good-by. My commander was there also, with whom I shook hands and bade good-by. Also the other officers whose hardships I had shared in the fever season; whose watches I stood when they were deathly ill with fever. All these things flashed across our minds at this time of our parting.

The officers of the deck piped, "Side, boys!" The boat was alongside and manned to take me ashore, and my little dunnage in the boat. When the time came for me to move, I took off my cap and bowed to my commander and then to the officers, the crew being all lined up in respect to me. I also took a step towards the crew and bowed respectfully to them. They were my shipmates on the long cruise and they were all good and loyal men.

The boatswain's whistle blew. I went over the side and into the boat with the chief engineer and one assistant. As we moved away the crew gave a cheer of friendship that none but American sailors can give. This parting was sad; somehow I cannot explain it. My services as an engineer in the United States Navy were ended.

The chief engineer was always a good friend to me. On arriving at the steamboat wharf I took a long look (hat in hand) at the "Conemaugh," — a vessel on which much of my naval life was spent. We shared the storms at sea as well as the calms near the shore. Battered we were by the sea while on the blockade; storm-tossed while in the Gulf of Mexico, where many vessels were sunk in the same sea that engulfed the monitor, which thundered away also, at us. The "Conemaugh" was also under the fire of Sumter and Wagner, and also later at Mobile Bay. The "Conemaugh's" log will show that she was always ready for duty and was an

active participant; and on that same deck of which I am taking my last look, I saw young and old die from fever, and sad was the burial at sea. All these things flashed across my mind, as I took this, my last look. I turned away with a tear in my eye at these recollections of the life I have been through during the Civil War.

Our chief engineer escorted me on board of the steamer that was to take me up the Chesapeake to Baltimore. To my astonishment a large stateroom was provided for me and decorated with flowers in profusion. This was all done by the chief engineer of the "Conemaugh." I did him only a just act, when he first came on the "Conemaugh." He was an old Scotchman, and the engineers did not like his appearance; he was old and plain looking. I boldly took this man's part on principle, as he was ordered on the "Conemaugh" as chief engineer, and we must manfully support him. After he was in charge about five or six weeks, it was seen that he was a brainy man, and an able one, so they all learned to like him. In some way it leaked out about the opposition and how I had taken his part, and he took this way of showing his appreciation of my friendship for him. Of course I felt highly flattered at the attention shown me on this, my final departure. I thanked him most profusely. The old chief in parting felt sad, and that he had lost a good and faithful friend and an efficient officer in me. As the steamer was ready to leave, he must go ashore; so we parted, wishing each other every success in life. In later years I looked him up in Baltimore and found his children. He was dead, and there was my picture on the wall, and written on it, "The best friend I ever had," signed, "David Fraser."

Since I left the naval service I have never forgotten to advance the interest of the United States Navy and its officers whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Thus ends my naval record.

CHAPTER XLVI

ARRIVED HOME

A MESSENGER boy, one whose term of service had expired, was a passenger on the steamer with me, — a bashful, nice-looking young sailor boy. I took him into my stateroom, as it was a double, large room. We had supper together; he did not think it quite right for a sailor boy to be in the same stateroom with a naval officer.

Next morning on our arrival in Baltimore I induced this young fellow to come into the railroad station to have breakfast with me. We sat down. I ordered a good breakfast for myself; the boy would not order anything but coffee and bread, as he said he was not hungry, but when he saw I paid as much for him as I did for myself, he then said that if he knew they were going to charge like that, you bet he would have ordered a good breakfast. Evidently he did not want to put me to much expense. He went to his people, while I took the train for Philadelphia, where I arrived on May 12, 1866.

I went at once to a leading tailor to have a suit of citizen's clothes made, and this took four days. Then I went to New York to visit my sister, Mrs. Mayhew (wife of Captain Mayhew of the clipper ship "Wild Pigeon"), living at that time in Brooklyn. After three days spent there I started for Boston, *via* the Fall River Line. On the dock, while approaching the sound steamer, I met an old friend, T. S. Clogston, with whom I formerly worked. We were both surprised at this meeting; and he said of all the men he wanted

to see, I was the man. He stated his health was poor, and he wanted me to resign from the service and come with him and help him lift the load; that he was tired, and my experience was just what he wanted. He induced me to share his stateroom. We had dinner on the boat. We always enjoyed each other's company. Then I told him that I had resigned and was ready for an engagement. I further told him that I was going to get married and stay on shore. This seemed to please him very much. We agreed, and I took the situation as superintendent of T. S. Clogston & Co., heating and ventilating engineers, Boston, Mass.

On my arrival in Boston, of course I was greeted by my people and friends in the most cordial manner. My mother and sisters hardly knew me, I was bronzed in great shape. My mother thought the Indian color had come to stay this time for sure. Later in the same afternoon I called on my fiancée. They were all amazed at my size and copper color, and my hair was quite long. I was quite pale when I entered the service.

The young lady to whom I was engaged, Cecilia A. Garvey, was a dear friend from very young days. She was refined and well educated, and a musical prodigy. She had a beautiful voice and played the piano with great skill. She played the organ of the Immaculate Conception Church in Boston, as assistant to the celebrated organist Dr. Wilcox, when only twenty years of age. She was the daughter of Alexander Garvey, a marble sculptor of prominence in those days.

All preliminaries having been previously arranged, we were wedded on the 5th of June, 1866. When we were married an assistant paymaster in the United States Navy was my best man, as we were old friends on the shore as well as on the sea.

On the wedding day I was a little late for church services

on account of waiting for the belated train on which my friend was coming. On his arrival we rushed by carriage to the church. We astonished those that were there by our forcible manner. My betrothed hardly knew me in my wedding clothes, as I wore my uniform when she saw me last. After all the delay they were surprised, and manifested great delight on my appearance. Some one said, "Why, he is an Indian; look at him!" I was so tanned from the long service at sea.

After the service was over there was a great reception to us all. Old friends who used to know me hardly recognized me, I had changed so, but my asking for our old friends and what they were doing set all doubts aside, so we all enjoyed a nice friendly chat. We, the wedding party, went to my wife's home to have a late wedding breakfast, which lasted for some time. The balance of the day was spent in entertaining old friends of ours, and of the family. We took the four o'clock train for Fall River, there boarded the steamer for New York, this being the usual way in those days. To New York by steamer was the customary way for merchants and others, it being the easiest way to travel at that time.

After a pleasant night on the sound and our safe arrival in New York, we took a carriage to the Metropolitan Hotel on Broadway, the then leading fashionable hotel in the city of New York.

We remained here about one week and then went over to Jersey City, to stop with a cousin of my wife, whose husband was president of a savings bank and the State Insurance Co. From this place we went to all the island resorts of those days, — Long Branch, Glen Island, etc. We went almost daily in some direction. I learned a great deal about New York at that time. Coney Island was not much of a place then.

We went to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

Washington was rather a curious place at that time, and the Washington Monument was only up about one hundred feet high. The Smithsonian Museum was in good condition. We stopped at the Willard Hotel, — the only hotel there that was desirable. We also visited the Georgetown College. While here and waiting, we met Governor Andrews of Massachusetts in the parlor, and with whom we had a very interesting interview.

We enjoyed Washington very much. On our return we stopped at Philadelphia to visit the United States Mint. We were delighted with what we saw. It was of great interest to us. After this we returned to Jersey City. After a few days' rest we visited Albany. We took the steamer up the Hudson River, — a beautiful sail on a wonderful river, — thence over to Saratoga, a great watering place then, and on to Niagara Falls.

This trip was most enjoyable for me; I being in no hurry, took my time to see what was to be seen. The few weeks spent this way gave me a great rest after my long active life during the Civil War, during which time I was rarely ashore. Treading the earth once more and having my own way, not being under restraint, was all a great joy to me.

After a few more days we returned to Boston by rail. We were delighted to be at home and among our own people. Many were the plans to entertain us, all of which were appreciated. Before leaving New York for home, my sister, Mrs. Mayhew, entertained us one afternoon on board her husband's clipper ship "Wild Pigeon," engaged in the tea trade between New York and Hong Kong. We were most delightfully entertained on this occasion. The wives of some other captains were also present. This particular reception was long remembered for its Chinese features, in serving tea, etc. Husband and wife are now dead. All these pleasant informal outings were most enjoyable.

CHAPTER XLVII

HEATING AND VENTILATING BUSINESS

I AM now making preparations to take up my duties as superintendent for the steam heating company known as T. S. Clogston & Co. On Monday morning, July 15, 1866, I presented myself for duty in a most forcible manner which showed an earnestness that could not be pushed aside, in regard to arrangements that were made about pay and well-defined duties. I was on duty about the first one the first morning. All employees knew of my coming, so there was little ceremony about orders, or who should do it. Some of the present employees worked with me before and knew something of me. When the clerks and also my superiors arrived, they found that somebody had been around. I was out figuring up a job, which I took at a good profit, and I acted this way for a few months, getting many good contracts.

With additional capital things went along much better. I was still crowding the concern with work at a good margin. On May 4, 1868, Mr. Clogston died. Before he died he saw that business was being built up in the most vigorous manner.

After Mr. Clogston's death the company was reorganized and I was taken into the concern. This also gave increased capital. We retained the old name of T. S. Clogston & Co. We were by this time doing quite a business in the manufacture of radiators and boilers as well as contracting.

I went to Chicago after their big fire in October, 1871, and contracted for several buildings and established an

agency. Quickly after this I continued my journey and established another agency in St. Louis, and there took the contract for heating the Western Emporium, a large western trading store, six stories, owned by Samuel C. Davis; also a bank building and two large residences. Just as these arrangements were made and I was about to return to Boston, after visiting many other cities and taking the contract for heating the Buchtel College at Akron, Ohio, I received a telegram informing me of Mr. Charles H. Cook's sudden death, and to come home, as I was needed there. Mr. Cook's health had been very poor for some two years past. Shortly afterward a satisfactory and liberal settlement was made with Mrs. Cook. Then we reorganized on a basis of equal shares, but still retaining the old name of T. S. Clogston & Co.

Business in those days was quite profitable and brisk, and we prospered under the new order of things. On November 9, 1872, we had what is known as the great Boston fire. I held my elder daughter in my arms to see the great flames, from the window. (The great Chicago fire occurred in October, 1871.) After this fire business became quite dull for a while. In the year 1873 business began to pick up; reconstruction began early in the spring. We were quite successful in getting very profitable contracts. This continued for at least three years. We heated and ventilated some of the largest buildings that were under construction. We also received an order from Governor Stearns of New Hampshire and president of the Old Colony Railroad for the heating of the sound steamers connected with the Old Colony Railroad, and known as the Fall River Line and the very best boats to-day.

Up to the year 1875 everything went onward and upward with me. In June this year my wife gave birth to my youngest daughter. From this sickness she never recovered. She

suffered terribly during this illness, and finally died on Sunday afternoon, July 18, 1875, leaving three boys and two girls to mourn her loss. Her sufferings were long remembered by us all, and so young, — only thirty-two years of age, a loving mother, and a kind, generous, and devoted wife; our home and children all happy and devoted to each other. I never saw anybody that could take her place. I took the best of care of my children. They were all educated, the girls finishing their education in Europe; when finished, came back to their loving home, and were welcomed by us all. They are now, in 1910, both married to their own satisfaction, to fine men who appreciate their good qualities and fine education, and have happy homes, living in the sunshine of happiness of each other's company.

Two of the boys went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the third son went to Harvard, studied law, and graduated. He now has a large number of clients and doing well, and is an honored member of the Massachusetts bar, and respected by all.

After the death and burial of my wife I had to rearrange the management of my household. I put my sister Mrs. Brown (the baby girl on the long voyage to Quebec) in charge of the children, and for many years she took good care of them; always had them ready for school, and sometimes went with them. In fever or illness of any kind my daughters had a good, kind aunt to confide in. Of course our home had changed somehow very much. Formerly where we had so much music, my wife being very musical, now is nearly silence. The children have home lessons in the evening after some singing, and occasionally a few games. There were five children, so I engaged a music teacher by the week, who took unusual interest in the motherless children.

CHAPTER XLVIII

ELECTED STATE SENATOR

IN the year 1878 I received a nomination for the Common Council of the city of Boston, and was elected. This was all new to me, but being pushed into it and having succeeded, I feel I did my duty faithfully to my constituents. Being an engineer and a mechanic and not an orator, I thought surely I would be considered a flat failure in public life. In the year 1879 and 1880 I was reelected to the Council and did my very best to look after the city's interest, which I believe was appreciated by my fellow-citizens and neighbors. No matter what committee I was on, I always considered what was best for the taxpayers and the city of Boston and the improvements that were needed. After a careful consideration I took my stand on the question and defended my position to the end.

In the summer of 1875, by agreement, Mr. Ingalls and I thought that it would be well to change the name of the company from T. S. Clogston & Co. to that of Ingalls & Kendricken. While he was away on his vacation the signs were all changed. About the first of August, 1875, the new signs were up, so that on Mr. Ingalls' return he saw everything was nicely fixed and he was well pleased at the change. We received many letters expressing approval of the change of name; and as our customers came in contact with us daily, our business readily adjusted itself to the new order of things. We regretted that we did not do it before. After this change customers came in more freely to talk

business with us, that heretofore held off. In the fall we started off with more encouragement to do a bigger business. In this we succeeded to our entire satisfaction, as shown by our books at that time.

Business continued to be good; we were constantly receiving orders for work from many leading citizens and making contracts that were in every way satisfactory.

Year after year business continued prosperous. My partner as well as myself took a vacation occasionally, not over two weeks at a time. We both having families, the vacation was more to give our children an outing than for ourselves. We enjoyed it and repeated the same, either on the mountain or by the sea, and sometimes both.

In the year 1883 I was elected to the Board of Aldermen of the city of Boston, where I did my duty, and efficiently so, as I saved the city large amounts of money by avoiding new schemes and looking carefully after what had been ordered to be done. The Committee on Paving, of which I was a member, was up to the labor question, which was bad for us, as many friends would intercede to do certain work, so as to get work for poor men, as they would put it, much to our surprise and disgust.

The year 1883 ended my career as an alderman, and I did not go back, as it took up too much of my time; in justice to my partner, I felt that I had better attend to business and let politics alone. This I did for a while. But in the year 1885 I was sent by my fellow-citizens to the Massachusetts Senate. Being a senator was a position I liked very much. Oliver Ames was governor. My associates were all business men and gentlemen, and had a good idea of the value of time. The orderly and dignified business method of transacting business in the senate was very much to my liking. It brought me in contact with men of affairs, honorable men, all of whom had much at stake. In debate the

respectful manner of addressing each other was in itself very edifying. We learned a great deal from each other. We might differ from each other on questions as they were presented, and the debates would get warm at times, but we would smile broadly when the senator speaking would say, "The honorable senator knows better."

In the fall I was nominated for the senate once more, and reelected by a much larger vote than the first time. I concluded this would be my last year in the senate. I attended to my duties as senator in a conscientious manner for the year 1886. Mr. Robinson was governor this year, — a strong, able man, and well liked for his honesty and integrity and clear idea of business. This year, like some others, was a busy one, as many new questions were coming up that had to be carefully considered and thoroughly analyzed by the proper committee. Many notable men were in this senate, — men whose reputation preceded them; lawyers, bankers, capitalists, as well as a strong representation of commercial and successful merchants from all parts of the State. When assembled, as you see in some photographs of this senate, you cannot help being impressed by the force of character and integrity shown on their countenances as well as wisdom in speech.

In June, 1886, the senate adjourned for good, all business closed as far as possible, some was referred to the next General Court. The governor has power to call the senate together in case of emergency. This is rarely done. This closed my career as senator. The experience that I had in the two terms that I was in the senate was invaluable. I had broader views of things in general. I came in contact with many citizens throughout the State, thus broadening my acquaintance by coming in touch with men of broad views on State affairs. I visited many of our State institutions and learned much in these visits as to how the inmates are

taken care of and what they do to pass the time away. The insane asylums are very sad places to visit; you see the young and the old in their demented state. After passing through you have a depressed feeling that you cannot easily shake off. Rarely does anybody desire to visit these asylums the second time. The inmates are cared for in a proper manner, but with a feeling of pity.

In the years 1887 to 1890 I was in the midst of my success in business, and by this time had accumulated considerable property in the form of real estate, some of it improving, some of it falling off in value, and nearly all land. Shortly after I bought large estates with a view to advance in value, the trolley system of street cars was introduced and gave rapid transit. On this account most people began to look for homes in the country, the land being cheaper. They could build and live cheaper, — at least it was thought so. This new way of traveling made a great change, which caused the lowering of values of land in the city.

There was speculation in stocks by thousands, to get rich quick, but they lost, and this threw hundreds of houses on the market, the owners losing whatever equity they had in them. Many changes like this, instead of improving, rather impoverished the country. Numerous sales that took place were for taxes, leaving many in destitute circumstances.

The year 1890 was passing the same as other years, except that my kind, good mother had been ailing more or less during the summer. The anxiety and hard work of a lifetime were telling severely on her. The heat of the past summer affected her. We saw her growing weaker daily. The mild weather of the season seemed to do her some good at times. The flickering lamp of life was burning low. For months we watched and cared for her as dutiful children should; beyond all this, we loved our dear, good, self-sacrificing mother, who gave her life to keep us together under her

roof, until we grew to be strong and faithful to her. Her daughters were daily at her side as they saw the end drawing near. She would miss her only boy if absent but for a minute. We were always united in our love for each other and in the love of our dear mother. Sad indeed was the day when mother died.

After a short illness she passed peacefully away on Sunday, October 19, 1890, in her seventy-eighth year. In her last moments she had her two faithful and loving daughters and her son at her bedside, also near relatives, to whom she was always kind and cheery. As the sun went down and the mantle of darkness for the night set in, the doors of this sad home were closed in silence, in respect to the dead. Our mother died in the arms of her daughter, Mrs. R. P. Brown, the baby girl in the long passage, at whose home she was visiting. This good daughter did all for her that could be done until her spirit passed away to that heavenly abode for which she always prayed. Mother was always a leader among relatives. She counseled wisely, and was always careful and just.

The death of our beloved mother caused us much sadness; we missed her so much. She could get around to visit each without much trouble. We were always looking forward to the day we could all be together. We liked to hear her interesting talks about her early life. She had a wonderful memory to the last. Sunday afternoons during the winter months, over and over again she would tell this story so full of incidents, especially her trials on the long passage to America, the great storms and heavy seas that tossed us about; the seasickness and hardships passed through, until we arrived in Quebec. I would often make notes of what she related during her reminiscences. She had a convincing way of explaining things. The notes made at those times have been of great service to me in compiling these papers

and were all afterwards verified by the records that I saw at Quebec and those at St. John, N. B., which I examined. At these family gatherings I would say something about being storm-tossed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This would remind her of the weary days we all spent together on this long voyage to Quebec. The fact that she brought her children safely and in good health to this country always filled her with pride; and to hear our good mother tell how she watched over us night and day made us feel proud also. She made us sleep a great deal on this passage. One thing that was good in our case, we could play with each other, and were never lonesome on this account. She kept us together this way until we grew up, which was the aim of her life, and she lived to see it. As we advanced and went to school, and the girls grew to womanhood, mother's first tears were shed on the marriage of her eldest daughter Mary to Capt. P. N. Mayhew. Shortly after the youngest daughter Julia was married to R. P. Brown, a merchant of Boston; then her son only was with her. The Civil War broke out and I entered the naval service as an engineer and continued in the service four years and a half.

During my absence at the war mother lived with the youngest daughter. On the return of the eldest daughter from China or South America, she would always come to Boston and remain with her mother and sister. This was done several times while I was away. On my return for good (the war being over), and shortly after my marriage and commencing housekeeping, my mother came to live with me. She would visit her daughter at times and continued this way until she died. Her daughter's children pleased her very much, as they were two husky boys and made great sport for her, as well as my children, boys and girls. So she was welcomed at home, early or late; finally she had plenty to do in amusing herself with the children. These children

were heart-broken with sorrow when their dearly beloved grandmother died. A beautiful granite monument of exquisite design marks her resting-place in Calvary Cemetery. At the foot of the monument flowers are often strewn as a token of the love and esteem in which she was held. We all visit her resting-place at times.

CHAPTER XLIX

PARK COMMISSIONER

THE fall and winter after my mother's death matters moved along in an ordinary business way, all my children attending school somewhere.

On March 30, 1891, Nathan Mathews, Jr., mayor of Boston, appointed me a member of the Park Commission of Boston. This was considered quite an honor at the time, and it pleased my friends, many of whom felt proud of it, and of course I felt quite flattered on being selected for this honorable position. When I took the office I made up my mind that park construction would go on rapidly and it did.

The public soon had the opportunity of enjoying the circuit drive. This was desirable and was soon crowded with magnificent turnouts. The roads were kept well watered to preserve them, and also to lay the dust. Franklin Field was purchased by the Commission and laid out by our landscape artist, Mr. Olmstead. When finished, many were the games played there in summer. There were seventy acres in all, forty of which were made wonderfully level, so that in winter when slightly flooded with water and allowed to freeze, it made an excellent skating lake; the ice being only two or three inches thick, there was no chance for any accident from breaking through the ice. The completion of this field gave hundreds of young and old a good opportunity to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content either in summer or winter. The finishing of this playground gave

great satisfaction, as there was a long-felt want for such a large place for hundreds to enjoy themselves.

At South Boston the water park was under construction and connections made with Castle Island, thousands enjoying the cool sea breeze from the Castle Island grounds and wall; the long bridge and the recreation pier which extends out into Dorchester Bay. The four places were always lighted up at night; the parkway leading to Jamaica Pond, and from there to Franklin Park also.

Franklin Park is one of the finest public parks in this country, having five hundred and twenty acres in area. So on down to Leverett Pond through to the Fenway connecting with Commonwealth Avenue. The system runs out to the reservation at the Blue Hills, the top of which is easily reached on foot or by carriage. The outlook from this hill is magnificent, and attracts hundreds of visitors.

In 1893 the great World's Fair in Chicago was in full swing. On September 1 I took my two daughters to the World's Fair, where we passed some three weeks. There were thousands of things to look at, and every way to enjoy oneself. When tired walking, seats were easily found. One could sit so that the waves of Lake Michigan could touch one's shoes. The beach was pebbly and beautiful. We stopped at the Raymond Whitcomb Grand Hotel, just outside of the grounds. The intermural railroad, an elevated road, ran in a circuitous manner around the grounds. Those who rode in these cars were rested as well as cooled off. There were so many things to attract attention it was hard to tell how to begin, or how to make a start, to see things properly; so a map of the grounds was purchased and our plan of procedure was marked out. After this and on each day we would mark where we had been and the exhibition building we were in. Thus we saw a great deal every day without loss of time or back walking. The Art Building was

always a delightful building to visit; the jewelry section was visited by all, particularly the ladies.

The real diamond display was very fine, a magnificent large diamond by Tiffany guarded night and day by special officers to prevent robbery. My daughters did not tease much, but wished very loud at times. In some things I agreed with them; we compromised. Of course I had to give in and share my pocketbook, just moderately. I often wish I had secured a few more of the beautiful articles that I saw and would have pleased my daughters very much. They were satisfied, so was I. In the Statuary Hall there everything was fine; one would forget meals to be able to see so many rare and curious things. On the Midway of the fair grounds were many freak shows, some undesirable, and cheap theatres of all kinds. The dancers, the dancing women who would spin around on one toe for hours, — it seemed hard work, just like a humming top. All these things and more were going on all the time. The Esquimaux had to sit on a cake of ice to keep cool, and also while eating lunch. Many of these shows were very entertaining. Contortionists would perform wonderful feats, such as have not been equaled in this country. The magicians, always good, would raise the dead almost. There were women under water asleep, and it looked dangerous. Usually you were asked to get in and enjoy a smoke, which was gracefully declined with a "No, thank you," as they evidently wanted to keep dry.

Towards the end of our stay at the fair my daughters would run into the city proper of Chicago to visit and see the city, its large stores and other places of interest. When they were somewhat tired, we would then ride through the parks. This I desired very much, as I wanted to see the way the parks were managed in Chicago. After a few rides this way in the most enjoyable manner I learned considerable about their park system, which served me well later on.

We still had on memorandum many things to see in the fair. The Ferris Wheel was a great hit, to go up in it and hang your hat on the moon. This wheel in itself was a good show. The Indian Village also attracted much attention; the little bronzed-faced children were played with by all who visited their section. I was pleased to see and talk with the old folks. They wanted straw and could not get it. I took one of the Indian boys with me and we procured some nice dry straw to put on the ground, as it was very damp, as the trees shaded their section. These few red people expressed many thanks to me. They gave my daughters each a trinket of Indian make. This camp of Indians was bright, the most of them could read. We bade them good-by. The time was passing rapidly, our stay at the fair was coming to an end, when suddenly we decided to pack up and start for Niagara Falls, nearly six hundred miles away, but on our way home. So in the evening we started for the falls, and early next morning we were in Buffalo. We had a good breakfast and started by rail for the falls, twenty-two miles away. We spent the whole day here, a most delightful place in the summer time. There are many things to see and places to visit, even the "Maid of the Mist" was patronized. Towards evening we returned to Buffalo all tired out, but satisfied.

On the following day we visited the points of attraction in Buffalo. There are several parks on a small scale. We liked the layout of the streets; the carriage drives were long and fine. There are many very fine residences in this city, and the public buildings are in good style. The hotels are good ones, many of them compare favorably with any hotel in the country. The accommodations were fine. Several of the older hotels, I learned, were well managed. Some I found preferred them, as they are not so noisy at night. The car system is very fine, and the streets well laid out.

After this long drive we arrived at the railroad station, where we sent our baggage in the morning, in ample season to take our scheduled train for Boston. After we were rested and well under way, we had dinner on the car, which we enjoyed very much.

On the special Pullman train everything was conducted in the most approved manner. We enjoyed it all. In the morning we had an excellent breakfast that gave us a good feeling for the day. Arriving at Albany about three o'clock in the afternoon, we were able to buy Boston papers that gave us the news from home, which we were most eager to read. The short stop at Albany gave us all a good chance to take a platform walk, so that we could have a little exercise, and we enjoyed all this. There was more or less fun on the platform that attracts attention. Somebody slips on the broken ice, and all laugh; everybody tries hard to pick up a heavy, awkward man; they in turn let him fall, because he is too heavy; the bell rings to start, he is on his feet in quick time. The train is off for Boston, where we arrived on Thursday evening at nine o'clock, October 6. We were quickly bundled into our carriage and off for our home, where we arrived safe and well.

CHAPTER L

DAUGHTERS OFF TO EUROPE

ENJOYING home life with my children took up nearly all my spare time, my older daughter having young people's parties quite often until the time came for the youngest daughter to return to the Manhattanville Convent in New York, which she did in October, continuing there until the following summer vacation. She then came home for the summer.

Both daughters home for the summer made it pleasant for us all. We had a glorious time this summer, the longest and best we ever had, so many new things turned up that caused changes.

On July 30 of 1894 I retired from the Park Board by expiration of my term. In justice to my partner and comfort of my children, I would not accept a new appointment; I wanted to be free, also, so that I could give more time and attention to my daughters, who were now at home for the summer.

In August we took a trip to Saratoga. We went up the Hudson River on the day boat "Albany," a most beautiful and delightful sail, as well as instructive. The palisades, the uplands, the wooded hillsides, were glorious; the winding river with its ever changing scenery, most beautiful to behold. There were many passengers on the boat taking in the beautiful landscape. West Point was a great object of attention. Many passengers went on shore here to see our young soldiers drill and exercise. All were interested in matters

connected with West Point. We could see at a distance, as if in the clouds, that always interesting Poughkeepsie railroad bridge, the halfway station between New York and Albany. Some passengers go ashore here, and a few come on board. Ideal weather we are having now, and after our luncheon we looked ahead for fine views. The great headlands are now disappearing as we approach Albany, the water is shallow, and the river quite narrow.

We arrived at Albany at six o'clock in the evening. We took the train waiting for the boat passengers. Without much delay we started for Saratoga thirty-seven miles away. We reached Saratoga in about one hour, and then stopped at the Grand Union. We remained here only a week. The girls saw all they wanted of Saratoga, and we rode in various directions, the scenery being very fine and cool. The race course was in full blast. We saw many things that interested us, the flashlight on the fountain spray was fine, with its ever changing color. This took place in the large open Palm Garden with the choicest music from string instruments. This takes place every pleasant night; sometimes singing would be included in the evening concert. The Grand Union, with open space gardens, with its variegated lights and the stars above, looked like fairyland, with its music and trickling waters.

After breakfast we were off for Boston *via* Troy, *via* Miller's River. This river is parallel with the railroad for miles. The winding river and the winding railroad made a most beautiful ride in the cool of the forenoon. We kept together until we reached the Hoosac Tunnel. All agreed that the valley passed through was wild and beautiful, and new to us all. We could see the storm-tossed stones and lumber where thrown upon the land by the spring floods. The melting of the snow all through the valley destroys a vast amount of property. The drift lumber jams are

terrible to resist, bridges are carried away, and land is overrun by the rushing waters, carrying with it the most potent weapons of destruction, — stone and lumber.

We are now passing through Hoosac Tunnel, some three miles long, cut right through the mountain. It is smoky, dingy, and fair to say mighty dirty, from smoke and dust. We were glad when we saw the sun in its glorious brightness, at the approaching end of the tunnel.

After leaving the tunnel, our run home was through a very pleasant part of the country, mostly a farming district, and everything looked fine and green, — a beautiful green, as you see in all well-worked and cared-for farms of New England. We arrived home as the sun was lowering, and it was time for dinner. We were nearly tired out after the long, beautiful ride through that part of the State that we never saw before.

Save us from drinking strong Saratoga water! We saw queer sights in the spring water parlors, persons drinking and gagging to keep down this all-powerful spring water; others were sitting in silence and as pale as death. The fat men and women, and the thin and lean, — all were there for health, some coming in, others going out. All a dangerous delusion, and should be avoided, or used only by the advice of a physician.

After passing through a very pleasant summer at home, and a most enjoyable vacation, the time had now arrived to go back to school at the Manhattanville Convent, New York.

So on Thursday morning, September 27, 1894, my two daughters started for New York, and I went with them to help them with their baggage, checking, etc.

My elder daughter sails on Friday for New Orleans to visit her cousin, Madame Collins, Mother Superior of the Sacred Heart Convent.

She spent the winter in New Orleans, celebrating the Mardi Gras, and visiting charming people, returning home the following May.

My younger daughter resumed her studies at the convent. The spring of 1895 opened up as usual. She with other students spent two weeks at West Point, to be present at the graduation balls and banquets of the Cadets.

With my daughters away from home during the winter and my son at Harvard, and no one at the house, it was too lonesome for me; so I closed the house for the winter, and moved to the Parker House.

By the middle of June we were all at home once more. During the summer many places of interest were visited. We all enjoyed our own sunny home on Elm Hill.

After the summer days had passed, all preparations were made for the last year's schooling at the convent. The joys of home were cheerfully put aside to resume very important studies. During this winter I visited the convent at Christmas time, then again at Easter, to keep in touch with my daughter.

In April my daughter was taken ill with the measles. I went on to New York at once to see her and cheer her up. She soon got well. The school season is rapidly coming to an end.

Plans are now being made to go to Europe to finish their education in the languages and music, and travel for a few months.

As soon as a reception is given to the scholars of the Manhattanville Convent by the United States naval fleet on the Hudson River, they will return to Boston. This reception was given the latter part of June, and was such a rich affair and unique that all the scholars and some of the Madames enjoyed it very much, and were sorry when it ended.

After a few days at home, my! how things are upset.

School frocks and such regulation dress worn at the convent were thrust aside, as were also many other articles of female apparel, which to their astonishment they had outgrown.

I joined them in all their frivolities, for to-morrow they are to go shopping, and I knew I was in for it, and was waiting for them to get what was wanted. When the two large new trunks came, I nearly fainted when told, "There are some smaller ones coming, papa, don't despair." Well, my daughters had grown intellectually as well as physically, and I was proud of them, I confess. After three weeks they were fitted up all right and the cast-aside articles were sent where they would do some good, for which many thanks were given.

After a few more days fitting and visiting, and all small things attended to, they were ready to go to Europe. They took the European steamer in New York with their chaperon, a brilliant woman, knowing that many other girls from the convent were going on the same steamer; they would be company for each other and would have a good time together. This proved to be true. They started for New York on an early train, so they could be in their berths on the steamer. I went on with them early, to help if needed, and to see the big "Saratogas" were put on board. Seeing the girls off was a great sight, everybody good-natured, except those that were looking for a belated husband, son, or daughter. At last the gang bridge is slid on to the dock, the leviathan of the deep moves with majestic motion, proudly heading for the briny ocean. It was a pleasure to watch this big steamship moving away slowly down the harbor. There seemed still under this mirth a hidden feeling of sadness. The hand waving good-by with handkerchief could later be seen wiping away a tear, as a sorrowful thought flashed across the mind. Others would assume a position on the pier and look into space following the receding steamship, as she

passes through the narrows. Others waited like myself, who moved slowly away, wondering if anything serious was going to happen. The hustle and bustle on the dock soon dispelled all sentiment. We were once more in the big world. While this commotion was going on, I was making my way to 42d Street railroad station, to get my train for Boston. This I did after making a few calls on old friends, who were in the naval service with me, now in successful business in New York.

CHAPTER LI

AT QUEBEC

AFTER my daughters had gone to Europe, and on my arriving in Boston, I at once set about making a visit to Quebec to see the place, to learn all I could about it, and to examine and see for myself the place where my mother landed years before.

I arrived in Quebec Thursday, August 1, 1895. I had impressions of some places. I at once made inquiries of old citizens about the place. I found the house we lived in. Although many changes had taken place in the vicinity, there stood the same house, just as it looked in my childhood days when it sheltered mother and us children. The high steps were then as they were sixty-nine years ago. I secured permission to go into the rooms, now occupied by a French family. This house is near the foot of the elevator that takes passengers up to the Hotel Frontenac and Dufferin Terrace, — a rise of two hundred feet or more. The family living in the rooms we occupied were a nice French family. They told me that old age, sickness, and famine caused many deaths of the old people, who had lived there in my time.

The morning paper, *Quebec Mercury*, in some way found out that I had been in Quebec in the early days, and in a morning edition, while eating breakfast, I noticed quite a headline, my name in full on the front page, giving me a royal welcome. After breakfast I went to the newspaper office and made myself known. After some pleasant con-

versation in the line of my research, I was given a great deal of valuable information that was highly important to me. The notice in the paper was read by an old shipbuilder, Mr. Black, who worked on the brig "Lively." He called on me, and after a very pleasant interview he handed me a card of admittance to the Garrison Club, for two weeks. This was another good step, as it gave me opportunity to meet distinguished men. Colonel Lindsey was collector of customs, and had all the records of the vessel arriving and departing for many years. He gave me the right of entry while in Quebec. This was of great advantage, as it meant access at all times to the shipping records of many years, from which I gathered very valuable data. I also met the president of the Quebec Historical Society. This was really the best place in Quebec for me, as they had all the newspapers of the early days, which printed the coming and going of the brig "Lively."

I was in clover at last. The Parliament Library is also open to strangers. I found it well managed, and was every way liberal to its readers. This library is in the Parliament House in Quebec. Parliament House must be three hundred and fifty feet above the sea or St. Lawrence River, with a most magnificent view from this high place in all directions.

The building and pinnacles can be seen for miles away. In the short space of time while here, I found many reliable facts, the correct dates that I had been hunting for, for a long time, but did not go about seeking them in the right way. Later on I will make another visit and make notes of what I want. Everything is right here, and I feel sure I am overlooking some things which I will need later.

I heard and read about the Indians at the Lorette, so I thought I had better visit it before returning, as they were in existence when I was here as a child. Some of the Indians pretended to be deaf, so as to let you talk;

and if there were any scheme on foot, it would leak out in the general talk. I hired a team, a kind of buckboard, and two ponies or light horses. So we started early in the morning right after breakfast and rode some twelve miles. My driver could not talk English well, so he could not tell me much about the country. He could tell all about the Lorette, however, as he knew them all and talked their language, and to all appearances were friends. The big Indian looked wise, put his two fingers into the palm. My driver said he wanted money. I gave him one dollar; that placed me in a favorable light. This old chief appointed a young man to show me around, which he did in a very pleasant way, after which we left for the city.

After collecting all the data that I could think of, and bundling up my pack and bidding good-by to good and kind friends, I started for home, where I arrived safely and felt that I was well paid for my trouble, in my investigations.

I set to work putting dates in order so as to have them easy of access. While away business was rather quiet so I was not missed. If my mother had lived, so that I might talk to her on the data I secured, she would have added much to what I had found, as her memory was very good. Our libraries have now nearly all the books one would desire on most subjects. Sir James Lemoine, the historian of the St. Lawrence, and I became the best of friends.

On my second visit, two years later, in 1897, when I made a trip to the place where I used to carry the woodchoppers' dinners and sail back on a piece of round log, I was surprised to find the ground cultivated and covered with garden products.

Letters from my daughters, in Italy. My, but they are welcome! Glad tidings are always so, these especially, as they are the first. They write that they have good quarters in a convenient location in a beautiful hotel on the Bay

of Naples; rooms not large, they say, but are handy, and, so far as they can see, are good.

November 28, 1895, Thanksgiving Day; a most beautiful day, but lonesome to me. My sons and daughters away at school while I am at Parkers. I enjoy many things. I am living on expectations, — that is, my sons are being educated and will soon graduate. I see my sons quite often; they dine with me occasionally at Parkers. Of course we have the best of times with each other, and it is quite a blow-out to be together this way, but all very nice, as we are happy in each other's company. Thanksgiving is always a quiet day in Boston. At our dinner to-day the last letters from the girls were read. They contained many witty sayings which made the boys laugh. The girls knew their brothers pretty well and the points made for them or against them were taken with the same good feeling. Thanksgiving Day this year passed leaving all quite happy.

Christmas and New Year's have passed. We are now in the year 1896. We are all well in Boston, so are the girls abroad, as I get letters quite regularly telling me of many things they have to contend with. The past winter was cold with them, as they had no heat in their rooms. They tell of burning a number of candles at once to keep warm.

The summer is here, and most everybody has been on a vacation or are on it. I spent the summer at Jackson and Wolfboro, my old place at the Pavilion now torn down to give pasture to cows, and used as a playground for a new school. Many sentiments are connected with these grand old hotels, with their mammoth old fireplaces, where on damp evenings and wet days distinguished people would sit around and listen to stories of the past. These stories always attracted attention; besides being entertaining, they were also instructive. The register of this grand hotel with its mammoth parlors gives the names of some of the most

distinguished families in the country. The large acreage, the beautiful wooded walk, are still there. This shady walk will be remembered always by those who enjoyed it. This walk led to the lake, the boathouse and bowling alleys, and the overlook.

October, 1896, is here with its pleasant, sunny days and cool evenings. October moonlight is always delightful, the harvest moon is so bright and clear. In the summer in the woods and glen we love to roam; and when tired, we return through flowers and shrubs or by the babbling brook to rest. The autumn leaves are falling fast, and float on the streams as if sorry to leave, after doing their shading duty during the summer months. Although the harvest moon is high and clear, the rustling leaves at your feet remind you of colder weather to come. These rustling leaves are dead, and you often think of the good times you had when they were in the height of their beauty. The harvest moon, watch it tremble over the stream; the moonlight walk is cut short; the woods, and wind with its sad wail, tell a tale of coming storm. O ever changing moon, midnight is your noon. Stop and smile before you lead us into tempests, storms; and, harvest moon, good night, before you withdraw behind rain and cloud!

The holidays have gone and grand old Christmas, that we all love so well. All are bright and hopeful. The young as well as the old gather around the fire and tell all kinds of stories. All are literally true, if you think so. Superstition is always rife at this season of the year, and some one saw the neighbor's cat jump over the moon. We all heard of the banshee, the only reliable fairy that always brings death or gold, dressed in her red riding hood and cloak. She walks around the house three times; she puts a stake in the ground where the gold is hidden and then is away for another year. Early in the morning some one is up; they

all heard the banshee's wail, but all were afraid to get up. When they went into the garden they saw the ground dug up; whatever was there was taken by others who were on the watch. This ended the witch stories.

The year 1897 has opened up fine, the heavy snow-storms have nearly passed. This is St. Valentine's day; all the young people are having a good time.

An early spring is appearing. The first of May. How the time flies! Letters from Europe telling about the advancing season and that school will soon be over, and how they will soon be home. Many of the girls are coming back to the States, as they are through with their studies for good, and my younger daughter has finished her training for grand opera, and has made her début in Paris, but I do not wish her to go upon the stage.

CHAPTER LII

AT QUEBEC

JULY 18, 1897, finds me on the train for Quebec. It is two years since I visited the city. Many questions have arisen since then. Having a memorandum of questions to ask and points to see I will be very busy during my short stay. First I must see old friends that gave me information two years ago. The records and newspapers are what I must look at for dates and absolute facts. I am at it now every day with success. Sir James Lemoine, the historian of the St. Lawrence and of the city of Quebec, I am indebted to for very valuable assistance, as he knew what I was after.

So many had died during all these years that it was real hard to find an eye-witness; and with records destroyed by fire, only the living could tell. I was allowed into the Lorette, where manuscript was kept, from which an old Indian who knew mother and the facts, finally came out. The old Indian was careful and shrewd; he could not read; his children could. They were his eyes and his tongue. I paid him well for this information.

After further inquiry of dates and persons and gathering all I could, and much more than I expected, I started for Boston, where I arrived Saturday, July 24. I felt well satisfied with my trip and its results. The great satisfaction of getting at the truth of matters sets all doubt to one side. Now I can go on with my narrative because I have the real facts.

On my arrival home I found some letters from Europe,

one of which stated that my daughters would leave about the last day of August for New York, and that I would be expected there to meet my daughters and prospective son-in-law.

The steamer arrived all right on Saturday, September 4, on time, but most everybody was sick on account of the rough passage. My daughters were not sick, so they could move about and enjoy the trip.

As quick as the baggage was inspected by the revenue officers, we entered our carriage at once and proceeded to a prominent hotel for rest, where all remained for three days.

We then saw the western people off in good shape on the noon train, they arriving in Peoria safe and well.

We took the one o'clock train for Boston, Friday, September 10, arriving about six in the evening. The girls were delighted to see old Boston once more, after being away over two years. Everything seemed as they left it. They had to run up and down stairs, just to see if they enjoyed the sounds of home. While romping they would even throw a kiss to a well-known picture on the wall, as if in life. After running around this way until they were tired, they sat down, looked at each other and laughed. "Well, it's good to be home after our long journey." Both were happy.

Trunks unpacked, everything put away in their proper place and the "arks" well aired.

Comfort and some rest for a few days. The coming wedding, set for Wednesday, 20th of October, demands much daily attention from the girls, in selecting proper material, and not much time to do it in. The girls, quick and witty, made short work of many things, as they knew exactly what was wanted. We had a large house, plenty of rooms to lay things around loosely. This is women's delight, and they enjoyed it in this case. Why not? Their father's house,

their home. Things went along swimmingly for the approaching wedding. My daughter's fiancé, Dr. Charles D. Thomas, of Peoria, Ill., had arrived from the West and was making himself at home with us.

CHAPTER LIII

MARRIAGE OF ELDEST DAUGHTER

THE morning of the 20th of October appeared bright and sunny, — a good omen, all say. The marriage took place among our relatives, friends, and flowers. A substantial wedding breakfast was partaken of, after which we were surrounded by dear friends. There was singing, the playing of instruments, including the harp, and some very comic speeches. After passing the day this way, including a most agreeable luncheon, then it was discovered that the bride and groom were quietly getting ready to slip away, but they were caught and riced and slippered, until they had to be assisted in getting hurriedly away. Their carriage with others raced to the station, and they went at once on the train. They were greeted in many pleasant ways and wished a most hearty and happy honeymoon; then the train started for New York, Long Branch, and Lakewood. As we separated and returned home, all agreed that the day would long be remembered as one of the most agreeable ever spent. Friends lingered long to enjoy each other's society. My younger daughter made a great deal of fun for the rest. The romping of the French school was shown, comic French songs were sung, much to the delight of those present. Good-night at last was heard and repeated. The wish of all was that the sun of happiness might illuminate their paths of happiness through life. Lights are lowered and stillness prevails at last and all retired for the night.

Christmas season here, everybody seemingly happy. My

younger daughter is now the Mother Superior of our happy home, as she controls her father and brothers. Still she is obeyed and assisted, so that her task may be easy. She, on the other hand, has many young friends, and they give us often a most choice musical entertainment; and besides, we have been boarding during the girls' absence in Europe; therefore we all appreciate the successful efforts made to entertain us and each other, besides the pleasure of our neighbors dropping in to see and welcome us back to our home.

Many gifts given on Christmas to dear friends, and to the loved ones at home, is one of the pleasures of our life.

The New Year is here also, with its many blessings and wishes for a happy New Year. These days close together in midwinter make the darkness appear bright to many who otherwise would despair. We are now fairly into the year 1898. Winter is fast disappearing; days are lengthening with every indication of an early spring, for which we all live in hope. As the days brighten we see hundreds of joyful children going and coming from school. Stop just a moment to look at those happy children walking mostly in pairs, how contented they walk together, mirthful to the last, faithful friends who confide in each other, exchanging words of confidence with each other, happy are they!

CHAPTER LIV

AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

JUNE 1, summer month, is here; schools are closing; all are looking forward to spend a pleasant summer at home, or at the beach or country. Many arrangements have already been made to leave the city after the Fourth of July is over.

My daughter and son go to the White Mountains with me Monday, August 1. We start for the White Mountains. Going up Mount Washington by rail is exhilarating, and most wonderful are the sights from the car windows. Moving slowly, creeping up the side of this high mountain some six thousand feet in height, gives you a great view of the most beautiful mountain scenery in this northern part of our country. Once on the top, you step up higher on scraggly rocks, time-worn and weather-beaten. That little additional height makes one feel that he has stood on the highest and has seen the most and farthest.

Afterward we had lunch on the top of the mountain, and good observation of the surrounding country. The clouds looked strange to us, as they sometimes would lower so that we could look over them. All this was new to us and we enjoyed it very much. The time-worn rocks were also quite a study; it could easily be seen that rain or melting snow would percolate through these small crevices and be caught by a sudden change in the weather and be frozen, thereby rending the rocks asunder. Sometimes these boulders would be struck by lightning and split apart. For years

this action has been going on. There also appears to be lots of rust on and round about these cracks or crevices. The top of the mountain is about three acres. The returning train is now about ready. One evening, in a fog, a young lady two hundred feet from the hotel lost her way. She could not see the hotel; being out all night, she died from exposure. A marble slab marks the spot where found.

"All aboard!" is the order. We are off down the mountain side. Strange to say, everybody holds on to the seat or clutches the side of the car. We were all possessed of a slipping sensation and also a feeling that we were liable to topple over and go down the mountain side. We had no such feeling when going up. We creep down the side of the mountain, hugging it closely; down, down, we go, now reaching the tree zone (scrub trees), but lower down we passed through groves of fine trees. Finally we reach the base of the mountain. "All out!" was the order. We found a train waiting for us to take us to our hotel, nine miles away, where we arrived, tired, and with a good appetite. At the base of the mountain there is a stream that shows when the thaw sets in, and there is terrible destruction wrought by logs ground into pulp by bumping each other. When we saw the logs, they were all bleached and dry. The effects of the action they had been through must have been fearful.

Driving through the White Mountains is pleasant. The roads are generally very good, soft to the horses' feet, so that one can ride many miles without the horses being tired out. We enjoyed these rides two or three days a week, and then rest.

To-morrow we take a long ride, some twenty miles, to the base of Mount Washington. We have joined a party of friends, six in the carriage. My son rides with the driver, thus making eight persons in all. The team was like a light

furniture wagon with cross seats and grips on each end to hold on to, when lurched from one side to the other. Great care had to be taken in driving. We have four good horses, and we made good time to the base of the mountain. We started at seven in the morning. We only had a few stops to soothe the horses, and we reached the Glen Ellis House about half-past ten. After a fifteen-minute rest for the horses, we began the ascent by the road, eight miles from the house to the top by a corkscrew road, with only two stops. We reached the top of Mount Washington at noon, and then we sat down to a good dinner, good care being taken of the horses. We looked around as before, but somehow things did not look the same. We supposed on account of the way we reached the top by the railroad. My! but it is dangerous to us this time; as we looked down the mountain side at the steep railroad tracks, it looked frightful! We enjoyed everything we saw, however. We noticed that the buildings were strapped down with iron bands to keep them from being blown away in the winter. The United States Weather Observatory is also here. The weather is fearfully cold here in winter, wind blowing at times over one hundred miles an hour.

We are now starting down the road, and great care is taken on this down trip; two of our wheels are chained so as to make them drag; otherwise the weight of the team and passengers would cause the team to roll down hill like a cannon-ball.

We went down hill quite nicely with fairly good speed. After a two-hour drive we reached the base of the mountain and Glen Ellis, then started for our hotel, where we arrived about eight o'clock, all tired out; but for all that, this was the ride of our lives, and was really wonderful.

At Glen Ellis Falls we stopped to look at the falls and look at the steps on which the Indian maiden walked while

watching to see if her Indian lover was drowned some years before, when the freshet was strong and destroyed the bridges in the onrush of the mighty waters of the Glen Ellis River. He was in his canoe when it capsized, on his way to meet his Indian sweetheart. They never met, he was carried over the falls. Seeing his death, he gave the Indian death wail that made his sweetheart lose her mind. She was often seen on calm days looking on the placid pool. She thought she saw him beckoning her to come. She also disappeared and was lost in the pool. My daughter walked on the same steps that the Indian maiden had nearly worn out by years of watching for the return of her lover.

Saturday, August 18, 1898, we started for home, perfectly contented and happy, as we had had a good outing. In the meantime we had seen what we never saw before, — the White Mountains in all their grandeur, most lovely to behold.

Our drive through the wild woods and the streams running for ages past. How grand, the echo in itself, the answering back! Wild in the extreme and going on for ages. Coming to the little stream crossing the drive, the horses wading through, always slowly as if they were careful not to step on any fish that might be sporting in the quiet waters, having a sun bath in a little cave, their own. The horses always thus freshened will push on, slowly fording the stream, while the running waters play with their limbs; they seem prouder and stronger as they move on.

After our pleasant ride home on the cars we were delighted to be once more at home; neighbors were glad to see us back.

CHAPTER LV

GRANDSON

GREAT news from the West, — baby boy born on September 12, 1898. This was glorious news to us all; and the mother getting well. Great rejoicing on the hill and a grandfather created. "Well, well, who would believe it?" is what we talked when good, loving friends met. Week after week we hear about our baby boy. "Handsome, just like his father," is what they say. I don't believe they said that about the grandpa. The good wishes are many.

19th of October, 1898, the birthday of my western daughter, was celebrated in her memory and greetings were sent her that made her feel quite happy, as she had just recovered from her serious illness.

Things are now going on in our home in an ordinary way. We are having a nice time with close friends and neighbors. My daughter is spending Christmas week in New York, having a delightful time with a married schoolmate and an old chum of hers. This coming together of old school chums is something really magnetic whenever such young people meet. It is one of the most enjoyable events in our lives. In this case the one week has lengthened into three weeks, so that we are now in the middle of January, 1899, and all are just now at home and in good luck, as the heavy snowstorms have just set in and all railroads are blocked with snow.

The spring of 1899 is here, with its April showers and mild, sunny days, as if telling us to get ready for summer.

I took a trip to Washington and Philadelphia with my younger daughter, visiting Mt. Vernon and other interesting places for at least two weeks.

At our home the vines are showing themselves as being prolific in bulbs, and as if waiting for a sunny day to help them bloom. The rose is the fairest when budding new; the rose is sweetest washed with morning dew; and love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. So the garden and vines and shady trees were just in full bloom, when my elder daughter and baby boy and nurses arrived from the West to spend the summer at her old home with her own family. Her baby boy was somewhat ill; it was thought best to take him to the East to see if he would improve, which he did. We welcomed them with our whole heart. The beautiful baby boy improved day by day, until he had grown to be of great strength. The mother also grew strong. Her husband, Dr. Thomas, came and spent part of the summer with them. In the end all were happy and we were delighted with the visit.

Shortly after my daughter arrived, and in the latter part of July, I went to Quebec to get a few more links in the chains of my life. On my arrival in Quebec, by previous arrangement with a Jesuit scholar, one Raiseu, I was able to get the information I wanted. After making various calls on some old friends I found many changes since my first visit, four years before. I had the pleasure this summer of riding on the first street trolley car, and was an invited guest on the occasion of the opening of the line. The construction of this trolley line was the greatest progressive step since the building of the Queen's Basin at this port. An America-planned brick schoolhouse was under construction. Small parks were also being laid out; many improvements were under way. The Grand Allée, the Broadway of Quebec, had been improved, and the great arch with its sentinel

tower remained, while St. John's arch had to be cut to let the trolley cars through.

I loved to go over the old roads and talk with the old people. I had a good half-breed Indian for a driver. He knew all the roads and the people. I hunted up the Indian girl who helped mother in the early days. She was married and now a grandmother. She was delighted to see me; although much older than I, she had a full knowledge of me from the tribe that visited Boston. Her answer to me about the old and young people was simply this, "All dead; all married; all gone; Indian sailor die, old age; he good, all love him."

The Lorette I also visited. Their methods of making baskets had improved. They cultivated more ground and appeared to be quite prosperous, and they also had established a community for themselves; had a schoolhouse with their own Indian teachers and taught English. I met several Boston people at the Hotel Frontenac; and I stopped and now looked from its grand height, where, when a child, I looked out on the St. Lawrence River from its scraggly, rocky projections, my mother holding my hand. This wonderful overlook was a great resort for people on Sunday, as the outlook was grand, — the fascinating Montmorency Falls, at Beauport, the beautiful Isle of Orleans, all of which could be easily seen. The height is so great that objects can be seen at a long distance. Besides, the place is quite cool in warm weather. The steamers coming and going, pleasure steamers, with their many flags flying, made a fine spectacle, — a scene to be admired and not easily forgotten.

Early on a Friday morning I went on the high cliff and bade good-by mentally to all objects in sight, with my hat in hand. I felt sad in the memories of the past, with no one to share them, as we shared and shared alike before, when

our lot was hard. My mother's hard struggle in this once very poor place, — bless her memory, for her love and faithfulness to her children, her Christian faith, and her God!

Before taking my departure for home I went to the little Notre Dame Church. On its front steps I knelt, as my mother used to do. I said a short prayer to her; I was happy, but sad. There I knelt, the last of the survivors of the brig "Lively," nearly all of whom knelt together on the sacred steps nearly sixty-eight years ago.

Tuesday, August 8, I started for Boston. After breakfast I visited the Citadel, to make a call before leaving on an officer who had friends in Boston, as he wanted to send word to them by me.

Shortly after I went over to Levis, just across the St. Lawrence River. All trains for the South and West leave the south side of the St. Lawrence. My train left about noon. The weather was fine. We did not have a long run before the custom officers came on the train to examine small baggage. All large baggage is examined at the station before going on board. After a good night's run we arrived in Boston on time, about quarter past seven in the morning. I went out home and had breakfast with my family. All were well, the sick baby boy having thrived in my absence.

Now the 9th of August, midsummer, and of course very warm. I was glad to find everything at home going all in good shape. My eldest son had left the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, so we are all at home.

Shortly after getting home we made several visits to the different seashore resorts. This proved very interesting. For the first time my children saw the rockbound coast of Gloucester and Manchester-by-the-Sea and several other places; Nantasket also. While there we took carriage rides to Cohasset and other old historical places on the coast, where early settlements were made, all having some special

claim on our attention. We also visited Salem, the old witch city, with its interesting history of early settlement.

Now the middle of September, we find many of the hotels are closing, the season being over for the summer boarders. The schools also now open, the children hurrying back so as to attend and be present when the new classes are formed. The weather is getting quite cool mornings and evenings. The heavy trains are also rolling into the station from the mountains loaded with passengers and baggage, indicating that the vacation season is over, and all appear as if they enjoyed it.

October is here, a beautiful month for good air and outdoor sports. In midday so nice and warm, morning and evening quite cool. Fires are being lighted in the open fireplaces to keep away the chill, and around them we all gather in the evening and tell how we enjoyed the summer.

The young ladies increased in weight, which was disliked very much by them, as they did not want to be considered fat. At breakfast this morning I heard an unusual noise overhead, and inquiring, I learned that the nurse was packing up to go West. This was short notice to me. The baby boy has grown quite large and sits in a high chair near his grandpa. Well, they are having their own way in regard to going to their home in the West. The weather here agrees with them, and they dislike to go. They leave here Tuesday, October 24, at half-past ten; will arrive at their home in Peoria the evening of the 25th. We gave them a good send-off, and we were sorry at their departure.

Since the departure of my daughter for the West a peculiar stillness prevails throughout the house; everything is painfully quiet.

We have received several letters from the West, telling how the boy holds his own. The father thinks he has got to be a Yankee chatterbox by his going East.

Christmas is here with all its hilarity; great expectations by the young to receive Christmas gifts and New Year's also, and why not? It has been going on for years; it makes every one happy, and is growing more popular every year. The young receive gifts from the young. They may be keepsakes or some trinket of friendship, or the result of some young love affair. With the older people, it is of a Golden Rule among them at this season of the year. To remember dear old friends in some manner, perhaps simple in itself, but the thought of those is what pleases. With the younger it is different; they expect something valuable, as it will be a remembrance for life, and with pride point it out in after years, as my wedding present or a Christmas gift from my dear old uncle or grandpa.

We launched into the year 1900 with these affectionate thoughts of times past and they are renewed yearly with the same ardor.

The summer of 1900 finds me at Newport, R. I., with my daughter. After enjoying the pleasures of this famous watering-place for two weeks, we go on the steamer occasionally to Narragansett Pier for a good change and a fine sail on the bay on a warm day. The change going from one place to the other made it quite pleasant for us. The beaches were always interesting on account of the many in bathing. At the pier it was fine on account of the long sandy beach. Returning by rail part way and coaching across the land, to be ferried to Newport, gave exercise. The Cliff Walk, long and tortuous, connecting at one beach and ending at the other: this is a very long walk, some four miles or more, but of wondrous scenery and invigorating. The dashing of waves against the cliffs was startling, and care had to be taken to avoid a ducking. The salt water here is as clear as crystal.

August 20 off to Buffalo and Niagara Falls for a few

days, as it is delightful here. There are so many beautiful places to see on the earth as well as on the turbulent waters, on which sails the "Maid of the Mist," on which all ladies loved to take a sail, no matter how dangerous. They take the chance and go, and all seem to enjoy it very much. After backing and filling for an hour, sticking her nose in the mist, then backing and going up to the great boulders that have fallen away from the palisades, the steamer returns us to the shore, with generally wet feet and the starch taken out of our collars and cuffs. Then the walk on the planks, away down low. My! but it looks dangerous. Pictures are taken in all kinds of attitudes and costumes. Pose as you please, somehow it always looks well. Goat Island drive every day, short, but fine. Wonderful, indeed, is the formation here. We are delighted with our trip to this place.

The long summer has passed with its enjoyments that thousands participate in. The excursion steamers with many flying colors and with the little music bands that travel on them, much to the joy of the youngsters; while others are enjoying themselves eating peanuts by the bag, as if an eating match were on, — all this enjoyment is gone; the cold November is here. The schools are closing, this being Thanksgiving week. Skating can now be enjoyed as well as coasting. Thanksgiving week is always welcome, more with the older people than the young, the happy reunions, the old times brought home, the married as well as the single. Such happiness is rarely seen in these days. The old affection for our homes is passing away. Small families seem to be the order now. The old homes where grandparents lived and loved for generations are being sold without much ceremony. My, what a change! The love of the old homestead is dying out.

CHAPTER LVI

DEATH OF ELDEST SON

FEBRUARY 20, 1902. Sad news reached me to-day, — the announcement of the sudden death of my eldest son in New York. The shock of this news was terribly felt by brothers and sisters, as well as myself. He fell dead while dressing in the morning. This was the second great sorrow in the family. Our eldest son dead, what sorrow this brings. He held an important position as an engineer on the Broadway Tunnel Construction in New York. His remains came on from New York during one of the greatest snow-storms of the winter. The train conveying his body was snowbound many hours, but finally it reached Boston after eleven o'clock in the evening. The center of the streets were fairly cleared of snow to allow the cars to run. The hearse with the body and our carriage, with care, reached the house without accident or much delay. There were many at the house waiting for us. The second day we had the funeral services at the house, where a large number of friends of the family had assembled, as well as a large number of his classmates; and sad indeed were the services. After the service was over we proceeded at once to Calvary Cemetery, where he was buried. On account of the cold weather the services here were quite short, but nevertheless, parent, relatives, and friends had a moment to reflect and shed a tear. The sound of the earth makes the heart of the strongest man sad, and thoughtfully turn away. When the earth covered all and the shovels crossed, the last prayer

was said; a final look on the frozen mound, then we returned to our sad fireside to console each other.

After the funeral and on our return home, the continued silence around our home made all feel very sad, and for weeks afterwards around our table little was said that was mirthful. Gradually the pall of sadness was melted by the signs of spring, with its beautiful flowers to soften the hard and dreadful thought of death among the young.

On Easter Sunday things looked bright and cheerful. Many young friends called to see my daughter; and as the spring advanced and nature looking fresh and green, everything wore a cheerful look. Occasionally a piece of music was played and later on a song was sung, that cheered us all. Others would come and go, to help make things cheerful at our home.

The days are now quite long; flowers at home are in abundance. With my daughter we picked some and took them and laid them on the little green mound covering a brother's grave, with love and affection.

The month of May has passed. We are now in the beautiful month of June, with its mild temperature and sunny days, with flowers everywhere, and everybody seemingly happy.

The announcement of my younger daughter's coming marriage has created quite a stir among her young friends, all seemingly glad to hear it. They rejoice to think that one of their number is to be married in this beautiful month of June. Nobody particularly surprised at the news, as it has been surmised for some time. The wedding took place on the 11th of June, 1902, she marrying Harold Porter Wardwell of Boston. A small attendance of young friends manifested a warm greeting, she having a private wedding, owing to the recent loss of my son. The wedding breakfast was served at our home. Those present were close friends

of the young couple, and all had a most enjoyable time until the hour of departure of the bride and groom.

While my daughter and her husband were on their wedding tour, I made a trip to Peoria, Ill., to see my other daughter and her noble son Paul, whose company I enjoyed for two weeks, and with whom I had a grand good time. I was a young fellow in a way that pleased them all.

Dr. Thomas made all things pleasant for me. Of course I am called "grandpa" now by everybody. I own up, and I am proud of it. I dislike to break away and start for home, as I am having such a good time here. At last I am off for Boston. After a long ride I arrived safely, much recuperated from my visit to the West. I find that my daughter has not as yet returned from her wedding trip. She writes that she likes Lenox; there seems to be a charm about the place.

I went to Newport for a few days, occasionally, during the month of August. It is cool, a fine summer resort for the wealthy, mostly. For all that, there is ample opportunity for one to enjoy the place. It has two fine beaches, a long cliff walk, long carriage rides, and very fine steamboat excursions across the bay. There are naval ships to visit, the Casino with its fine equipment for entertaining, the Bellevue Avenue drive, and along the way you see the grand marble palaces. This ride is most beautiful and enjoyable. The turnouts are beautiful; the horse show is unusually fine, and must be seen to be appreciated.

October, 1902, I moved from my home to the Parker House, as I did not wish to live all alone in our large house. This, our grand home, will have to be sold, as we will never live here again. This is a sad change for me. I am like unto the last of the family, leaving the old homestead, where children were born and raised, and its halls ringing with the sonnets of mirthful, playful children.

This Christmas finds me at the hotel, living alone, in blissful quietness that so many enjoy. I don't enjoy it. Give me the mirthful laugh of the child and I would be happy, not otherwise.

The New Year is here and passing into the year of 1903. Only for my love of good books, I would indeed be lonesome. Although meeting many friendly faces in a hotel, you rarely get acquainted, as guests come and go, like unto the market-place; they have vanished.

1903 is passing the same as last year, only I take more short runs during the summer months.

I visited Peoria in June, and on my way home I stopped at Washington. This beautiful city always interests me. I enjoy everything connected with it: its library, so easy of access, and books easily obtained; the beautiful paintings on the walls, allegorical, biblical, historical, and mythological, — in fact the paintings are so fine and numerous that a visitor could spend days looking at them, they are so fine in color. Well, look at some painting, the color of which is most enchanting and fascinating. These paintings cover so many subjects that one can study those that are more interesting to them than others. When I visit Washington I look at the grand staircase hall, in itself a wonder to look at, so cheerful, so majestic in its grandeur.

When I reached Philadelphia I had to visit the old Navy Yard with which I was often connected by duty and attachments to vessels during the years '63 to '66. The old Navy Yard is now a commercial dock and yard. Just think, all gone! vessels sold for junk; men and officers nearly all dead. The grand old Independence Hall with its historical mementos, including the "liberty bell," all great in themselves; of which we are one of the greatest nations that these mute articles represent, and played their noble part in the proceedings to declare for independence. From the

Quaker City I take my leave for the Empire City of New York, and destined to become the greatest city in the world. I lingered here a while to examine the great growth of the city, and I never fail to visit General Grant's tomb on Riverside Park. Strange, the love and reverential feeling every Civil War veteran has for the great general.

In Boston after my long trip to the West and back, and am now attending to business. Weeks pass quickly, somehow, when one is busy. Thanksgiving is here; with that it means, the welcome you receive on your return home, can never be forgotten. Your first steps towards the blazing fire show your love for the old corner where the now vacant chair rests that held a dear and loving parent who so often fondled you on her knee. Yes, indeed, the old fire played a great part in our early life at home; no new device has robbed it of its glory. The love of our ancestral home is stamped upon our hearts and never can be effaced.

Christmas with its always welcome gifts is now here, and always creates a most cheerful environment. The young receive many beautiful gifts and exchange many tokens of esteem, while the poor are not forgotten.

After passing through the usual New England winter, we are now in 1904, enjoying the spring season. All New England astir to activity. The hot weather setting in, I am now off for Peoria. Friday, June 10, I leave to go to Peoria, as my daughter's boys are there to welcome me with the rest. The boys and I have glorious times together, much to the gratification of father and mother. We exercise a freedom that the boys don't have when I am absent, and we do things that are good exercise for them. However, it has been noticed that the boys have a better appetite by my being here; they romp so, they create one, as well as myself. My two weeks are nearly up. I must get ready for going home. It's hard to get my things together, as

the boys have hidden one of a pair, either shoes or gloves. Well, we must part. Friday, June 24, all at the railroad station to see grandpa off on the train. The bell rings, a kiss, good-by, and the train is off.

That was a long, hot ride from the West. Arrived in Boston late Saturday night, June 25. I found on my arrival all arrangements had been made at my office for the regular vacations, which was all satisfactory to me. The Fourth of July, always a great day in America. I hope it will always continue without too much restraint. Let the boys celebrate; their fathers won the battle for freedom for all mankind and struck the shackles from off the limbs of slavery in the Civil War and gave the world to understand we are a free people, and are here to stay. Let the bonfire be lighted — don't stay the hand. Let us hurrah throughout the land on this great American day, the Fourth of July. Our flag floats nobly to the breeze. The youngsters are getting their lesson in practical freedom; let their joy go on with due care for others. Independence bell is ringing. Its sounds are heard throughout the world.

CHAPTER LVII

DEATH OF MY SISTER MARY

SEPTEMBER 10, 1904, I received the sad news of my eldest sister's (Mary C. Mayhew) death. She died on August 28 in Santiago, Chili, South America. No cause given; some say old age, others say, very religious and devoted to the church. This may be so, as she was always a pious person. She loved her church and her God. I believe the death of her husband affected her mind in such a way that she pined away at her loss. Her age at the time was seventy-two years, well preserved. She always had a cheerful disposition, and looked very young for her age. Her health, always hardy. Why, now, should she falter? I see only one reason. Her late husband had a run of hard luck in the management of his vessels. He sailed the "Wild Pigeon" in the China tea trade for seven years; then he sold her at a bargain. Then he was given command of the "Valparaiso," with success. With his income from salary and bonus, the two brothers had money enough to buy the clipper ship "Dashing Wave." They made two or three trips with success, a good investment and able management. At this time Captain Mayhew was considered one of the best clipper ship captains on the ocean. The great clipper ship "Dreadnaught" needed a captain badly. Captain Mayhew was induced to accept a proposition, with his brother's consent, to go to China and take the "Dreadnaught" to Liverpool. This he did and made a great record. He came back to America from Liverpool by steamer and

joined his own vessel, the "Dashing Wave." Before sailing, however, he received a telegram doubling the amount of money paid him for taking the "Dreadnaught" from China to Liverpool; now to take her back to China was the offer. It was accepted. Captain Mayhew took the steamer for Europe to take command of the "Dreadnaught," after carefully arranging with his brother to command the "Dashing Wave." Up to this time everything that was touched by the two brothers prospered. The "Dreadnaught" left Liverpool for China all right, and attained great speed until near Cape Horn. Just then a calm prevailed some miles from shore; finally it was noticed that the current of the ocean was forcing the "Dreadnaught" towards the land. Every effort was made, with all hands in boats trying to keep her off, until a breeze prevailed. Even the stewardess was forced to go into a boat and take an oar to help keep her from drifting ashore, but it was of no use. The attraction of the land and the current finally drew her ashore, and the "Dreadnaught" became a total loss.

For three months before relief came the crew suffered terribly from exposure and want. All hands had to keep in the open boats out at sea at night, and come on to the land in the daytime to watch, sleep, and eat. This was a great hardship. The Patagonians were cannibals, and would have no mercy on the crew if caught. At last a sail was noticed miles out to sea. A boat was put off with a weakened crew, and a signal of distress displayed. They sailed and rowed, for this was life or death to all, as their stores were about exhausted, and it was hard to get water to drink. A captured Patagonian told where a spring was located. With a good guard and loaded rifles, they could get water. It would not do to let this vessel pass. Finally it was noticed that the clipper ship had luffed up to hear what was the matter. As the boats neared the vessel, many of the boats'

crew let go their oars from excitement and exhaustion, and fell off of their seats in a faint from exertion. Strong and ready hands were quickly at work to render assistance to them. The other boats were now pulling slowly towards the clipper ship. Boats were also lowered and pulled towards the coming boats. All were nearly exhausted when they reached the ship. Captain Mayhew was an imposing figure, every inch a commander or captain. Tall and commanding, he was in the last small boat, giving orders what to do. This steadied the exhausted crew until the rescue came from the other ship's crew. With quick work they soon had all hands on board and were off on their journey as if nothing had happened. The weaker of the rescued were given suitable food and were soon able to lend a hand, as some of the crew were disabled in the storm they had just passed through.

Captain Mayhew knew the captain of the clipper ship. The two captains gave the history of their travels on each other's voyage and how the "Dreadnaught" came to be lost, in return. The owners gave up ever hearing from the "Dreadnaught." It was thought it was lost in a cyclone, or had foundered. There was considerable excitement about the disappearance of the "Dreadnaught," as nothing was heard of her by passing vessels. The captain and crew were taken to Valdivia, Chili, South America, and there put ashore, where they were then sent to Valparaiso by rail, and from Valparaiso to San Francisco by steamer. After a long sail of many days by steamer, they all arrived safely. Communication was established by cable with the owners at Liverpool. The deposition of each person was taken and sworn to, as there was to be a contest made by the insurance company. This kept all hands in San Francisco for some three months, or during the trial. This rescue is taken from the minutes of the trial. It was well that Captain

Mayhew's wife was not on the vessel, for she was accustomed to traveling around the world with her husband.

While the captain and crew of the "Dreadnaught" were suffering in many ways, the "Dashing Wave" had foundered at sea, all hands saved. It appears when near Rio Janeiro, South America, Capt. Osander Mayhew was stricken down with the yellow fever, as well as several of the crew. The vessel was not well handled, not men enough to wear ship, so she shook to pieces in the fierce gale and became a total loss. Some of the crew died. Capt. Osander Mayhew came home, and after a long illness, died. The two brothers lost all they put into the ship and never met afterwards.

Capt. P. N. Mayhew was given the command of a large coasting steamer "Bio Bio" of San Francisco. Captain Mayhew and wife were stopping at one of the hotels, everything being ready for sea the next day, when the steamer was burned at the dock that night. The captain and wife lost everything, as all they had was put on board ready for sea, when she was burned to the water's edge.

After these continued losses, everything against them, it was hard to stem the adverse tide of life. Although the captain got other commands, he never recovered from the loss of the "Dreadnaught" and his own vessel the "Dashing Wave," and then the "Bio Bio." These losses preyed upon his mind and he was finally taken with fever and died in Valparaiso. His good wife was with him until the last. He was carefully laid away in his distant grave, far from the land of his birth. Although means were at hand to send his wife to her people in the States, this suggestion she received coldly, and did not take to it. Her mind seemed to be turned with all these losses coming about at once. She could not stand it. She then entered a convent at Valparaiso, and there remained for a few years, writing once in a while to me. She could not be induced to come to

America. Her mother that she loved so well also had died. She wrote that the distance was too great for her to travel. We all desired to have her come back to the States and live with me or her sister. It was even proposed that I would go to Valparaiso for her and take her home. All these advances and suggestions were pushed aside. She finally, from all these disappointments, from failure and deaths, was taken ill, and in a few days she too passed away, and was buried with her husband, not far from the sea. Mrs. Mayhew was then about seventy-two years of age. Storm-tossed from childhood, and the privations she went through in early life were many. The sea life led by her husband for some years was pleasant; the many countries visited was enjoyable, and everything looked promising for the future. Of a sudden adversity came, and severe storm and death took all away; nothing left but the grave. Sad, indeed, was all this to her people. From our childhood, loved by us all, our privations shared with each other, even until death. Her brother and the baby sister still live to pray for her and cherish her memory with love and affection until we also pass to the beyond, from whence none return.

The fall and winter of 1904 and 1905 to me passed without much pleasure. My sister Mary's death, as well as that of others of the family, kept me to a certain extent in seclusion. My mother and oldest sister dead, the guide and companion of my boyhood days. Only one now to share my thoughts, — that my youngest sister.

My sons and my daughters have no conception of the bond of love and affection that existed between us, caused by the hardships of our youth. Months of severe hardships at Quebec, our separation, our getting together by the love and energy of our good mother, and later, although yet quite young, the wisdom displayed by our eldest sister in keeping us together. We now feel somehow that we are

reaching the same end, only she has gone in advance, to guide us on the way.

June, 1905, finds me in Peoria, Ill., with my daughter and her good children. Twice a year I love to visit these two noble boys. I love to be with them, if only for a short time. Somehow they look into my eyes as if they had seen me before they came into this world. This is, indeed, wonderful. My daughter, — their mother, — I suspect, has told them something of my history, as being in the Civil War, and how I succeeded, and had no father. They look on me as if I am to be pitied on account of the hardships endured and later in the Civil War. I play with them as if I were a child, and we love each other. They hurry home from school to hear me talk, and look at me as a curiosity, and ask lots of questions, as if they might help me.

December, 1906, finds me in Peoria with my daughter and her good husband, spending Christmas and the New Year as I have done before, getting presents for the boys and spending day after day with them, in all kinds of innocent amusements, as if I were still a boy.

The year 1907, just the same. I visit Peoria midsummer and Christmas to see my daughter and her husband, and their two beautiful boys. How I love to meet them coming from school. It's just lovely! Summer and winter come and go. I only have these dear boys to play with, my daughter and her husband to talk with, and my youngest sister Julia, who shared the privations with me. I have my son and other daughter near me all the time, so I am never lonesome.

This year, 1910, I have continued good health, and have the love of my children. This makes me happy and contented, and will endeavor to so continue until the end.